





RUINS  
OF  
MANY LANDS  
—  
MICHELL.

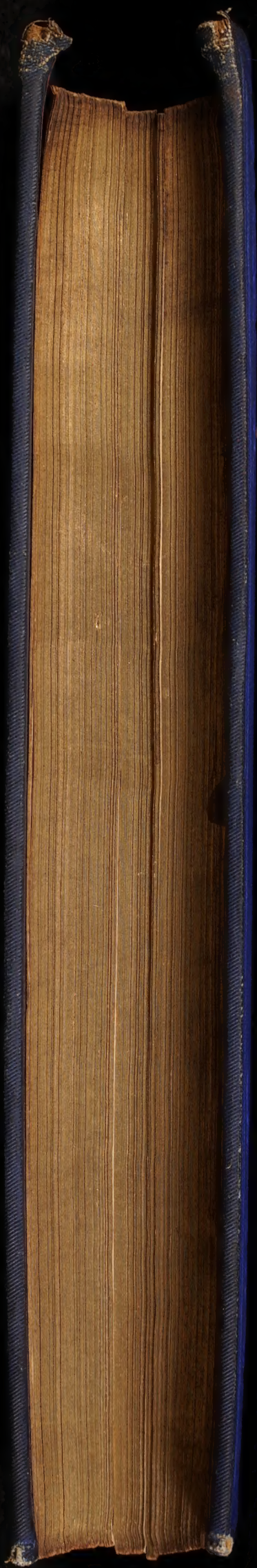


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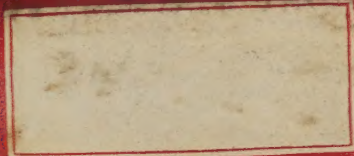




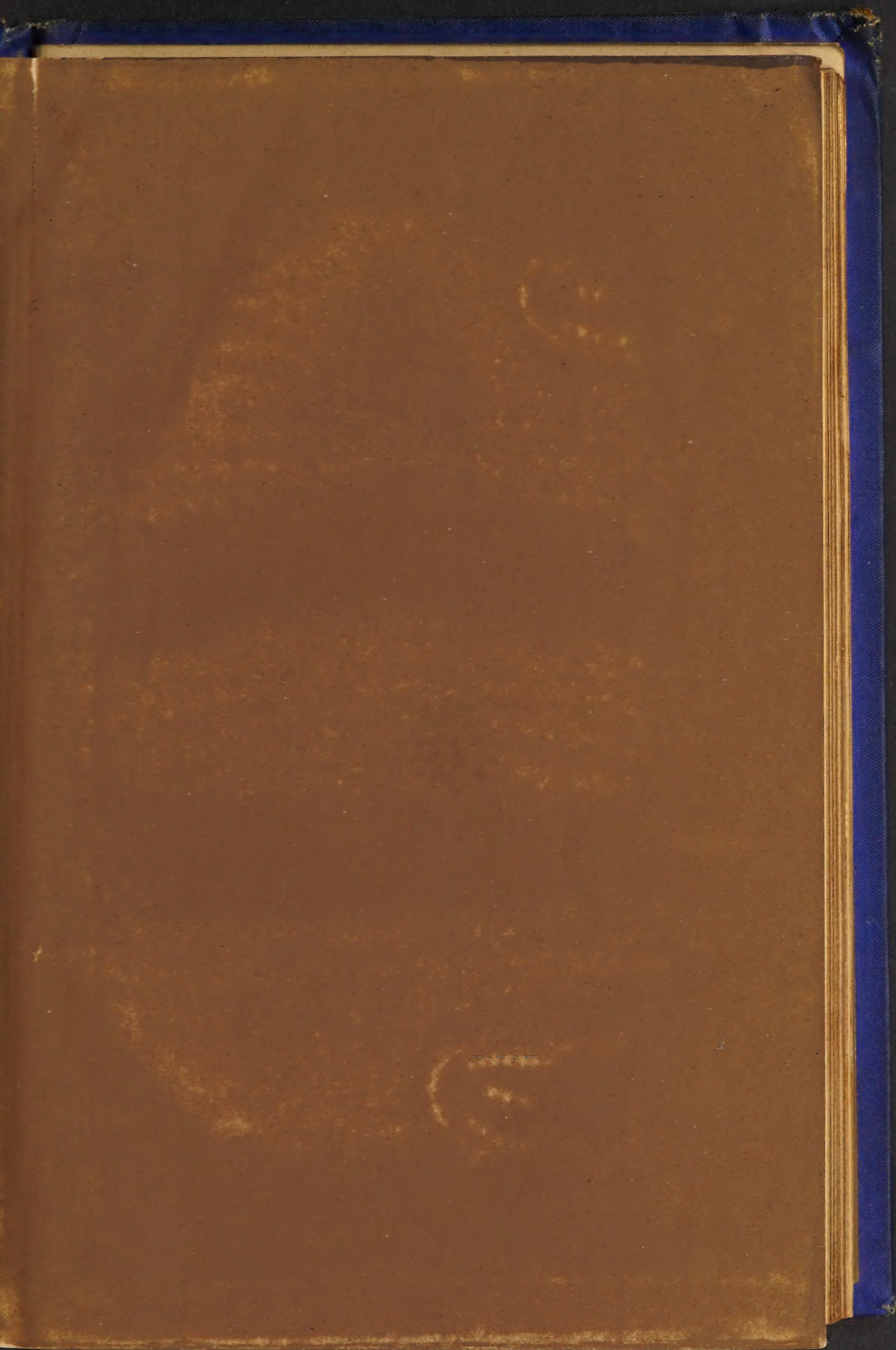














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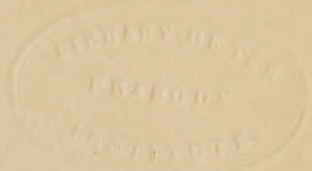
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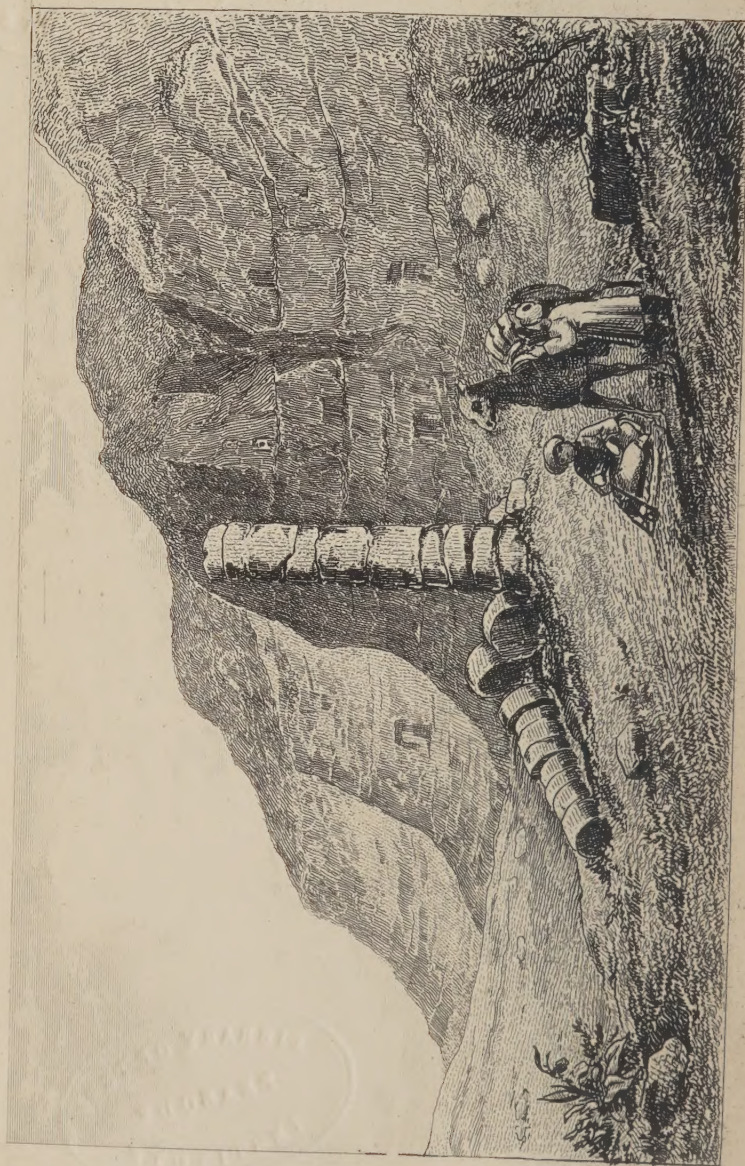
Ichidy Terrace  
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Oct 1878









ENTRANCE TO PETRA.

*Once the Capital of Edom.*  
Page 45.



# RUINS OF MANY LANDS.

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL,

AUTHOR OF

"FAMOUS WOMEN AND HEROES," "THE POETRY OF CREATION,"

"LONDON IN LIGHT AND DARKNESS,"

"THE IMMORTALS," &c.,

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL.

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Sixth Edition.

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LONDON:  
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1875.



27856



TO  
HIS WIFE, MARIA,

THESE PAGES ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY  
THE AUTHOR.

FALMOUTH, CORNWALL.







## PREFACE.

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IN issuing the present Edition (the Fourth) of "RUINS OF MANY LANDS," the Author would observe that as such a work, from its nature, must continue necessarily to admit of additions and emendations, he has availed himself of the opportunity afforded, by introducing in several places new matter, and by thoroughly revising the entire poem. Since the Publishers have thought it expedient to stereotype this Edition, the present is the last time, perhaps, that the Author can hope to amplify or correct, and, on this account, he has spared no pains or care in the execution of his task, being anxious to render the work less unworthy that favour which has been shown it by the public. He must



here add, that to his Publishers he has now unreservedly assigned over the copyright, for the pecuniary remuneration which they have been pleased very liberally to make him. He confesses that he feels more satisfied in having effected this arrangement, than he should have done, had he continued to retain the copyright, being now assured that the book will have a protector, while a party will be interested in its further success, if such should await it, when he is no more.

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## PREFACE,

AS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN, TO THE SECOND EDITION.

To be called upon to write a preface to a new Edition of his work, must ever be to an author an agreeable task. As the first Edition of "RUINS OF MANY LANDS" has now been exhausted for some months, the present issue would have appeared earlier but for one circumstance: Aware that in the poem, as it was at first published, many of the descriptions were extremely brief,



while the information conveyed was scanty, the writer has wished not only to revise it, but to make additions; these additions principally consist of the introduction of remarks on the discoveries made by Mr. Layard on the site of Nineveh; of an extended space being given, both as regards the poetry and notes, to the ruins in Nubia and Egypt.—a chronological table of the reigns of the Pharaohs having been compiled from the best authorities with much care; of more ample observations relative to the ruined cities of Central America, the Rock-Temples of India, and the classic antiquities of Greece and Italy; while the very interesting Roman remains in the South of France are now described, and additional notices given of the ruins on the African coast, and in the Holy Land.

Still the Author does not presume to suppose that in a limited work like the present, which treats of the greater portion of the ruins in the Old and New World, any thing like justice can be done to the subject. He can only, as it were, catch the salient points, the more prominent features, or fix those colours on his canvas which appear to him most attractive, novel, and interesting.

In respect to the study of antiquity, the rise and fall of nations, and all the great convulsions which have agitated the bygone world, many, no doubt, there are, who regard these things with indifference. The mass of mankind is imbued with the utilitarian principle. The matter-of-fact man prefers enjoying the present, and speculating on the future, to looking back on the past: his motto is "Progress!" and his cry, "Forward!" To a certain extent he acts wisely; but it is submitted that this principle may be carried too far. Experience is the daughter of Time; and the knowledge of what in former days was achieved, both in a physical and moral sense, cannot but be productive of good; while a study of the beautiful in art, whether it be apparent in a statue or an ivy-covered ruin, elevates the sentiments and refines the taste, enabling men to be better judges of the performances of their contemporaries, and to appreciate the excellences or detect the faults which may distinguish the erections from time to time springing up in their own country. Yes, be assured, the past is the great text-book in which the present should con its lessons.

It has been intimated that the subject attempted in



this poem is a very comprehensive one. There is scarcely a country which does not boast some remain of architectural beauty associated with its earlier history, and pointing, like a finger-post, to the shadowy and eventful days that are gone. Travellers visit Greece less to survey her mountains, her olived valleys, and sparkling seas, than to gaze on the marble relics of her departed glory, speaking of refinement, civilisation, and matchless genius; and they traverse the valley of the Nile, not to contemplate the inhabitants, the degenerate race of to-day, but to stand within the shadow of the mighty piles erected there by a people whose intellects were developed, and who had attained to an extraordinary degree of power and learning, before Rome was thought of, and when Europe was only a wide hunting-ground for barbarians. The theme is one calculated to awaken poetic ardour, and to exercise a fascinating influence on the mind. But as the mere love of art will not always make an artist, so whatever devotion the Author brings to the task, he may, nevertheless, have failed in the execution.

It only remains to be said that he has endeavoured to give a systematic arrangement to a work which,

owing to the research necessary to the undertaking, has been the study of some years. He has striven, within a limited space, to press as much information as possible in elucidation of the subject; the best authorities having been consulted, and the steps of the most intelligent travellers followed. Episodes, or short stories connected with some of the remains, have been introduced, and it is thought that they may be characteristic of the respective eras treated of, and lend an additional interest to the scenes through which the pilgrim passes.



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# RUINS OF MANY LANDS.

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## INTRODUCTORY STANZA.

YE who in fancy love to wander back,  
With pensive step, o'er Time's dim shadowy track;  
Whose souls the magic Present hath not bound;  
Who live to think, and dare to gaze around;  
Who fain would read Man's history, hopes, and fears,  
Writ on the dark remains of vanished years,  
Can beauty see in forms laid waste and low,  
And o'er Art's past creations burn and glow,—  
'Tis you we ask to share the Pilgrim's way,  
Cross Ocean's foam, and other climes survey.  
Old scenes to visit, and old dreams to dream,  
Shall not to us a task of labour seem;  
Though cloud-capped Alps uprear their rugged pride,  
With lightsome foot we'll scale their hoary side;

Though sands may rise, and burn the withering gale,  
We'll tread enraptured Egypt's templed vale;  
In Indian woods though tigers make their lair,  
We'll pierce their depths, and view Art's wonders there.  
Ours it shall be to trace what lingers still  
Of early glory, and of ancient skill;  
To mark how empires rose by might of mind,  
And scan the wrecks those empires leave behind:  
Oh! yes, o'er mount and wild we'll wander far,  
Now lit by History's sun, now Memory's star,  
Traverse each land where Time his bolt hath hurled,  
And view, deep charmed, the Ruins of the world.





# RUINS OF MANY LANDS.

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## BOOK I.

---

### THE DARK ERA.

#### PART I.

BRIGHT stream! whose wavelets flowed through Eden's  
bowers,  
Watering its trees, and incense-breathing flowers,  
Soothing with murmurs Eve's enraptured ear,  
And all her heavenly charms reflecting clear:  
River! whose mountain-born and rapid flood  
Swept Shinar's plain, where sky-topped Babel stood,  
Wound, like a huge snake glittering in the sun,  
Through Earth's first city, mighty Babylon!  
And saw, along those wild and palmy banks,  
The first dread conqueror range his blood-stained ranks! \*  
All hail, Euphrates! stream of hoary time,  
Fair as majestic, sacred as sublime!

\* Nimrod, by uniting the heads of families and tribes, and gradually extending his influence, was enabled, about 200 years after the Deluge, to found a monarchy; and thus he became the first subjugator of his species.

What thoughts of Earth's young morning dost thou bring!

What hallowed memories to thy bright waves cling!—  
The bowers are crushed where Eve in beauty shone,  
The woods are wastes, the towers are overthrown;  
Ages have whelmed, beneath their ruthless tide,  
Assyria's glory and Chaldæa's pride;  
But thou, exhaustless river! rollest still,  
Raising thy lordly voice by vale and hill;  
Sparkling through palm-groves, washing empires' graves,  
And gladdening thirsty deserts with thy waves;  
Mirroring the heavens, that know no change, like thee,  
A glittering dream, a bright-leaved history!

The pilgrim stands on famed Chaldæa's plain,  
Th' immortal fields of Glory's ancient reign:  
Hillah's small town is murmuring far away,  
And o'er the desert dies the golden day.  
What meets the eye? No stately-waving trees,  
No sweet-lipped flowers that scent the passing breeze:  
Stern Desolation here hath reared her throne,  
And darkly calls this fated land her own.  
Vast mounds sweep near us, clothed with stunted  
grass,  
Or strewn with shattered urns, and rings of brass;  
And on, and on they wind, and cross, and meet,  
Wrecks of proud towers, and many a gorgeous street.  
But who shall say where dwelt in former age,  
The high or low, the warrior, prince, or sage?  
Wild asses browse where stood the Ninian gate,  
The lizard crawls where monarchs moved in state;



In Beauty's rosy garden wormwood springs;  
Where cooed Love's ring-doves, vultures flap their  
wings:

To trace the wall's vast round, skill vainly tries,  
And o'er each shapeless ruin History sighs;  
Man's last poor pride, the very tombs are gone—  
And this was famed, earth-conquering Babylon!\*

Yet, though doubt, mystery, round the muser spread,  
Each mark of ancient grandeur hath not fled.  
Far down the desert, scorched by sunbeam-showers,  
A rugged pile, like some grim giant, towers;  
Rude stones, that once, perchance, with beaming grace  
Had glowed in statues, strew its circling base;  
Though crushed the halls that Time's dread secrets keep,  
Still, stage on stage, the crumbling platforms sweep:  
High on its brow a dark mass rears its form,  
Defying ages, mocking fire and storm:  
Struck by a thousand lightnings, still 'tis there,  
As proud in ruin, haughty in despair.  
Oh! wondrous fabric, reared by busy man  
Ere Art's faint dawn on Europe's shores began!

\* On the eastern bank of the Euphrates, a few miles above the modern town of Hillah, are immense mounds formed of decayed buildings, and covered with bricks, broken pottery, and masses of bitumen. They lie in various positions; some are round, others square, while they measure from 500 to 1000 yards in circumference; long ridges also branch away from these, and intersect each other, strongly suggesting the idea that they are the remains of former streets. Niebuhr, Rennell, Porter, and Rich, followed by many other travellers and antiquaries, have come to the conclusion that these mounds are no less than the mouldered ruins of the once famous city of Babylon.

Rome's mouldering shrines, and Tadmor's columns grey,  
Beside yon mass, seem things of yesterday;  
In breathless awe, in musing silence, bow!  
'Tis hoary Belus glooms before you now—  
The shrine at which each prophet's curse was hurled,  
The boast, the glory of the Eastern world! (1)

See, Northward, too, in slow and stern decay,  
Like Egypt's piles, and scarce less old than they,  
Yon high-peaked ruin; dim Oblivion's wings  
Shroud there the dust of Babylonia's kings.  
She who with War's red crest, and glittering sword,\*  
Led armies forth, and fought beside her lord,  
Conquered from Shinar's plains to Indus' shore,  
In Death's drear chambers sounds her trump no more:  
There he who caused the captive Hebrews' tears,  
Sleeps his long sleep of thrice a thousand years:†  
Cold gloom and silence wrap each royal brow,  
Dust their sole throne, a vault their kingdom now;  
Of all they swayed, no slave to bend the knee—  
Such as they are, Earth's mightiest kings shall be! (2)

But lo! where broad Euphrates murmurs by,  
The noblest wreck, the Palace, courts the sky;

(1) References marked thus ( ) to Notes not introduced at the foot of the page, imply that they will be found at the end of the volume; and the reader's attention is particularly directed to such Notes, which are designed to convey information that cannot be given through the medium of poetry.

\* Semiramis.

† Nebuchadnezzar. He captured Jerusalem B.C. 606 years, and carried the Jews into captivity.



High walls where mystic emblems spread their maze,  
Buttress and massy pier still awe our gaze.  
Vast is the mound we climb with reverent tread—  
Oh! days of glory, power for ever fled!  
A hundred kings have swayed their sceptres here,  
Warriors have bowed, and princes quailed with fear;  
Through gorgeous halls below, when Earth was young,  
What feasts have blazed! what strains of music rung! \*  
Dark tree of ages! crowning yonder steep,  
Waving in sighs, and drooping as to weep,  
What doth it there? its brethren all are gone,  
A hermit now, it blooms and mourns alone;  
Float, balmiest breezes! round those thin grey leaves,  
Where her last song some lingering spirit weaves;  
Sun! veil thy fire—ye storms! forbear to swell,  
And, dews of evening! nurse this relic well.  
Time-honoured tree, it marks the Hanging Bowers, (3)  
Boast of a tasteful queen in pleasure's hours;

\* Perhaps the most interesting of the three great Babylonian remains is the heap of ruins called by the Arabs the Kasr, one mile south of the Mujelibé, and close by the Euphrates; some travellers, however, have designated the Kasr the Mujelibé, and thus a confusion in terms unnecessarily, we think, prevails. The Royal Palace, beautified by Nitocris, but built by some previous monarch, as described by Herodotus and Quintus Curtius, must have stood in this place. On the opposite side arose another palace, the two being connected by a bridge; no remains, however, exist on the western bank; the tunnel, also, which, according to Diodorus, Semiramis excavated here beneath the Euphrates, is nowhere to be found. The brick ruin on the Kasr is a very remarkable one; it consists of several walls and piers, eight feet in thickness, and so fresh in appearance, that Mr. Rich, who, in his "Memoirs," gives a minute account of it, could scarcely at first persuade himself of its being in reality a Babylonian remain.

Yes, here Nitocris built her famed parterre,  
Terrace on terrace raised, in upper air :  
Trees of all bloom, and flowers of every hue,  
Founts that aloft bright perfumed waters threw,  
Arcades of roses screening sultry skies,  
Birds, lutes, soft airs, half rivalled Paradise. (4)

As now the desert landscape meets our gaze,  
A vision dawns of glory's radiant days :  
In yon green arbour fair Nitocris sits,  
A band of dark-eyed maidens near her flits ;  
Some deck her form with gems from Bactria's mine,  
And 'round her brow sweet Syrian roses twine ;  
Some wreath in braids her soft far-floating hair,  
And tinge her eyes to aid the witchery there :  
Others, by jasper-fount and garden bed,  
Chaldæa's dance so light and graceful tread,  
High raise their arms the soft slow strains to suit,  
That breathe from Persian pipe and Lydian lute ;  
Then, Peri-like, they swim in measures fleet ;  
Twinkle like stars their silver-sandalled feet ;  
Now at each graceful bound they scatter flowers,  
Their low sweet laughter ringing through the bowers.  
Oh! beautiful those bright, fair, joyous things—  
What want they, to be angels, but their wings?

Yet sad, 'midst all, Chaldæa's\* queen appears ;  
Her fair brow droops, her cheek is wet with tears ;

\* Chaldæa, at this period, according to Ptolemy, formed the south-western portion of the Babylonian empire. The Babylonians spoke the Chaldæan language; hence the terms Chaldæan and Babylonian had almost become synonymous.



She mourns her absent lord, who leads his host  
'Gainst savage tribes, on Euxine's wintry coast.  
Far from the bloomy bowers, her fancy flies  
To War's dread plain, and horrors round her rise.  
For lutes' soft tones, loud shouts assail her ear,  
And for the dance, hosts charge in mad career.  
Cleaving the sky, she marks the feather'd dart;  
It comes—she shrinks—it quivers in his heart!  
Yes, in her arms he leans, the fond and true;  
He cannot speak, but looks a sad adieu;  
And fast she showers her kisses on that brow,  
Where Valour sits, though Death is darkening now;  
Catches the fluttering breath, the last faint moan,  
And feels his pulseless heart, while breaks her own.  
List! on the walls that trumpet's sudden blast!  
See! o'er the plain those troops careering fast!  
Gleams the rich standard, brays the sackbut out;  
"He comes! the conqueror comes!" ten thousand shout.  
Up from her tear-damp couch the mourner springs,  
Back from her brow the raven tresses flings;  
Strength nerves her frame, and joy illumines her eye,  
Forth from her bower she darts, with rapturous cry,  
Flies to those arms, past all her fear and woe,  
And sinks upon that breast, her heaven below!\*

\* This famous Queen Nitocris, daughter-in-law of Nebuchadnezzar, ordered her subjects to bury her under the gates of the city, with an inscription on her tomb to the effect that none should seek for the treasures hidden there, unless under circumstances of the most urgent necessity. Darius, the Persian, at length opened it, but, instead of the anticipated treasure, found the following sentence graven on the marble:—"If thou hadst not an insatiable thirst after money, and a most sordid soul, thou wouldst never have broken

'Twas here, beneath this dark and silent mound,  
Where ages heap their nameless spoils around,  
That he, the last great king, before his fall,  
Spread his famed feast, and lit his gorgeous hall.  
Oh! ne'er in Babylon did blaze a sight  
More richly grand, magnificently bright!  
Bearing his crown, and dressed in robe of state,  
High on his throne of gold Belshazzar sate.  
In shining rows, and stretching far away,  
Like billows quivering 'neath the sunset ray,  
Chiefs, nobles stood, the red lamps flashing o'er  
The golden chains and purple robes they wore.  
In gilded gall'ries damsels, too, were seen,  
Like night thick set with stars, their jewels' sheen;  
With rose-crowned locks, white hands, and radiant eyes,  
Too fair for earth, too earthly for the skies.

The banquet speeds; the harp and psaltery sound,  
And all is splendour, joy, enchantment, round.  
Wreathed with rich flowers, and crowned with rosy wine,  
The golden cups from Salem's Temple shine.\*  
Joined by his chiefs, th' exulting monarch drinks,  
Nor at thy voice, condemning conscience! shrinks,  
But mocks the Hebrews' God, and, with vain boast,  
Extols their Bel, and Heaven's unnumbered host.†

open the monuments of the dead."—*Vid.* Rollin, on the authority of Herodotus.

\* The Temple of Jerusalem had been rifled, and the sacred vessels carried off to Babylon, just sixty-nine years before this memorable night. In the first year of Cyrus's reign, B.C. 536, the Jews returned from their captivity.

† Belus, or Bel, signifying in the Chaldee language, "lord," was



'Twas then, while pleasure held each heart in thrall,  
A sudden light illumed the pillar'd hall;  
No lamp, no earthly fire, could pour such beams—  
From sun or comet no such splendour streams.  
Up sprang the king, and backward swayed the crowd;  
Mute was the harp, and hushed their laughter loud.  
See! where in flame, yet dazzling, strong and clear,  
That shadowy hand doth trace its words of fear!  
It writes!—Belshazzar stands with lips apart,  
While terror's thrill runs shivering to his heart;  
It writes;—and all veil there, in dread amaze,  
Their dazzled eyes from that portentous blaze!

No sage was found to read those words of flame,  
Till he, the exile, Salem's prophet came.\*  
He stood before them all, with noble mien,  
Bold as unshrinking, lofty as serene.

the great god of the Babylonians; they were also confirmed Sabaians, or worshippers of the stars. At this period, six centuries before Christ, the civilized world, with regard to religious systems, appears to have been divided into five families—namely, those who cultivated Sabaism or star-worship, being the inhabitants of Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Phœnicia, the last superadding the worship of Baal, or Moloch; the people of Iran (Persia), and Bactria, who adored fire as the visible emblem of the Deity; those who reared temples to the innumerable gods that swell the Greek and Egyptian mythology; the Brahmins beyond the Indus, whose deities were Brahm, Vishnu, and Siva, and who maintained transmigration of souls, being called by the Greeks Gymnosophists; and, lastly, the small remnant of Hebrews, who alone, amidst the darkness that shrouded mankind, retained the true religion, and bowed down to Him who created Heaven and Earth.

\* Daniel, a child when carried into captivity, B.C. 606, was now above eighty years of age.

Age marked his brow, but in his deep clear eye  
Still burned the fire of glorious days gone by.  
So hushed each voice, that hall appeared a tomb—  
He stretched his hand, and spoke the monarch's  
doom!

Yes, on that night the foe, whose hosts in vain  
Had fought so long those stately towers to gain,  
Bowed deep Euphrates from his wonted course,  
Poured to the city's heart with whirlwind force,  
Slew the last king—Chaldæa's rule was o'er!  
And Babylon, the mighty, was no more! (5)

Oh, man! proud, fragile thing! who dream'st of  
power,  
Founding thy laws, and rearing dome and tower,  
Hoping to wage successful war with Time,  
Great in thy schemes, and in thy aims sublime,  
Pause, nursling of an hour! and child of clay!  
Read on thy mightiest works that word—decay!  
A little while on Earth's uncertain scene,  
Pride's arm is strong, and Glory's bays are green;  
A little while do thrones and empires claim,  
From crouching thousands, homage and a name;  
But, like the waves, still shifting as they glide,  
Power onward rolls her ever-changing tide.  
Ay, deem not, Man! eternal fate to brave,  
For all things earthly yawns Destruction's grave:  
Sure as the writing on Belshazzar's wall,  
Thy schemes shall fail—thy Titan hopes shall fall;  
Mind only lives for ever; amaranths bloom,  
And Time but breaks his scythe, beyond the tomb!



From grandeur's wrecks we Northward bend our way,  
O'er desert heaths, where Ishmael's wanderers stray;  
Scorners of cities, law hath failed to bind,  
Children of rapine, foes to all mankind!  
No change in this wild race do ages see,  
Savage, yet courteous—ignorant, yet free,  
Doomed by God's fiat evermore to roam,  
The waste their only world, the tent their home.\*

Now as the sun goes down, and zephyr brings  
Balm in its breath, and freshness on its wings,  
'Tis as enchantment thus to yield the rein,  
And like a wild bird skim the level plain.  
The caravan from Herat's bowers of bloom,  
The pilgrim train from Ali's sainted tomb,†  
Swift we dash by; the camel's tinkling bell  
And guide's low song the breeze a moment swell,  
Then both are gone, our courser tireless yet,  
Though foam, like snow-wreaths, streaks his sides of jet:

\* A notion has obtained with some writers that *all* the Arabs are descended from Ishmael, the son of the bond-woman Hagar; but Arabs existed in the great Peninsula long before Ishmael was born. No people more carefully preserve the genealogy of their horses or themselves than these desert wanderers. They divide themselves into two great families or stocks—the one, the most honourable, because the oldest, being descended from Kahtan or Joktan, the son of Eber, and the other from Ishmael. Mohammed belongs to the tribe of Koreish, of the last-named family; which circumstance, it may be supposed, is a source of great boasting to the Ishmaelites, or children of Hagar.

† In the Desert south-west of Hillah lies Mesjid Ali, where there is a celebrated tomb, to which the Persians at this day make frequent pilgrimages. The tomb said to contain the dust of Ezekiel is also in the Western Desert.

With flying mane, arched neck, and airy bound,  
He seems to paw the clouds, not scour the ground.  
Hark! 'tis the hyena's cry!—he prowls for prey,  
And 'mid night's deepening shadows tracks our way;  
But vain his efforts, lagging far behind;  
And now no more his fierce howl swells the wind;  
While on, and on, the swift Arabian strains,  
Fire in his eye, and lava in his veins.

The stars go out, the fire-fly veils her spark;  
Still o'er the Western Desert all is dark;  
But where rise Persia's hills, through vapours dim,  
A soft faint purple tints the horizon's brim;  
Slowly it spreads; it shines from peak to peak;  
Now, like the deep rich blush on Beauty's cheek,  
When from some dream of love she wakes, and  
sighs,  
One rosy hue bathes all the Eastern skies.

See! on our right, where desert heath-flowers blow,  
Yon ruined tower hath caught the crimson glow;  
Streams on its sides the soft and dancing ray,  
Like sportive youth with rugged age at play:  
Earth's earliest king is fabled there to sleep;  
And well his dust those vaults of darkness keep. (6)  
The palm-trees rise in light, and freshly 'round  
The tamarisk blooms, and flowrets deck the ground;  
Spring they not, nourished by life's sanguine tide?  
For Persia's myriads here once fought and died.  
Field! where in arms two royal brothers met,  
O'er the dire scene of blood we shudder yet;



They whom one country owned, one mother bore,  
Locked in strife's fierce embrace, and red with gore;  
While cheered the Greek, and rose the Parthian's yell,  
Till, pierced with countless wounds, young Cyrus fell.  
Bloom, flowrets, bloom! and wave, thou spreading palm!  
Ambition's slaves are still; their sleep is calm;  
What lives of all their wars, and pride, and rage,  
And blood-stained thrones?—a line in History's page!\*

Still on we press, and now the new-born beam  
To amber turns swift Tigris' arrowy stream,  
Shines on famed Baghdad's walls, and bathes with fire  
Each gilded dome and crescent-mounted spire.  
Romantic Baghdad! name to childhood dear,  
Awaking terror's thrill and pity's tear;  
For there the sorcerer gloomed, the genii dwelt,  
And Love and Worth to good Al Rashid knelt;  
Prince of the Thousand Tales! whose glorious reign  
So brightly shines in fancy's fair domain!  
Whose noble deeds still Arab minstrels sing,  
Who rivalled all but Gallia's knightly king.†

\* The great battle of Cunaxa was fought in the neighbourhood of the brick pyramid named above, four hundred and one years before Christ. Above a million of men met in arms. The deadly hatred between the brothers Cyrus and Artaxerxes, and their combat on this occasion, seem to have no parallel in history or fable, if we except the feud of the two famous Thebans, Eteocles and Polynices. It was from this point that commenced the ever memorable retreat of the ten thousand Greeks who had fought in the army of Cyrus.

† Harun al Rashid, the Alfred of the East, and rendered immortal in "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," was contemporary with Charlemagne. The illustrious caliph and the chivalrous French monarch were on the most friendly terms; and among the splendid

Yonder where fountains gush, and yew-trees weep,  
Watch o'er his harem-queen doth Azrael keep;  
Yes, morn's rich hues illume that sacred pile,  
Like beams shed down by some blest angel's smile—  
Where fair Zobeida, shrined in odour, lies,  
Her soul long since in starry Paradise.\*

We breathe our steed, then mount again in haste;  
Welcome once more, thou boundless desert waste!  
Suns rise and set, and gleams the moon's pale ray,  
Yet forward still the pilgrim holds his way.  
But now no more cool fragrant gales respire;  
Heaven glows like brass, the level sands seem fire.  
Lo! on the plain's far verge, that purple haze,  
Where, round and round, a stream electric plays;  
All shapes it shows; now banks with fiery flowers,  
Red columns now, and now fantastic towers.  
It comes—the simoom comes! and viewless Death  
Stalks in its front, and rides its withering breath.  
The brave steed halts—its lesson instinct tells,  
Instinct where more than man's poor wisdom dwells;  
Prone on the ground he falls—the sulphurous blast  
Sweeps o'er our heads—the deadly cloud is past!

presents made by the Mohammedan to the Christian was a clock, which has been described by Eginhard. This curious piece of workmanship is a convincing proof to what perfection the mechanical arts had arrived among the Saracens even at this early period.

\* Zobeida, wife of Harun al Rashid, died 216 of the Hegira, or A.D. 831. Her tomb, which has a high dome, stands, surrounded by trees and other mausolea, near Baghdad.—See *Buckingham's Travels*.



Swift to the East the burning column flies,  
And sunshine laughs again o'er earth and skies.\*

Sweet is the bubbling fountain, cool and clear,  
To him who, faint and weary, journeys here:  
Such yonder flows—sure some kind angel sent  
To waste, so wild, this bright blest element!  
Drink, thou poor steed, while, couch'd on moss and  
flowers,

We stretch our limbs, and pass the sultry hours.  
The almond tree, faint rustling o'er our head,  
The rill, that purls along its pebbly bed,  
The green cicada,† chirping in the grass,  
The crested hoopoes,‡ singing as they pass,—  
All soothe the sense, and charm each care to rest,  
And raise sweet dreams within the pensive breast.

'Twas here the Hebrew, halting on the plain,  
Drew up by Haran's gate his camel train:  
No stone marks now that perished city's pride,  
But still bursts forth the fountain's limpid tide;||

\* The simoom occurs at Baghdad, and as far north as Mosul, in the hot season: it comes from the west across the desert of Sinjar, where tracts of sand are interspersed with extensive heaths; but it may bring its pernicious qualities from a greater distance, probably from the Syrian desert beyond the Euphrates.

† A species of grasshopper.

‡ The gold-crested hoopoes (the genus *upupa* of Linnæus) are found in Syria, Mesopotamia, and Egypt; they are called by the Arabs "beni-Saliman," or the children of Solomon.

|| "Abraham sent his servant into Mesopotamia to seek a wife for Isaac in his native land."—Genesis, xxiv. Haran, the City of

Yes, by this well, perchance, Rebecca stood,  
Her evening task to draw the crystal flood;  
Vision of beauty! fancy sees her now,  
Her downcast eyes, and half-veiled modest brow,  
Her loose-twined girdle, and her robes of white,  
Her long locks tinged by sunset's golden light.  
The Hebrew craves his boon, and from the brink  
Of that cool well, she gives his camels drink;  
Then, as he clasps the bracelets on her hands,  
With wondering look she views those sparkling bands,  
Listens, and smiles to hear the old man speak,  
While timid blushes flutter o'er her cheek.  
Maid of a simple heart, and untaught age!  
Whom toys could charm, and rudest tasks engage,  
Ah! little dreamt she then, from *her* would spring  
A mighty people—prophet, sage, and king!  
Her memory treasured in each age and clime,  
Her gentle name to perish but with time!

But rainbow hues will fade, and flowers will die,  
And dreams, however sweet, at last must fly.

Nahor—that is, where Nahor dwelt, was situated south west of Ur of the Chaldees, the Orfah of the present day. Its site is now a matter of conjecture; Charræ, where Crassus was defeated by the Parthians, has been named by some travellers, but others suppose that place too far north. The probability is, that Haran, with other ancient towns and villages, has entirely disappeared, the desert of Sinjar having encroached upon the district where it was situated; this might be the case, but fountains, being dependent on the strata beneath, are rarely obliterated; hence, that Rebecca's well should be found at this day in the desert of Sinjar, is by no means a startling or extraordinary circumstance.



Eastward our course we bend; the stone-arched well,  
Whose babblings seem of long-past days to tell,  
Sparkles behind; the bird, on winnowing wings,  
Faint and more faint, his desert anthem sings;  
The palms, that high their tufted summits raise,  
Shrink to a speck, then vanish from the gaze.  
Oh! angel-guarded scene! though now we part,  
Not thus shall fade thy beauty from our heart:  
As some sweet strain that, heard in earlier years,  
Steals back in dreams, and melts the soul to tears,  
Thy bloom and brightness oft shall charm and bless—  
Image of love in life's drear wilderness.

What in the glass of Time behold we now?  
A giant form with dark and saddened brow,  
His lofty eye, whose fires have ceased to burn,  
Fixed on a mouldered tomb and empty urn;  
Emblem of ancient power, he strives to rear  
A broken sceptre and a shivered spear—  
'Tis the proud Genius, melancholy, lone,  
Who stood of old by Ninus' mighty throne.

Approach the scene; doth not the heart appear  
To hush its beatings, chilled with awe and fear?  
Here lies a nation tombed! the great, the brave,  
Crime, virtue, power, in one forgotten grave.  
More low thou art, dead city! e'en than she,  
Thy rival once in might and majesty,\*  
When Ind and Egypt heard thy trump of fame,  
And isles of ocean trembled at thy name.

\* Babylon.

But Nature's aspect changes ; dense and dun,  
Clouds slowly rise, and veil the mid-day sun ;  
O'er Mosul's towers they deepen still their gloom,  
Till heaven seems one vast pall, and earth a tomb.  
Like arrows tipped with fire, the lightnings fly,  
As launched by fiends across the angry sky ;  
While bursts their howl in yon deep thunder's roar,  
Which rolls from Eastern hills to Tigris' shore,  
Then, like the wail of suffering and dismay,  
O'er the far trackless desert dies away.

Meet is the hour thy dreary site to see,  
City of darkness, vanished Nineveh !  
To trace the mounds that mark the barren plain,  
Where, veiled from view, tombed wonders yet remain.\*  
Yes, Ninus' palace, where all glories shone,  
And rose at once his sepulchre and throne;†

\* Travellers had long agreed that the once famous Nineveh extended over that desolate district which lies on the eastern bank of the Tigris, nearly opposite the modern town of Mosul. Its situation with regard to Babylon, the descriptions of Ptolemy and Herodotus, and the vast accumulation of remains, all favoured the opinions maintained by Niebuhr, Rich, and Buckingham. The external ruins consist of a series of mounds, some covered with broken pottery, tiles, bricks, and slabs of bitumen, and others clothed with coarse grass, tamarisks, and wormwood. The highest of the mounds opposite Mosul have obtained the names of Koyunjik, and Nebbe Yunus. The now famous mound of Nimroud lies about eighteen miles south of these; but of the recent extraordinary discoveries of Mr. Layard, and which have entirely settled the question as to these remains occupying the site of Nineveh, we shall presently have occasion to speak.

† Ninus, shortly after his expedition into India, died, and was buried within his palace at Nineveh; his warlike wife, Semiramis,



Thy far-encircling walls, and thousand towers,  
Braving for ages Asia's banded powers;  
The streets where princes drove their glittering cars,  
And Traffic's sons were countless as the stars;\*  
Arask's vast shrine, where that dread warrior died,  
Whose marshalled myriads—boastful slaves of pride—  
Fell in one night, when Heaven's own lightnings came,  
And Death's pale angel waved her sword of flame,†  
Are now but heaps with rude wrecks scattered o'er,  
That bear a language writ by man no more; (7)  
Where scarce the hermit wild-flower deigns to blow,  
But coarse rank grass and plants of poison grow,  
And jackalls lurk, and hooded serpents glide—  
Monarchs! approach ye here, and bow your pride!  
Empires! so strong to-day, like change await!  
And, laurelled conquerors! weep, and read your fate!

With musing step we wend from mound to mound;  
Each spot, with mysteries fraught, seems sacred ground.  
Here stood that prophet sent by Heaven to call  
Doom on each head, and preach the city's fall;

erected a lofty tomb or pyramid over his remains, and which is said to have stood above fourteen centuries. In the centre of the great Nimroud mound Layard found a portion of a large brick pyramid; it is not improbable that this may have been the *bustum Nini*, the tomb alluded to.

\* "Thou hast multiplied thy merchants above the stars of Heaven."—Nahum, iii., 16.

† The great temple of Arask or Asshur, called in Scripture the house of Nisroch, rivalled in magnificence the shrine of Belus, at Babylon; and here the renowned Sennacherib, after the destruction of a greater part of his army before Jerusalem, by the Destroying Angel, was assassinated by his two sons, B.C. 713.

And there he sat, far east from Tigris' stream,  
Struck by hot blasts, and fainting in the beam:  
On yon peaked hill they show his mouldered grave,  
O'er which no yew-trees, funeral mourners, wave,  
Or flowers in dew—sweet tears of Nature—weep,  
Or winds at eve with breath of fragrance sweep.  
But Moslem zeal hath reared a temple there;  
Strange o'er that desert sounds the call to prayer!  
Where sleeps God's prophet, Mecca's triumphs now,  
And whispering "Allah!" Ishmael's children bow.\*

Lost city of a hundred gates of brass! (8)  
Thy chiefs and conquering kings before me pass;  
Thy sages reading, with prophetic eye,  
The star-writ tablets of the solemn sky;  
Glorious thou wert, and beautiful as proud!  
The moon in heaven that glows without a cloud,  
Gems in the mine, and pearls, beneath the sea,  
Among less radiant cities, emblemed thee!  
Dark day when leagued against thee traitor foes—  
First of thy curse, the dawning of thy woes!  
See! thy walls bow before the Median host,  
And on they rush, with shouts and vengeful boast;  
Blood dyes thy pillared shrines, and porphyry halls,  
And e'en for mercy Beauty vainly calls;  
Around the palace gathering thousands press,  
Threat those within, and mock their wild distress.

\* On the mound Nebbe Yunus the prophet Jonah is said to be buried; and close by, or over his grave, rises a mosque, where the inhabitants of the village which has been built at the foot of the mound repair to worship.



The Monarch, who ne'er faced black peril's hour,  
Passing his days in Pleasure's rosy bower,  
Stands with pale lip—all vain his splendour now—  
Fear at his heart, despair upon his brow.  
Courtiers that fawned, and maids who once on him  
Turned love-bright eyes that made their jewels dim,  
No longer bend the knee or solace bring,  
But all desert the doomed and ruined king.  
And there stands Sardan,\* last of that famed line,  
Whose founders still were worshipped as divine.  
Oh! Nimrod, for thy sword, in hour like this!  
Thy trump of victory, dread Semiramis!  
Burst from your tombs! inspire yon trembling slave!  
Stoop from your spheres, to succour and to save!  
Snatch from the altar Glory's trembling spark,  
Ere its last ray expire, and all be dark!

They come!—their engines shake the palace wall;†  
The guards shrink back, and terror palsies all.  
They who around their king should rallying die,  
Drop their vile swords, and loud for quarter cry.  
And yet, as doom draws nearer, Sardan's soul  
Bursts from the silk-worm luxury's soft control,

\* Sardan, or Sardan-Phul—that is, Sardan, the son of Phul, commonly called Sardanapalus.

† This palace was situated either in the south extremity of the city, being the district now called Nimroud, or in the quadrangular enclosure of mounds opposite Mosul. The ruins exhumed at the latter place (the mound Koyunjik), consisting of bas-reliefs, and human-headed bulls, even larger than those at Nimroud, have nearly all suffered from fire—many of the slabs are even reduced to lime by intense heat; we have, therefore, some grounds for concluding that the palace in which Sardanapalus burned himself was situated in this spot.

Feels hopes that burn, and wishes that aspire,  
While valour lights her momentary fire.  
But vain his jewelled falchion flamed in air,  
Too late all deeds, all passions, save despair.  
Backward he bent, and reached his gorgeous throne,  
Where Indian gems and Tyrian purples shone,  
Bade a few trembling slaves uprear a pile  
Of odorous wood, and then, with ghastly smile,  
Threw his rich crown thereon, and robe of state—  
Baubles all worthless now, that mocked his fate.  
His hand was raised, resolve made stern his mien,  
For fear gave place to majesty serene;  
His black hair wreathed around his lofty brow,  
His foot firm set—he looks a monarch now!  
Yes, Nimrod's soul blazed out in that full eye:  
The lion was struck down, but dared to die!

“’Tis fate's decree; in sloth's entangling chain  
I've reigned inglorious years, and lived in vain;  
But let this last sad desperate act atone  
For deeds of madness—follies all my own.  
Ye planets!—where, if sooth our sages tell,  
Raised now to gods, my great forefathers dwell,—  
Orbs I have worshipped with no earthly love,  
Eternal travellers o'er yon fields above!  
Will ye, as now I weep repentant tears,  
Receive my spirit to your golden spheres?  
And, while for ever there ye burn and roll,  
Pour endless glories on my raptured soul?  
Farewell, poor race of men! farewell, my foes!  
I leave you to your struggles, crimes, and woes.



And now I go; I mount the crystal car  
That soon shall waft me to my natal star;  
Swifter than light my upward course shall be—  
Souls of the great and brave! I come to ye!”

From Bel's high altar, in a neighbouring room,  
The dull red embers quivering through the gloom,  
The monarch seized a brand—the pile was fired!  
And up, like wreathing snakes, the flames aspired;  
They spread; they clasped, with many a burning  
fold,

Pillar of cedar, and rich cloth of gold.  
Far fled the slaves—rushed women to and fro,  
Blind in their terror, shrieking in their woe.  
Sardan alone was calm; 'mid volumed smoke  
And mingling flames, that round and o'er him broke;  
Erect he stood, his form of giant height,  
His proud eye raised, and flashing living light:  
He seemed some spirit that disdained to fall,  
High throned in Arimanes' blazing hall.  
But hark! that sudden crash—the walls give way—  
Towers toppling sink—one shriek of wild dismay,  
And all is still—the maid, the child, the sire,  
Whelmed and enclosed within their tomb of fire!

Not sated yet, above the ruins rise  
The eager flames, and dart into the skies:  
Red through the night that fearful pillar glows,  
And ghastly radiance o'er the city throws;  
The heavens seem blood, and Tigris' winding wave  
Gleams the same crimson hue, by mount and cave.

Quivers the light across the desert sands,  
Where the lone pilgrim, wildly wondering, stands,  
Thinking that far-off blaze some meteor, driv'n  
By demon hands along the verge of heav'n;  
The pard, approaching human haunts for prey,  
Starts as he looks, and, howling, scours away;  
E'en from far Iran's hills is seen that glare,  
Where bends the Magian, rapt in silent prayer,  
Deeming, in light so grand, dread Ormuzd\* nigh,  
His star-gemmed mantle blazing down the sky. (9)

So fell great Nineveh!—and yet her power  
Lingered awhile through many a varying hour,  
Till other conquerors,† proud to seal her doom,  
Swept her to Ruin's all-engulphing tomb.  
Long ages passed, and turf o'ergrew the walls,  
And silence reigned in Ninus' buried halls;  
New races rose and died, till e'en the name,  
And city's site, a shadowy dream became.  
The Arab spread his tent, but did not know  
Bright palaces of kings might shine below,  
And Moslem tribes their little hamlets reared  
On piles where nought but barren stones appeared.  
Who comes at last from that once barbarous isle,  
But where to-day art, science, wisdom, smile?  
Hath he a genie's piercing vision won,  
Or the strong seal of star-read Solomon,

\* Ormuzd, the Persian god of light, opposed to Arimanes or Ariman, the Principle of darkness.

† Cyaxares, King of Media, and Nabopolassar, King of Babylon, who, B.C. 616, utterly destroyed Nineveh.



That bade the deeves unlock their iron caves,  
And drew strange wealth from Ocean's mantling waves?\*

LAYARD, thy name through grateful earth shall be  
Linked with the wondrous past untombed by thee;  
Rare genius, tireless energy, are thine;  
Around thy brow let honour's chaplet twine.  
Through thee more widely knowledge' stream shall flow,  
Through thee Discovery's torch more brilliance throw,  
Up the Cimmerian walks of perished days,  
Gilding time's cloud, and light'ning history's maze.

The mound is opened—Earth reveals her store,  
The gorgeous secret ages keep no more,  
Assyria's homes and temples on us gleam,  
And her dread pomp no longer is a dream.

The shapes Ezekiel saw of monstrous mould,  
Half gods, half mortals, now our eyes behold—  
The lion winged, the bull with human face,  
Ponderous as towers, yet carved with passing grace.†

\* Solyman ben Daoud, or Solomon son of David, is esteemed by the Arabs an all-powerful magician, and the king of the genii.

† The great lions, twelve feet high, with wings and human heads, were found guarding one of the portals of the south-west palace in the mound at Nimroud, and, with the colossal human-headed bulls, evidently maintained the same places as they occupied in the days of the Assyrian kings. These sculptures are of limestone; the heads are finely carved, and the expression of the countenance is singularly majestic and calm. What these mystical figures were intended to represent cannot with certainty be said; probably they were emblematic of the Divinity, the human head being the type of intelligence, the lion and bull of strength, and the wings of swiftness.

Long galleries wind, and courts around us spread,  
Where pictured pavements glow beneath our tread;  
And still beyond we enter stately rooms,  
Gay once with silks from soft Assyrian looms;  
Now shattered helms, fair ivories, strew the ground,  
And, quaintly carved, tall sculptures gleam around—  
Portraits of kings who ruled ere Rome was born,  
Or pealed in Salem Israel's trumpet-horn;  
Priests, trees of life, with mystic symbols hung,  
And sieges, battles, such as Homer sung. (10)  
Lo! where yon platform sweeps—a floor of stone—  
Here blazed perchance the Assyrian's jewelled throne;\*  
Here Ninus sat, Semiramis the proud,  
And here, to Tiglath, Israel's captives bowed.†  
The heart beats high, and while warm fancies glow,  
We think of days whose glories none may know,  
Till, as eve's stranger sunbeams mellowing fall,  
Light up each vault, and gild the sculptured hall,

\* "In front of this bas-relief is the great stone platform upon which in days of old may have been placed the throne of the Assyrian monarchs."—*Layard's "Nineveh,"* vol. ii. In the present edition of this work, we are enabled to state that a throne has in reality been discovered by Mr. Layard in the north-west palace at Nimroud. It may be termed a gorgeous chair; the wood is cased with bronze, as Solomon's throne was with ivory; the arms and some other portions are composed of winged deities, and mythic animals; the wood is much decayed, but the metal casing is tolerably preserved, though the whole is in fragments. In front of the throne was found a footstool made also of wood overlaid with metal, the feet ending in lions' paws and pine-cones.—*See Layard's Second Expedition.*

† Tiglath Pileser, who, 736 B.C., invaded Samaria, and carried many Jews into captivity.



Those monarchs in the midst appear to rise—  
Crowns on their heads, and terror in their eyes ;  
While slaves kneel trembling, courtiers stand in awe—  
Each look a mandate, and each nod a law.

But mark yon tombs, for Death has also here  
Preserved his prize ; yet strange those graves appear,  
Rais'd o'er the halls which ages whelmed before,  
Races interred on races known no more.  
Lift the stone lid—can aught of man be there?  
A figure shrinks to dust when touched by air ;  
Yet, placed by sorrowing love, still vases stand,  
And lies unmoved the bracelet's silver band ;  
Here, circling once the neck, are beads of glass,  
And there the pin that bound the hair's rich mass.  
Oh, Beauty! Beauty! for whose nectared kiss  
Men pine, fight, die—and must she come to this?  
Where are her graces now?—her dimples bright,  
Her snowy brow, and eyes' entrancing light?  
These baubles all outlast her peerless clay  
And love-born charms, more valued now than they.\*

\* One of the most extraordinary discoveries was made on the west side of the mound at Nimroud. While pursuing excavations here, Mr. Layard suddenly encountered about twenty sarcophagi, nearly all of them holding human remains, but which crumbled to dust on exposure to the air. One of these sarcophagi contained earthen vases, glass beads belonging to a necklace, a cylinder or amulet, two silver bracelets, and a pin for the hair. The remains were evidently those of a female. Removing more of the soil he found, several feet beneath this little cemetery, a handsome building, the rooms as usual being lined with alabaster slabs. Tombs over the houses! some unknown race had occupied the country after the

Sleep, city! nought is time to thine and thee,  
Sleep till God's judgment, mystic Nineveh!  
Years raise up states, then dash them to the dust;  
Mortals are weak, but call not Heaven unjust.  
No change to thee will come—thou liest there  
In cold obstruction, type of Pride's despair.  
Oblivion watches, as long ages close,  
Thy buried glory, and thy dread repose;  
Death sits, grim tyrant, on thy mound-strewn plain,  
And thunders to awake thee peal in vain. (11)

And now, as standing here, we cast our eyes  
Tow'rd the far West, dark thoughts within us rise.  
England! my country! bright and favoured land!  
Must she, too, yield to Time's all-wasting hand?  
What! shall the hour arrive when that bold brow,  
Which flashes like a sun, must fade and bow?  
When that strong arm its sickle now that sweeps  
Around the globe, and wealth's rich harvest reaps,  
Must shrink in palsy, and send forth no more  
Thunder-armed bands, and fleets to every shore?  
Must she, the great Assyria of to-day,  
Greece, Egypt, Rome, in one, resign her sway,  
The vast Colossus which bestrode the world,  
O'erthrown at length, and into fragments hurled?

England! my country! such thy fate of gloom?  
No; Heaven look down! avert the bitter doom!

fall and burying up of the Assyrian palaces—that race had also  
passed away!



Oh! scare the dream, break Fancy's faithless glass!  
His prey for once let greedy Ruin pass;  
Live, Britain, live! supreme in arts and lore,  
Flourish, thou land! and Valour guard thy shore;  
Virtue and wisdom thy palladium be,  
While other empires fall, supporting thee!  
Hold on thy glorious course through good and ill,  
Defying Time, 'mid change triumphant still!

END OF PART I.

# RUINS OF MANY LANDS.

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## BOOK I.

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### THE DARK ERA.

#### PART II.

WHY was man summoned from the gulf of years,  
Poor child of weakness, folly, crime, and tears?  
Why are affections woven round his heart,  
When Death must rend the tenderest links apart?  
Why ever looks he tow'rd a higher sphere,  
Still panting for some good he finds not here,  
If this poor world were all?—as some would say  
Who bound man's prospect to life's narrow day,  
And, like the gloomy Sadducee of old,  
Think when our toils are done and years are told,  
Nought more remains but that we yield our breath,  
And sink our hopes, and end our joys in death;  
No wakening spirit hovering o'er the tomb,  
No thought that stirs, no mem'ry still to bloom,  
Eternal quiet brooding o'er that spot,  
The soul at rest, and all her schemes forgot.



Children of night! and erring sons of pride!  
Who thus the God-formed spirit's fate decide,  
Refusing to believe life's *second* Spring,  
Because full proof weak Reason fails to bring,  
Go! mark wide Nature, on her wonders pause;  
Say, canst thou solve her dark mysterious laws?  
Explain how lives in clouds electric fire,  
Why flies it with dread speed along the wire?  
Tell what fine cords from yonder sun convey  
Attraction's charm to planets far away?  
Heaven's azure space is void, and yet that force  
Curbs the vast worlds, and binds them in their course.  
These ye believe because the senses see,  
And yet the soul may scarce more wondrous be:  
He who hath formed the lightning, and the power  
In inert matter, seen and felt each hour,  
Can still continue life's mysterious part,  
When hushed this pulse, and cold this throbbing heart.

Oh! yes; a viewless spark from One on high  
Doth burn within, that will not, cannot die.  
Do we not something feel, a godlike ray  
Of soaring thought, that is not born of clay?  
Something which cannot sleep, but still would rise,  
And, spurning earth, claim kindred with the skies?  
Father of spirits! humbly let me bow,  
Hope, and believe, and trust Thy mercies now:  
Grant it be mine, when life is past, to view  
Thy far-spread glories in yon depths of blue!  
Free as a formless thought, my way to wing  
From star to star, and drink at Wisdom's spring!

Grant me sweet Memory's linking spell, to know  
Spirits once dear, and forms beloved below!  
Then what were death but some kind angel given  
To break the chain that keeps the soul from heaven?  
And what the grave but some bright crystal door,  
Opening to scenes and glories, hid before?

Such are the thoughts that rise, as now we tread  
A tomb-strewn land—a nation of the dead—  
Dark Esau's ancient home, where none remain,  
Of all his race, to haunt this desert plain;\*  
Where from the Dead Sea shore to Elan's strand,†  
Through lonely Araba's long vale of sand,  
From Moab's lifeless wastes and arid steeps,  
To grey Mount Hor, where sainted Aaron sleeps,  
Each city is a grave, and, long o'erthrown  
By tyrant ruin, holds the dead alone.‡  
Here myriads flourished, streams and fountains played,  
And Job's vast flocks in thymy pastures strayed;||

\* The Edomites, or Idumeans, were the descendants of Esau, and, though so numerous were they even down to the period when Jerusalem was besieged by Titus, that we read of them sending thither twenty thousand men to assist the Jews, yet no remnant of them can anywhere be traced in the present day.

† The bay of Elana, a branch of the Red Sea.

‡ Of the twenty once populous cities of Edom or Idumea, mentioned in Scripture and by Josephus, not one is now inhabited: the sands of the desert have entirely buried some, and others, such as Petra, Elana, and Gerandel, exhibit only ruins and sepulchres.—*Vid. Burckhardt and Laborde.*

|| The Land of Uz, where Job lived, is supposed to have been in Edom.

Here Israel trembled at those men of might,  
And power and wisdom crowned the Edomite;  
Now roves the Arab, Rapine's fiercest child,  
And halves with beasts of prey the savage wild.

Where famed Mount Hor lifts high his barren  
peak,  
And, king of air, the eagle whets his beak,  
I climb in awe, pass many a nameless cave,  
And reach at length the Hebrew's holy grave.  
And here he sleeps serene above that world,  
Where Time man's proudest works to dust hath  
hurled;  
As now I view yon heaven, whose dewy tears  
Have wet these blocks for dark uncounted years,  
My bosom thrills, and heated Fancy's eye  
Sees Aaron's ancient spirit hovering nigh,  
Calm waiting, till Heaven's final thunders roll,  
And call the dust to join th' undying soul.\*

Beneath me spreads a mighty sea of sand,  
With hills flung round by dire Confusion's hand;  
Brown pinnacles, and valleys lone and stern,  
Where Nature dies, and withering sunbeams burn;  
You deem that plain once heaved a lava-flood,  
Then, fixed by spells, in rough-piled masses stood.  
Here, ages since, did Israel march along,  
Blow their loud trumps, and chant their desert song;

\* A ruinous building stands on the summit of Mount Hor, and which, according to a popular tradition, covers the bones of Aaron. Both Jews and Mohammedans hold the spot in great reverence.



There smoked their incense, burned their altar's flame,  
And from the smitten rock the waters came;\*  
But lo! fierce Edom, sallying forth, appears,  
Raising against their march a wall of spears;  
The Hebrews turn, like meteors, still to stray,  
And round these deserts drag their weary way.†  
Yes, hallowed is the tract that meets our eyes,  
Though Heaven's dire curse on vale and mountain lies.  
It seems as if the look of drear despair  
Sad Nature shows, would dwell for ever there;  
Where famous cities stood ye may not guess,  
Save by bleached stones that strew the wilderness.  
Far northward lies that still and poisonous lake,‡  
Coiled 'tween its shores like some black sleeping snake;  
While south, beyond those steeps men rarely tread,  
Cloud-mantled Sinai lifts its awful head.

Calm sinks the sun o'er Edom's blighted hills,  
And the whole air a pulseless silence fills:  
The round red orb hath reached the horizon's brim,  
Shooting its crimson flames ere all be dim;  
Across the broad sands gleams the living fire,  
Quivering, like hope, around each rocky spire.  
These glories change, as lower sinks the sphere,  
And still each moment lovelier tints appear;

\* The waters of Meribah.

† The fact of the children of Israel vainly begging to be permitted to pass through Edom, though they promised not to injure the fields or vineyards, proves at once the power of the Edomites at that early period, and the fruitfulness of their country.

‡ The lake Asphaltites, or Dead Sea.

Saffron and amber flood the gorgeous West,  
Fairy-like towers in hues Elysian drest;  
Now shafts of pallid gold are upward cast,  
But all to softened purple yield at last.  
So suns went down when Israel trod this wild,  
So, when they buried Aaron, evening smiled.  
That mighty orb ne'er tires, or dims its ray;  
Bright as when earth was born it flames to-day;  
Man only passes, with his race and age—  
*His* works alone are blotted from Time's page;  
E'en tower-crowned cities crumble like his dust,  
And granite tombs at last resign their trust.

But near Mount Hor, for countless ages hid,  
And sealed like vaults in Cheops' pyramid,  
Hemmed in by rocks, a wall on every side,  
Lo! queen of deserts, Petra veils her pride.\*  
So wild that scene without, and stern and bare,  
Ye scarce would deem man once had dwelling there,  
But think those rocks the goat could only roam,  
Or on their summits eagles make their home.  
We pierce yon dell at twilight's deepening hour;  
Tall cliffs each side in savage grandeur tower;

\* Petra in Greek, and Selah in Hebrew, the names given to the capital of Edom, signify a rock. The ruins of this city are situated in the Wady Mousa (Valley of Moses), about twelve leagues south of the Dead Sea. From its isolated and concealed position, being surrounded on all points by precipitous mountains, and owing to the frightful deserts in the vicinity, Petra had been lost sight of for more than a thousand years. Burckhardt discovered the ruins in 1812, and they have since been visited by many travellers.

Meeting aloft, like threatening foes they seem,  
Till scarce between the clefts the star can gleam.  
The guides, with unsheathed daggers, lead the way,  
For oftentimes here the robber lurks for prey:  
The flickering torches show each swarthy face,  
And wilder horror lend that lonely place.  
Dark fir and cypress wave above our head,  
And ivy bands fantastic garlands spread.  
A fiery ball oft gleams where black rocks scowl—  
'Tis the large eye of some sepulchral owl;  
And oft a step is heard the crags among—  
'Tis the lone wolf that steals in shade along,  
And turns and looks, yet flies the torch's glare,  
And growls in rage, that man disturbs him there.\*

The dell is passed; the moonbeams, soft and white,  
Pour on the scene—now forward cast thy sight;  
Startling and strange, as 'twere enchanted ground,  
A fair and spacious area spreads around:  
Pillar and arch, defying Time's rude shock,  
Gleam on each side, upspringing from the rock:  
The ancient way shows polished pavements yet,  
Where Pleasure tripped, and Traffic's children met,  
But ah! no more, to merry pipe and song,  
Through those ravines shall wind the vintage-throng,

\* The approach to Petra is through a narrow defile, which in some places scarcely admits of two horsemen abreast. This ravine is continued for about two miles, being bordered by cliffs 700 and 1,000 feet high: wild vines, and other shrubs and trees, grow out of the crevices above, so as frequently to exclude almost the light of day.—*Vide Irby and Mangles.*



Or caravans bring store that Commerce loves,  
From Ind's gemmed hills, and Saba's spicy groves.\*

Down by the stream unnumbered dwellings trace,  
Each hollowed from the mountain's marble face,  
Halls, and long corridors, and banquet-rooms,  
Where music thrilled, and maidens swung perfumes;  
For slave and lord alike one impulse felt,  
True sons of Esau, still in rocks they dwelt.  
See yonder shrine, with frieze and moulding rich,  
And finely carved each pedestal and niche,  
Long pillared rows where Attic taste is shown,  
Cornice on high,—all cut from living stone!  
So fresh, so pure, the gazer well might say,  
Not twenty ages since!—'twas built to-day!†

Turn, too—for Rome has left her impress here,  
Gorgeous in art, though not, like Greece, severe—

\* On leaving the ravine, Petra bursts on the traveller in all its desolate beauty. Its site forms a natural amphitheatre, about two miles and a half in circumference, a few openings appearing here and there between the lofty hills. Some of the buildings, or rather excavations, exhibit a freshness of hue, and a delicacy of ornament, which nothing but a very dry climate, and their protected situation, could have succeeded in preserving. "The sides of the mountains," says Irby, "covered with an endless variety of excavated tombs and private dwellings, presented the most singular scene we ever beheld."

† The large temple, named by Laborde "The Temple of Victory," which overlooks the stream not far from the theatre, is the best preserved of all the Petra monuments. Its façade is very imposing, the Corinthian columns, pediment, and cornice being in the first style of art; but the rooms within the cliff are bare, and without any decoration.

See, round and round, theatric benches sweep,  
For Edom's children once could smile and weep;  
On yon broad stage where brambles flourish now,  
The actor trod, with strangely-vizored brow,  
Or, thrilling listeners' ears with notes of fire,  
Burst the full chorus forth, and swelled the lyre.  
Now the brown fox across those benches springs,  
To Beauty's marble seat the blind worm clings;  
Hark! 'tis my step that sounds too loudly rude,  
The rill's small voice disturbs this solitude.\*  
High o'er my head ascends a spiral stair,  
Across yon cleft a bridge seems hung in air;  
While, mingling life with death, a thousand caves  
Yawn far and near, the ancient dwellers' graves;  
Some proud inscriptions bear, some fretted towers,  
And others flame-crowned urns, and sculptured flowers.  
O'er all, the hills still lift their brows to Heav'n,  
Like giant guards by jealous Nature giv'n,  
The peaks their spears, the clouds their flags unfurl'd,  
To shut this rock-built city from the world. (12)

The hills of Seir have melted in the sky,  
And Edom's blighted plains behind us lie;

\* The theatre is on the left hand as the traveller enters from the defile. The semicircular rows of seats, all cut from the natural rock, appear to be little injured by time; but this structure and the temples are comparatively of modern date, having been formed during the period that Petra was subject to Rome. The rock-excavations, or private dwellings, including the chief portion of the tombs, are the work only of the elder Edomites, and Nabathæan Arabs, and to which, shrouded by the mists of antiquity, no date can be assigned.

Arabia's wild is passed: now fountains flow,  
And birds begin to sing, and flowers to blow.  
Hail! Egypt! land of ancient pomp and pride,  
Where Beauty walks by hoary Ruin's side;  
Where Plenty reigns, and still the seasons smile,  
And rolls—rich gift of God!—exhaustless Nile.  
Land of the pyramid and temple lone!  
Whose fame, a star on earth's dark midnight shone;  
Bright seat of wisdom, graced with arts and arms,  
Ere Rome was built, or smiled fair Athens' charms;  
What hath each age, each nation won from thee?  
All that refines, sublimes humanity.  
The tall papyrus whispering seems to say—  
Here rose the letters Cadmus bore away. (13)  
The Greek to thee his Jove and Bacchus owes,  
With many a tale that charms, and thought that  
glows.\*  
In thy famed schools the Samian learnt his lore,  
That souls, though wandering, live for evermore;†

\* From Egypt, the Mizraim of the Hebrews, and the Masr of the Arabs, the Greeks borrowed the greater portion of their mythology, together with their ideas of Hades; but their Elysium seems to have been the beautiful dream of their own poets. Among the principal deities, as regards their attributes and characteristics, the Egyptian Ammon, or Amun, answers to the Greek Zeus and Roman Jupiter; Isis and Bubastis (the Moon) to Diana; Osiris (the Sun) to Bacchus; Typhon to Pluto; Phtha to Vulcan; Thoth, the famous god of letters, to Hermes or Mercury—although Anubis, the dog-headed god, performed some of the offices of the last—Anouké to Vesta; Nephthys to Proserpine; Athor to Venus; Saté to Juno; and Neith (Wisdom) to Minerva.

† Pythagoras, five centuries B. C., promulgated in Greece the doctrine of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls—a doctrine



The giant structures, piled on Gizeh's plain,\*  
Speak of the sages watching heaven's bright train,  
Who first, years, months divided, traced afar  
The comet's course, and named each glittering star.  
Yes, wondrous land! thou well may'st charm and awe,  
August yet fair, thy like the world ne'er saw;  
Gazing on thee, we see some mighty form,  
Shattered, in truth—a wreck amidst a storm;  
But many a star beams forth, and moonlight plays  
In graceful beauty, o'er the "doomed" of days,  
Until that scene doth almost look as fair,  
As when the bark rode on in triumph there.

Worshipped of old, whence flows the Nile's proud  
wave?  
From what far spring, green vale, or sunless cave?  
Vainly its fountains curious pilgrims seek;  
The solveless mystery ages fail to break.  
Sure on the spring some god hath set his seal,  
Sworn the bright waters never to reveal: (14)  
But if 'mid Ethiop wilds, or Lunar steeps,  
Her secret charge the jealous Naiad keeps,  
Sleeking her locks unseen in that bright well,  
Glass of the blushing rose, and lily-bell,  
What boots it?—bounding from his cradling-place,  
Young Nile comes forth, to run his giant race,  
Pours down Sennar, and washes Nubia's wild,  
Fresh, full, and free, as when first Nature smiled;

held by the priests of Egypt, and the Brahmins of India long ages  
before the birth of the philosopher of Samos.

\* The pyramids.

Foams o'er the granite ridge by Souan's shore,\*  
With flashing billow, and with sullen roar;  
Still sees the temple crown his palmy banks,  
And solemn Sphinxes sleep, in long-drawn ranks.  
What though no more the priest on Isis calls,  
Or grand processions sweep from Memphis' walls,  
Praying the flood to rise o'er bower and field,  
Still swell the waves, and wonted blessings yield;  
And sweet the stream to traveller's thirsty lip,  
As when the Egyptian deemed it heaven to sip;†  
And green the flags, and fair the lotus flower,  
As when that babe, within his bulrush-bower,  
The embryo leader,‡ Fame's immortal heir,  
Smiled on the royal maid who found him there.

Far down in Nubia's waste grey temples stand,  
Tottering with age, each door-way choked with sand;  
And further on, in groups against the sky,  
Long lines of pyramids ascend on high,  
By all forsaken, save by beasts of prey,  
And that dark bird, a god in ancient day,||  
Whose voice still sounds, as shadowy twilight falls,  
Like a ghost's wail along those lonely walls.  
And here stood Ethiop's city,§ once arrayed  
In power and pomp, that sun-bright Afric swayed;

\* The first and largest of the three cataracts of the Nile is formed at Es Souan, by granite rocks, which cross the stream; and below this place the river enters Egypt.

† The salubrious qualities of the Nile water are well known: Maillet remarks that "it is among waters what Champagne is among wines."

‡ Moses.

§ The sacred bird Ibis.

§ Merodé.

Here Ammon first bade listening nations quail,  
And Isis wore her dim mysterious veil—\*  
Home of young Learning! cradle of each art!  
Where keen Discovery traced her mazy chart—  
Land, far and wide, that sent adventurers forth,  
Peopled the South, refined the savage North,  
Launched her bold pilots o'er the Indian wave,  
And placed her gods in many a rock-hewn cave.  
Long ere Columbus sought the Western world,  
There was the daring Ethiop's flag unfurled.  
'Tis no vain dream; beneath those skies lie hid  
Many a hoar fane, and age-struck pyramid,†  
Such as in Nubia's trackless wastes are shown,  
Strange language traced on each gigantic stone,  
The tombs like-shaped, the sculptures vast and  
grand—  
A wondrous link between each far-off land. (15)

Oh! days of old! we blindly, rashly deem  
Your knowledge ignorance, your power a dream!  
Think no Columbus, Gama, could have birth,  
Till modern science shed her beam on earth.  
Creed dark as narrow; Pride must stoop her brow;  
Truth, virtue, wisdom, walked the world ere now.

\* Ammon was first worshipped in Ethiopia, and his Oracle was at Meróé; a grand temple was afterwards erected to him in the Oasis of Siwah, in the Libyan Desert, to which the Greeks made frequent pilgrimages. The statue of the goddess Isis, the universal mother, bore the following inscription—"I am all that has been, that shall be, and no mortal has hitherto taken off my veil."

† The recently-discovered remains of pyramids and temples in Central America will be spoken of hereafter.



Weak man! because thine eye shall strive in vain  
To pierce the mists that wrap Time's boundless plain,  
Dar'st thou pronounce the past all error's night,  
Genius unknown, and quenched truth's heavenly  
light?

As well declare no gems in earth's deep caves,  
No pearls are hid 'neath ocean's mantling waves;  
Or, when black tempests hang their shroud on high,  
No fair orbs roll through God's own liquid sky.

Ipsamboul!—name that wakens wonder's thrill—  
Why stand ye, spellbound, near yon sculptured  
hill?

High o'er the flowing Nile the temples frown,  
Their monster guardians gazing dimly down,  
Those awful forms that seem with being rife,  
Primeval giants starting into life!  
Beside those limbs how pigmy-like are we!  
'Tis toil and pain to climb the statue's knee:  
See the broad breast like some vast buttress spread,  
High as a war-tower springs the huge capped head.  
What were they, mighty ones, dark Titan band,  
Shaped to this awful guise by human hand?  
The forms of heroes conquering once the world,  
Or types of gods from heavenly regions hurled?  
Yet in their lofty features nought appears  
To shock the gazer's heart, or wake his fears;  
Calm and benign, they front the rising sun,  
How oft the burning orb his course hath run,  
Lighting to million graves the human race,  
But, still returning, sees each solemn face! (16)

What mean those cells where shapeless walls are  
piled,  
And rude stone crosses deck the savage wild?  
The wreck of Christian churches; long ago  
When Afric's shores were wrapped in night and woe,  
Christ's lowly followers found a refuge here,  
The churchman prayed, the hermit shed his tear.  
Soft o'er the waste where now hyenas yell,  
Tolled at sweet eve the convent's silver bell,  
And, where slave-hunters bathe the valley's sod  
With life's red stream, once rose the hymn to God.\*

But Nubia's sands are passed, and Egypt's palm  
Hangs o'er the cataract it may not calm,  
And Philœ's ruined shrines reflect the beam,  
Like Naiad-dwellings bosomed on the stream.  
Thrice beauteous isle! the hills e'en seem to press  
More near to scan its marble loveliness,  
And birds, enamoured, seek its sheltering towers,  
And fairies tow'rds it sail on lotus flowers.†  
By many a deep-hewn quarry glides the wave,  
Where art once toiled, and rocks their treasure gave.

\* Ruins of Christian churches are frequently met with scattered along the banks of the Upper Nile. Christianity, it is well known, was introduced into Nubia and Abyssinia at a very early period; for Frumentius was sent to preach in the latter country by the patriarch of Alexandria, A.D. 330. In Nubia, Christianity appears to have become extinct; but in Abyssinia the Christians, resisting the spread of Mohammedanism, like the Nestorians among the mountains of Kurdistan, remain at this hour a most interesting people.

† The isle of Philœ, near the first cataract, the ancient boundary of Egypt, is full of ruins of the Ptolemiac period, and from its fine situation it has obtained the name of "The Beautiful."

Edfou's vast pile that frowns, a form of fear,  
Within whose courts their huts wild Arabs rear,  
Proves, by its awful grandeur, Egypt's creed  
Called genius forth, though prompting grovelling deed.\*  
Still Ptolemy's fair temple, Esné, shines,  
The columns carved with flowers, and palms, and vines,  
The portico so graceful, tall, and light,  
The zodiac gleaming on the ceiling's height.†  
No priests are here, but see that female train,  
Whose mournful voices sigh along the plain;  
They sit in groups around the pillar's base,  
Their black eyes dim, and sorrow in each face:  
Some wake the pipe's soft breath, and others fling  
Their slender hands across the cittern's string,  
Or twine with henna-flowers their jetty curls—  
Ah! sad they look, those banished Almeh girls.‡  
Sweet maids like them we find engraved on stone,  
Who swept the lyre, and danc'd 'round Pharaoh's  
throne;||

\* There are two temples at Edfou, founded by Ptolemy Philometer, 180 B.C. The towers of the propylon, or principal entrance of the larger building, are one hundred feet high, and covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics. The huts of the modern inhabitants are crowded around these beautiful ruins.

† The temple of Esné, the Latopolis of the Greeks, was also built by a Ptolemy; it is chiefly famous for its very elegant portico, and the zodiac, resembling that at Dendera, on its ceiling.

‡ To Esné, in the present day, are banished the greater number of the dancing girls, called Almehs; for the Ulemas, or Turkish priests, consider music and dancing an abomination.—See *Wilkinson's "Egypt."*

|| In the grottoes of Eleithias, near Esné, there appears, among many other sculptures of Egyptian domestic life, one representing women playing on the harp and double flute, while their companions



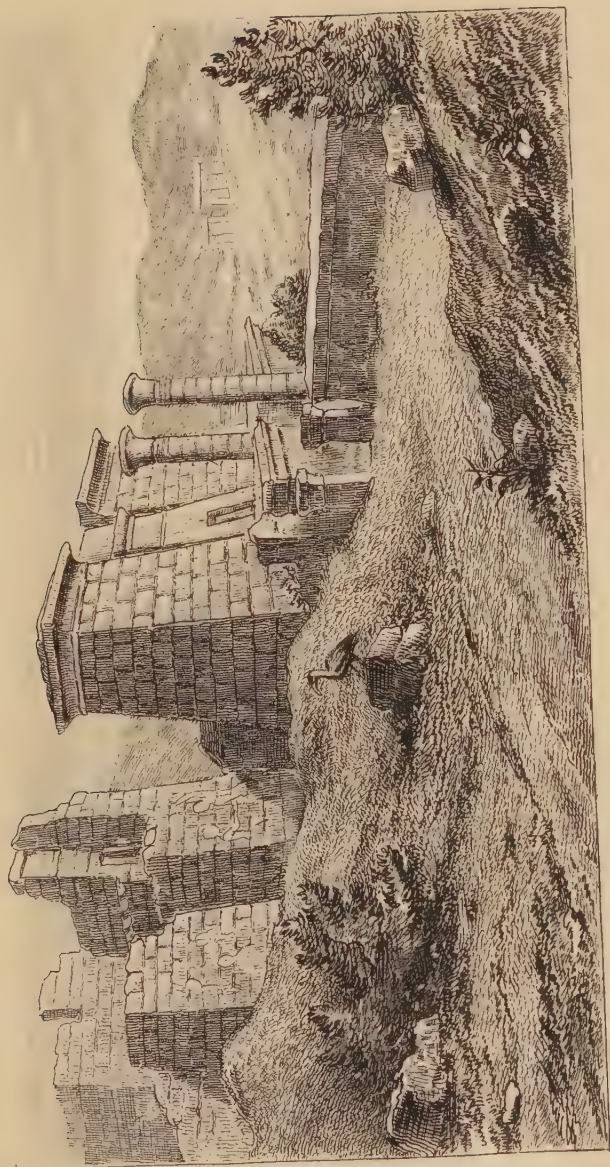
And now these children, ages wandered by,  
The Moslem's scorn, in lonely exile sigh,  
Their graceful dance abhorred, their music's spell  
Deemed e'en the voice of Eblis breathed from hell.

Thebes, hearing still the Memnon's mystic tones,  
Where Egypt's earliest monarchs reared their thrones,  
Favoured of Jovè!\* the hundred-gated queen!  
Though fallen, grand—though desolate, serene;  
The blood with awe runs coldly through our veins,  
As we approach her far-spread, vast remains.  
Forests of pillars crowd old Nilus' side,  
Ob'lisks to heaven high lift their sculptured pride;  
Rows of dark Sphinxes, sweeping far away,  
Lead to proud fanes, and tombs august as they.  
Colossal chiefs, in granite, sit around,  
As wrapped in thought, or sunk in grief profound.  
Titans or gods sure built these walls that stand,  
Defying years, and Ruin's wasting hand.  
So vast, sublime the view, we almost deem  
We rove, spellbound, through some fantastic dream,  
Sweep through the halls that Typhon rears below,†  
And see in yon dark Nile hell's rivers flow.  
E'en as we walk these fanes, and ruined ways,  
In musings lost, yet dazzled while we gaze,

are dancing in the style of those women known now in Egypt by the name of Almeh.

\* Thebes was sometimes called by the Greeks Diospolis, as being sacred to Ammon or Jupiter; but the hundred gates of Homer are supposed to apply to her temples, rather than her walls.

† Typhon is the Principle of Evil in Egyptian mythology.



Where Egyptian captives to Hattusili were sent. See Vol. I. p. 56.





The mighty columns ranged in long array,  
The statues fresh as chiselled yesterday,  
We scarce can think two thousand years have flown,  
Since in proud Thebes a Pharaoh's grandeur shone,  
But in yon marble court, or Sphinx-lined street,  
Some moving pageant half expect to meet,  
See great Sesostris, come from distant war,  
Kings linked in chains to drag his ivory car;  
Or view that bright procession sweeping on,  
To meet at Memphis far-famed Solomon,  
When, borne by Love, he crossed Arabia's wild,  
To wed the royal Pharaoh's blooming child.\*

Here let me sit in Karnac's gorgeous hall, (17)  
Firm as when reared each massy pictured wall:  
Yielding to meditation's calm control,  
How shrinks, in conscious littleness, the soul!  
And as thought leaps the gulph that yawns between  
Past days and now—what is and what hath been,  
How brief, how petty human life appears!  
A cloud that fleeteth as it rains its tears;  
A puny wave on Time's vast ocean-shore,  
That frets and foams, then melts to swell no more.  
These ancient piles a higher moral teach  
Than sage can write, or orator can preach;

\* Solomon, in the year B.C. 1014, married the daughter of the King of Egypt, and with that monarch contracted a friendly and close alliance. We need, perhaps, scarcely observe that the term Pharaoh is merely a prefix, Phra, in the Egyptian language, meaning the sun, and it was applied to all the Egyptian kings, in the same way as Cæsar was assumed by the Roman emperors, and, in the present age, the title of Czar distinguishes the sovereigns of Russia.

The heart grows humbler in a scene like this,  
Yet soars above low schemes of transient bliss;  
And while it sighs that man should waste his hours,  
Rearing such mighty shrines to unknown powers,  
Looks inward at the creed itself maintains,  
If born of heaven, or free from error's stains.

But musing thus, by wandering dreams beguiled,  
We half forget the fabrics round us piled—  
Fabrics that breathe, from every sculptured stone,  
Awe and a solemn grandeur all their own.  
Dim vistas stretch, gigantic columns rise,  
And ob'lisks point, heaven-watchers, to the skies.  
There frown huge kings in stone—such frown they wore  
When on their thrones three thousand years before;  
And one, the mightiest, Isis' arms entwine,  
Immortal deemed, and like herself divine.\*  
Oh! wondrous art! yon granite roof behold!  
Fair still the colours, glittering still the gold;  
In azure skies, moons, clustering stars, appear—  
Alas! the cunning hand that traced them here!  
But pass we altars and rich glorious things,  
Lotus-crowned pillars, echoing halls of kings;

\* Four beautiful obelisks mark the entrance to the adytum, or secret chambers of the great Karnac Temple; and here one of the ancient monarchs is represented as embraced by the goddess Isis. As the early kings of Babylon were deified, so some of the Pharaohs received the honour of the apotheosis. The adytum alluded to consists of a large apartment, and two rooms of less dimensions; the roof of the first is formed by three immense slabs of granite, on which are painted, on a blue ground, several of the constellations. The colours are at this day surprisingly fresh.

What see we traced in outline?—shadowy, dim,  
The very breathing face and sinewy limb—  
'Tis Thothmes, he who bade the Hebrew groan,  
When hailstones fell, and thunders shook his throne,  
He to whom Moses spoke, the king who sped  
On wings of wrath when trembling Israel fled,  
Raised his bright sword, and drove his bickering car,  
Comet-like breathing terror from afar,  
Pursued his foe along the Red Sea coast,  
Then sank engulfed with all his fiery host.\*

We cross the Nile:—Worn rough by countless  
years,  
Like some tall tower, huge Memnon's form appears;  
Pale Arabs pause to scan that brow of pride,  
And list sweet music harping from his side.†

\* Thothmes III., whose reign commenced 1495 B.C., is now generally admitted to have been the Pharaoh who pursued the Israelites and perished in the Red Sea. The portrait of this famous king, as proved by his cartouche, or oval, is sculptured on one of the walls in the Karnac Temple.—*Wilkinson's "Egypt."*

† The statue of Memnon, so celebrated for its vocal qualities, stands opposite the Temple at Luxor, but on the west side of the Nile. It is of hard gritstone, and has undergone many repairs. Its height is 52 feet, being 18 feet across the shoulders, and 17 feet from the elbow to the fingers' ends. It rests on a throne, the hands being placed on the knees. Another statue, of nearly similar dimensions, appears near it. A line of hieroglyphics running down the back declares this figure to have been raised in honour of Amunoph III., who reigned 1,400 years B.C. Hence the name it bears is wrongly applied, and the error seems to have arisen with the Romans. The Memnon (for it will probably now ever retain that name) is covered with inscriptions in Greek and Latin. A belief that it greets the rising sun with music is still cherished by the Arabs, who call it *Salamat*, or "the statue that bids good morning."



But Pharaoh's palace courts us; still the wall  
Glow with rich hues, though throne and statue fall.  
Homer these sculptures saw; their grand design  
Of War's dread pomp inspired his burning line.  
Hush! hold thy breath—approach yon crypt of gloom—  
'Tis Egypt's hero, great Sesostris' tomb!  
Ay, he who fought on Indus' burning shore,  
And fire and sword to Northern Europe bore,  
Unpeopled countries, and wrapped towns in flame,  
Like Rome's first Cæsar, conquering with his name,  
Lies here, states history—search, ye find no bone,  
No serecloth left within his cell of stone:  
Th' embalmer's art hath proved of little worth,  
The worm long conquering him who conquered earth. (18)

But other tombs are near: where rocks look down  
From Libya's waste, Death's sombre dwellings frown.\*  
For many an age queens, princes here were laid;  
Along these hills what pomp hath Thebes displayed,  
As melting on Time's sea like bubbling foam,  
King after king was borne to Death's dark home.  
What thousands here have bent in hopeless woe,  
Wept on these sands, or wailed to breezes low!  
The wife has mourned her lord, the youth his bride—  
What boots it now?—they moulder side by side;

\* The rocky mountains of Gornoo, near Thebes, have been completely hollowed out to supply the old inhabitants with tombs. Many of the kings were buried here; and the immense vaults and magnificently-painted chambers discovered by Belzoni, some of them having been undisturbed until that traveller's entrance, during a space of thirty centuries, render this City of the Dead one of the most interesting spots in the neighbourhood of Egypt's ancient capital.

Passed are their loves and hopes, their grief and pain;  
Yet say not, harsh, cold man, they lived in vain.  
Ah! no, their souls set free from that sad shore,  
Their drear Amenti,\* now may glow and soar;  
Fancy will dream they haunt, with strange delight,  
Loved Egypt still, though power has set in night,  
Sweep o'er yon temples, woo the musky calm,  
Or walk the winds that stir the tufted palm,  
And when by spirit-hands day's knell is tolled,  
Glide back to heaven's bright gates on beams of gold.

The torch is lit, we pierce the mountain's side;  
Dark ways that long man's curious step defied,  
And secret passages and half-closed vaults,  
Where zeal grows faint with toil, and daring halts,  
Are passed at length, till bursting on our sight,  
The pillars flashing in the torch's light,  
And gorgeous paintings glittering on the wall,  
Spreads in the hill's deep heart that wondrous hall. (19)  
A tomb?—we gaze around, and scarce believe;  
Some vision sure our wandering fancies weave;  
But yon sarcophagus with carvings rich,  
And mummy forms in many a deep-sunk niche,  
Reveal the secret; oh! so still, so drear,  
We well may shrink to walk the chambers here,  
Man still around us, though life's subtile flame  
Had ceased to burn ere Rome obtained a name.

What wert thou, uncouth form, that liest there  
Uncounted ages hid from outer air,

\* Amenti, the Hades of the Egyptians.

Thus in thy strange and gilded wrappings cased,  
With bird, and beast, and mystic symbols traced?  
Dark mummy! when we rend the covering band,  
Around thee twined by some fond careful hand,  
Ah! can we think this black and shrivelled limb  
Was once all comeliness, these feet could skim  
The turf like some gazelle's, while beauty drunk  
Delight from flashing eyes, now closed and sunk?  
What wert thou, then?—a courtier, doomed to kneel  
At Pharaoh's throne, and anxious tremors feel?  
Wert thou a priest, and didst thou teach the crowd  
From these blue lips, while listening votaries bowed?  
Or face to face see Moses, when his rod  
Shook o'er the trembling land the plagues of God?  
Wert thou a sage, this hollow, grinning skull  
Peopled by thoughts, with wit and wisdom full,  
While through these socket-holes thy curious eye  
Scanned heaven's wide arch, and read the spangled sky?  
Or wert thou some great chief? and didst thou lead  
Fierce myriads on to conquer and to bleed?  
Did this shrunk arm the glittering falchion wave,  
And, scattering death, send thousands to their grave?

Alas! poor mummy, gazing on thee now,  
Ambition well may sigh, and Wisdom bow;  
Though mute these lips, they do not teach the less;  
A sermon read we in thy ghastliness.  
Ah! what charmed word, what strong Medéan spell,  
Shall rouse to life this dried and shattered shell?  
Nought but the trumpet's final wakening blast,  
When thou shalt burst thy bonds, dark thing, at last,



And oh! if just and pure—and who are they  
That dare condemn, and quench bright Mercy's ray!—  
Shalt see these blackened limbs in beauty shine,  
All, all thyself again, but more divine.

We quit the tombs, and issue on the plain  
As eve's pale shadows wrap each massive fane;  
The moon climbs heaven's blue cope; her silvery  
shower  
Lights, while it softens, porch and ruined tower;  
The huge Sphinx-forms that line the desert way,  
The giant sculptures, sleep beneath the ray:  
The quivering beams, so softly, purely shed,  
Rest like a crown of pearls on Memnon's head.  
E'en Gornoo's rocks that front the winding Nile,  
With all their hoary tombs, appear to smile.  
By wall and column flows the restless stream,  
On each small wave the stars reflected gleam.  
Silence, Death's sister, now her watch doth keep,  
Save when the night-winds faintly moan and creep,  
Or woo with whispers yonder lonely palm,  
That droops, like some sad spirit, mid the calm,  
Mourning o'er Thebes, as in her shroud she lies,  
No more to rule, or ope her lovely eyes. (20)

What scenes passed here in Egypt's days of fame!  
What acts were done that Mercy shrinks to name!  
Behold one mournful sight—the beauteous bride  
Doomed to the cold embrace of yonder tide!  
Yes, down that path the fair one paces slow,  
To murmuring lyres, and trumpets wailing low.

She comes to appease the god that rules the Nile,\*  
And priests beside her move, in lengthened file.  
Rich are the robes the lovely victim wears;  
Her jewelled hand a branch of cypress bears.  
The sacred lotus-flowers† her soft brow deck;  
Her coal-black tresses veil her glowing neck.  
And doth no anguish touch her gentle heart,  
So soon with earth, and all its joys to part?  
To leave each friend, resign her virgin bloom,  
For Typhon's realms, and Hades' sunless gloom?  
Zeal fires her soul, and yet the smiles that break,  
Languid and cold, across her changing cheek,  
The frequent trembling, and the starting tear,  
Tell of an inward pang, a stifled fear.

And now they reach old Nilus' worshipped wave,  
That seems to pause and moan in every cave,  
As if he mourned that youthful maiden's doom,  
More kind than they who urged her to the tomb.  
High on the bank she stands, her straining gaze  
Fixed on the flood, while soft the cittern plays:  
Scarce may you tell if that deep freezing air  
Betokens firmness, or betrays despair;  
Haply her soul flies back to childhood's hours,  
When, like a wild bee sporting 'mid the flowers,

\* The god Kneph, who presided over the inundation.

† Extraordinary honour was paid to the white lotus by the ancient Egyptians; the capitals of their columns are frequently adorned with a representation of that beautiful flower, and it is everywhere found carved upon their tombs. The lotus in India is equally venerated, and figures largely in connection with the Hindoo mythology.

She roamed the palmy vale, all mirth and bliss,  
Nor dreamt of day so dread, of fate like this.  
See! who starts forth, and kneels, and clasps her feet?  
Her lover speaks—once more their fond eyes meet;  
The maid who late seemed stone, turns, trembles now,  
The bright blood flushing cheek and marble brow;  
Religion scarce the heart's fond fire may quell,  
And all love's strength revives in that farewell.  
One sigh—one look of anguish—'twas her last;  
Wildly aloft her gem-bound arms she cast,  
Shrank from his warm embrace, and with a smile  
Of bitter calmness, pointed to the Nile.

“Not thine!” she cried, “the god of yonder stream  
Calls me from life, and love's enchaining dream.  
Anubis waits to waft me to the shore,  
Where blooms no flower, and joy can smile no more.\*  
From this bright world, from friends, from thee I go,  
To walk with shades, and pray, and weep below;  
Sighs for my nuptial song, dark yew my wreath,  
The slave of Orcus, and the bride of Death.  
Crime it may be to mourn, and love thee there,  
Yet must thou still my thoughts, hopes, wishes, share;  
And when, at last, the pitying gods remove  
My suffering soul to sun-bright bowers above,  
I'll join thy side, and Typhon's blasting eye  
Shall ne'er again bid Pleasure's roses die,  
But Isis' own bright hand shall dry our tears,  
And love entrance our souls through endless years!”

\* The office of Anubis, like that of the Greek Hermes, was to conduct the souls of the dead to Amenti or Hades.



The victim paused, and o'er her stooping brow  
Drew her white veil; the priests approach her now:  
Gently they raise her, and, while louder swell  
The barbarous tones of cymbal, horn, and shell,  
They cast her from the bank; Nile's rushing tide  
Parts as she falls, and claims the victim-bride;  
One bubbling cry—her young career is o'er,  
Her heart is still, and gods can ask no more.\*

Grey Thebes! farewell! thou matron of the earth!  
Old e'en when Rome and Athens sprang to birth,  
And still in ruin glorious, shining here,  
But like a sun with shadow-darkened sphere,  
Save that breaks forth again the solar ray,  
While thy eclipse shall never pass away.

Morn wakes the world! along each granite height  
That walls the East, soft streams the rosy light.  
More distant still, the Red Sea glows and smiles,  
Through all his coral rocks, and leafy isles.  
The acacia, shadowed by the loftier palm,  
Begins to drop its odour-breathing balm:

\* That the custom anciently prevailed of annually sacrificing a young virgin to propitiate the god who presided over the rising of the Nile, cannot be doubted. The barbarous practice is said to have been abolished by the Caliph Omar, A.D. 641; yet at this day, as if in remembrance of the living victim, a statue of mud, called Anis, or the Bride, is raised every year on the banks of the Lower Nile, to be washed away by the increasing current. A somewhat similar tradition prevails in India, that a youth and maiden, richly dressed, were annually thrown into the Ganges—another incident, or reflected custom, that goes to prove the relationship once existing between the two countries.

The lotus-flower, which all the night had kept  
Her soft leaves closed, wherein some sylphid slept,  
Touched by the beam, unfolds her bosom fair,  
And freedom gives the sky-born slumberer there.\*  
The humming-bird flits round the blossomed bower,  
Shaking his plumes, himself a flying flower:  
The lordly ostrich leaves his cave of rest,  
And seeks the trackless, solitary west;  
While dim-eyed owls, that ever love the gloom,  
Fly to their haunt—some lonely rock-cut tomb.  
Far in the desert sounds the camel's bell,  
Where Arabs quit their tents beside the well;  
And early monks, where grey-walled convents crown  
The steep hill's brow, on flow'ry vales look down,  
Drink the soft breeze, and scan heaven's depths of blue,  
Nor sigh to join a world they never knew.†

\* The Egyptian lotus is described as opening its broad white leaves at sunrise, and shutting them in the evening.

† Among the mountains north-east of the desert of Thebais are the Coptic Monasteries of St. Anthony and St. Paul. The Copts, who are a very interesting people, derive their name, if the tradition be entitled to belief, from Copt, of the family of Ham, who, after founding the city of Coptos, in Upper Egypt, conquered a great portion of the country. Their number at present does not exceed one hundred and fifty thousand, and although their race is not unmixed, they are the real descendants, and only representatives, of the ancient Egyptians. In the third and fourth centuries they embraced Christianity. The Copt is of small stature, of dark complexion, but generally possesses finely-chiselled and handsome features, and which are said to resemble in a remarkable degree the countenances of some of the figures carved on the monuments at Thebes. The Coptic language, though extinct as a spoken tongue, is still used in their churches, and bears, in all probability, the same relation to the language used in the time of the Pharaohs, as the

Our skiff is launched, and down the current glides,  
The sun-lit wavelets sparkling round her sides.  
Still by the winding stream some column rears  
Its rich carved shaft, some temple bends with years.  
In such a land no *present* seems to be;  
'Tis all the past—all hoar antiquity!  
The long, long stream, like some huge snake unrolled,  
The sands, the hills, the very skies look old.  
Treading where once trod monarch, priest, and seer,  
Men of to-day but seem intruders here.  
Gazing around, we feel a chilly dread,  
As mixed with shades, encompassed by the dead;  
This fancy o'er the loveliest landscape flings  
A solemn calm, that checks warm Pleasure's springs,  
Saddens the notes which gush from greenwood bowers,  
Half veils the beam that woos the desert flowers,  
Deepens the shade the palm-tree casts around,  
And turns to sorrow's plaint the river's sound.

And yet such sadness doth not touch the heart;  
Such airy dreams no lasting gloom impart.  
We mourn o'er Egypt as some mighty urn;  
The dust is there—the soul will ne'er return:  
No temple-builder, and no heaven-read sage,  
Live 'mid her offspring of this later age;  
Turk, Copt, Armenian, Jew, divide the soil,\*  
Children of traffic, patient sons of toil!

Italian does to the Latin, or the modern Greek to the pure Attic dialect.

\* The motley population of Egypt in the present day, consisting of the Turks, or Osmanlees, the ruling race, Syrians, Greeks, Copts,



Europe gives back the arts purloined of yore,  
But Glory on Nile's banks will sit no more.

What yonder rises? Dendera's solemn shrine,  
Whose fading splendours grandly-mournful shine.  
Rival of Karnac, Edfou, stern and lone,  
It looks to heaven, its founder, date unknown.  
Its lofty portico and painted walls,  
Its snake-wreathed globes and dim resounding halls,  
Towers where ten thousand sculptured forms ye trace,  
Awe with their vastness, charm us with their grace. (21)  
And this was Isis' dwelling—still she stands  
Breathing from stone, with meekly-lifted hands.  
Dark mother! to whom zeal these walls upreared,  
Whom monarchs revered, and whom myriads feared,  
What wert thou, shrouded in thy silver veil,  
That thus the ancient world should bend and quail?  
Didst thou, as mortal beauty once adored,  
Break by Love's charm the sceptre and the sword?  
Wert thou a queen, and, when life's dream was o'er,  
A goddess hailed, to rule for evermore!—  
Vain, shadowy being! will each effort be  
To pierce the cloud that wraps thy age and thee,  
Thy pompous rites as secret as thy birth,  
Thy mystic worship passed away from earth.\*

Jews, Armenians, Ethiopian slaves, fellahs or cultivators of the soil, is estimated at two millions and a-half. Far more populous was the valley of the Nile in the days of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies, ancient writers stating the number of inhabitants to have been from six to seven millions.

\* Isis was paid peculiar homage throughout Egypt; she is said to have been the sister of Osiris; but the parentage of both is

But turn where Nile's broad waters Westward sweep :  
Whelmed by the sands that countless ages heap,  
Lo! Memnon's palace! tread each massy stone,  
'Thwart buried pillars, as by genii thrown ;  
All, save the huge stone roof, is veiled from sight,  
But enter now, and lift the torch's light.  
What meets the gaze?—long chambers stretch away,  
Rich gilded ceilings, walls with pictures gay,  
Whose tints, though traced three thousand years ago,  
As brightly still as Titian's colours glow.\*  
Memnon, whose memory lives in Homer's lays,  
The young, the brave, the gallant of those days,  
Bard, hero, king, too glorious long to reign,  
Who fought and died on Troy's immortal plain,  
Here passed his youth; within this palace fair,  
He heaped his wealth, brought all things rich and rare ;  
Wisdom, art, luxury, ruled the alternate hour,  
And siren Pleasure built her rosy bower.  
Nightly these rooms saw gorgeous banquets crowned,  
Lamps shed their light, and red wine sparkled round ;  
Nightly they heard sweet cittern, flute, and lyre,  
Breathe Love's own tones of soft dissolving fire ;  
While fair-browed maids from many a mid-sea isle,  
And Lydian beauties, born to sing and smile,

involved in the mists of fable. Her worship, like that of her brother, descended from Ethiopia, and in process of time it passed beyond Egypt, for we find temples raised to Isis in Greece and in Italy.

\* "The best works even of the Venetian school," writes Russell, "betray their age; but the colours here, in existence two thousand years before the time of Titian, are at this moment as fresh as if laid on an hour ago."

Moved in the dance the glittering floors along,  
Or poured from dulcet throats impassioned song.  
Now, as we tread these long-deserted halls,  
Our torch glares wild, our footstep strangely falls;  
A whisper floats like mutterings on the air,  
As if some spirit woke and answered there;  
While the lone owl, with large and glistening eyes,  
Sits in the gloom, the bat around us flies,  
And coiled on marble seats, a hideous guest,  
The scaly serpent rears his speckled crest;  
To these must mirth give place, and grandeur bow,  
The only lords of Memnon's palace now. (22)

Again we skim the waters; swift the gale  
Impels like some blithe bird our snowy sail.  
Far on our right the boundless desert sweeps,  
High on our left frown Libya's granite steeps,  
Beyond whose range the sand-girt islands lie,  
Laughing in verdure 'neath a burning sky,  
With streams and palm-groves, fruits and flowrets  
graced,  
Mysterious Edens planted in the waste!\*

\* Amidst an ocean of sand in the Western Desert, and from four to six days' journey from the banks of the Nile, are the Oases of Libya. From the luxuriance of their fruit trees and the fertility of the soil, they were called by the Greeks "Islands of the Blessed." The Oasis of Siwah contains the remains of the renowned Temple of Jupiter Ammon: the others, including the Little and the Great Oases, extend southward, in succession, for many hundreds of miles; and some of them were lost for centuries, until recently discovered by Edmonstone and Browne. Nearly all of them contain ruins, but chiefly of the Roman and Saracenic periods.



But on we steer, just gazing, as we glide  
Where Kebir's temple moulders by the tide;\*  
Or where the jackal lurks, and cypress glooms,  
'Mid Siout's grots, and dim forsaken tombs;  
No longer now the hermit hides him there,  
Kisses his cross and breathes his lonely prayer,  
Hoping, through misery here, to win heaven's bliss,  
And gain bright worlds by hating, cursing this.†  
Stillness, too, reigns in Hassan's sculptured cave,  
Where busy life its thousand pictures gave.‡  
Vain might we seek that lab'rinth, once the boast  
Of Egypt's kings by Mœris' desert coast:  
Its porphyry halls, and gorgeous winding cells,  
Live only in the tale tradition tells. (23)  
But now famed Memphis' ancient bounds are gained,  
Where the proud line of iron Pharaohs reigned.  
Hallowed by sacred lore, these scenes impart  
A speechless awe, yet interest to the heart.  
Here exiled Joseph rose to wealth and fame,  
And, bent with years, the trembling Israel came.

\* The once splendid Temple at Gau el Kebir, the ancient Antœopolis, which stands close by the Nile, is fast mouldering to decay.—*Vide Richardson*, vol. 1.

† The neighbourhood of Siout, the largest modern town in Upper Egypt, abounds with grottoes and sepulchres of a very remote date. They have all been ransacked by those whose object it is to obtain mummies. In the third and fourth centuries Christian hermits lived in these catacombs.

‡ The grottoes of Beni Hassan, excavated by Osirtesen I., the contemporary of Joseph, are very extensive; here are depicted in most interesting detail all the trades and amusements of the Egyptians; and among other drawings are seen men playing at chess or draughts; so ancient in its origin is that now familiar game.

Yonder in Goshen toiled, with many a sigh,  
His countless sons, and mourned for days gone by;  
And far away, where sweeps the Red Sea shore,  
Lies the long track their myriads hurried o'er,  
When blazed the fiery cloud o'er mount and plain,  
And midnight winds rolled back the subject main,  
While Moses led them on with wand of might,  
Saw Pharaoh's host, nor trembled at the sight.

But Memphis' kings are less than ashes now,  
The crowns e'en dust, that decked each royal brow.  
Goshen, where Israel toiled, no trace retains  
Of all the towers they built, when scourged in chains.  
Memphis herself, as cursed for injuries piled  
On Judah's head, long, long hath strewn the wild.  
Where is the shrine to white-browed Apis reared,  
That sacred bull, kings, blood-stained chiefs revered? \*  
Where Vulcan's fane? and, gorgeous as a dream,  
The gold-roofed palace raised by Nilus' stream?  
No vestige meets the pilgrim's curious gaze;  
O'er Memphis' site the turbaned robber strays;

\* The god Apis, under the form of a bull, was peculiarly worshipped at Memphis. The true Apis was known among all other bulls: he was white in the forehead, but his body was black. When he died, he was embalmed, and interred in great splendour, mourning being general throughout the land. The bull has been a favourite object of superstitious worship in many countries: the Israelites more than once adored Apis under the form of a golden calf. Human-headed bulls occur every where in the mounds at Nineveh: then we have the Aboudad of the Persians; while in the present day the bull is highly venerated by the Hindoos, the sacred city of Benares being, in this respect, the Memphis of the eastern world.

Each wall is razed, each pillar'd shrine o'erthrown;  
The sands drift on, the desert breezes moan;  
Shades of the Pharaohs! rise from marble sleep!  
And o'er your lost loved city bend and weep! (24)

Lo! tow'rd the West, where skies are blue and  
clear,  
Their bald, dark heads, what giant structures rear?  
High o'er the Nile, and Gizeh's waste of sand,  
They look around, dread guardians of the land.  
Stupendous works of Mizraim's\* early kings!  
Where Time hath dropped his scythe and furled his  
wings,  
The hoary god for ages standing by,  
Watching their unchanged summits pierce the sky,  
As nearer Gizeh's wondrous piles we draw,  
What stirs within us?—sadness blent with awe:  
To gaze above, their massy outlines trace,  
To lean, a less than pigmy, at their base;  
To muse on that vast crowd, in other years  
Worn with their toil, and weeping slavery's tears,  
That one man's mortal frame might brave decay,  
One tyrant's memory should not pass away †—  
How fills the soul with thoughts too deep for words!  
How dark a scene the pictured past affords!

\* The Hebrew name for Egypt, Mizraim being the second son of Ham.

† A hundred thousand men are said, by Herodotus, to have been employed, for twenty years, in building the great pyramid of Cheops. He was interred, states the same authority, in a room at the bottom of the pyramid



But while we mourn the follies of our kind,  
How glorious seems all-conquering, daring mind!  
These piles at once grand, matchless, and sublime,  
Yet proofs of darkness, monuments of crime. (25)

O'er Libya's hills the Day-god sinks once more,  
Brightly as when their crowns the Pharaohs wore;  
Sweet, too, as then, red-mantled Evening throws  
On Egypt's vale the spell of rich repose;  
Soft glides and dimples 'neath the sunset smile  
The stream of ruins, palm-fringed, storied Nile:  
On painted tomb, and crumbling city's site,  
Falls, like a shower of gold, the mellow light.  
But brightest here the farewell splendours beam;  
From pile to pile the lines of glory stream.  
Up from the desert shoot the quivering rays;  
No cloud, no mist, relieve that living blaze.  
The horizon burns like some vast funeral pyre;  
Each towering pyramid seems capped with fire.  
But brief that glory—one by one away  
Fade the red beams; now softer colours play,  
Pale rose-hues quivering down each structure's side,  
Till deepening shadows veil their pomp and pride.

What were ye, earth-o'ergazers? shrines upreared  
To Day's great god whom Eastern tribes revered,  
When from Caucasian hills those shepherds came,  
And wasted Mizraim's land with sword and flame?\*

Did your long gall'ries and deep cells behold  
Mysterious rites that man might ne'er unfold?

\* The Hvskos, or famous shepherd kings.

Did groans of victims through your chambers ring,  
Or soft notes peal from pipe and silver string?  
Or say, majestic piles! did science raise  
Your sky-robed tops, to meditate and gaze?  
At midnight's noon to watch the planets glow,  
And draw from signs on high man's doom below?  
Or were ye, sombre fabrics! meant to hide  
The dust of kings, the grasping heirs of pride?  
Those massive walls ensuring to such tomb  
Eternal silence, and eternal gloom;  
Where in deep vaults and secret caverns hid,  
No hand could come to lift the coffin-lid,  
But safe from step profane and prying eye,  
Its destined term the treasured dead would lie;  
Till the pure soul, her long migration o'er,  
Would come to rouse the senseless clay once more,  
And make all fresh, as Morning's dewy tears,  
The mummied slumberer of three thousand years.\*

Perchance ye served each purpose; yet we know  
Your vaults were tombs, by all we find below.

\* The doctrine of metempsychosis embraced by the ancient Egyptians, and still so blindly adhered to by the Brahmins of India, will alone account for the extreme pains which the former people took in the preservation of the body after death. The preposterous and yet sublime idea that the spirit, after a migration through other bodies for thousands of years, would return to the frame it originally animated, led to the erection of massive sepulchres, and induced them to exercise that mysterious art, which has succeeded in bringing down to our days, in the forms of mummies, the identical beings who might have surrounded the throne of the Pharaohs, or stood face to face with Moses.

Yon rich sarcophagus, where Cheops slept,  
What of the founder-king have ages kept?  
Ah! could they not one scanty relic spare?  
No crown, no mummied form, no bone is there!\*

And other monarchs leave no trace behind,  
Less than the dust which floats on summer's wind.  
And yet, Ambition's slaves! their aim is won,  
Their hopes are reached, their matchless task is done;  
They burned to live for ever, and their name  
These works of wonder shall bequeath to fame,  
Standing in silence, and in strength, sublime,  
Till Earth herself shall see the death of Time. (26)

Strange race of men! more anxious to prepare  
Their last abodes, and make them grand or fair,  
Than grace their living homes; one gloomy thought  
Their souls possessed, one honour still they sought—  
To lie in splendour, and to bear in death  
Life's form and seeming—all things but its breath.  
What though around them summer-flowers might bloom,  
And bright suns shine, they only saw the tomb,  
Wished there to rest their unconsuming clay,  
And dream, in pomp, long age on age away.  
For this they gathered gold, the slave, the king;  
And all the wealth that toiling years could bring

\* Herodotus has described the tomb of Cheops; but whether the celebrated sarcophagus found in that portion of the building called the king's chamber did actually contain the royal remains, must be left entirely to conjecture. It is formed of red granite, has no lid, and, when first discovered, is said to have been empty. Belzoni met with a similar sarcophagus in the centre of the pyramid of Cephren.



Was lavished oft on rites, which e'en outshone  
The conqueror's march, the pageants of a throne!

Hark! through the land that low and ceaseless wail;  
The voice of myriad mourners swells the gale:  
Dust on his head hath royal Pharaoh piled,  
For Death hath stricken down his beauteous child.\*  
Love does its task—arrives the burial day;  
Egypt awakes; the land is sad, yet gay;  
Memphis from every street her people pours,  
Boats crowd the stream, pavilions line the shores.  
High on their crimson seats, in solemn state,  
The judges sit to read the maiden's fate.  
In her no taint can keen-eyed Justice find,  
Guileless her life, and pure her virgin mind:  
Her soul may glide to other worlds of bliss,  
Theirs the dear care to shield her frame in this. (27)

The trumpet sounds, and with that solemn note,  
They place the corpse within the sacred boat,†

\* Mycerinus, the son of Cheops, built the third pyramid at Gizeh, but, very different from his father, he restored the ancient religion, opened the temples, and is described as one of the best and most humane princes that ever occupied the throne of Egypt. Yet, like *Oedipus*, he appeared doomed to every calamity; and not the least of his misfortunes, observes *Herodotus*, "was the loss of a darling and only daughter." A lamp was kept perpetually burning before an effigy of this princess in a tomb at Sais, while the real body, it would seem, was carefully deposited by her father in the pyramid which he had built.

† This boat was called *Baris*, and he who directed it *Charon*; hence, in after years, arose the poetical fable of the Greeks. An actual custom was by them, as it were, spiritualized: *Charon* was a god, who conducted souls over *Styx*, a river of hell.

Then cross the stream, grim Charon at the oar,  
The god of sluggish Styx in Grecian lore.  
And now on Nile's west bank where palm-trees wave,  
They form the long procession for the grave.  
First walks, arrayed in white, the royal choir,  
With cypress wreathed each softly-sounding lyre;  
Sweet voices, too, rise mingling with the flow  
Of countless harps, and breathe the soul of woe.  
Next comes the sacred Scribe, who bears on high  
The books revealed to Hermes from the sky;\*  
A hundred priests of Vesta's spotless shrine  
Bring mystic fire in lamps that dimly shine;†  
Osiris too, and Isis send their bands,  
Globes, types of endless ages, in their hands;  
Seers and magicians pace with thoughtful brows,  
Regarding Death but Nature's genial spouse,  
From whom shall spring soul still to follow soul,  
Till all unite in God, the one great Whole.

Borne on a silver bier, while, raised on high,  
Gleams o'er her head a star-gemmed canopy,  
All that remains of Mirza now appears,  
Lovely in death—ah! who may check their tears?  
Lifelike she looks, preserved by Egypt's skill,  
And seems to sleep, or smile in fondness still.  
The gauze thrown back from that pure marble brow,  
The soft transparent cheek, sure dimpling now;

\* As the Vedas to the Hindoos; the Zendavesta to the Persian worshippers of fire; and the Koran to the Mohammedans; such were the books of Thoth or Hermes to the ancient Egyptians.

† The Egyptian Vesta was called Anouké.

Gems in her raven locks, whose masses fall  
Around her like a rich and sumptuous pall;  
The silken robe, the bracelet's glittering band,  
The sacred lotus in her jewelled hand,—  
All charm the sight, and look so sweetly fair,  
Ye half believe 'tis living Mirza there,  
Nor deem those soft-sealed eyes can shed no tears,  
Those lips are mute for everlasting years.

The king rides near, but screened from vulgar gaze;  
The frequent sigh his heart's wild grief betrays;  
Ten thousand troops, whose plumes, like Northern snows,  
Wave o'er their helms, the long procession close.  
Cheops' and Cephren's pyramids they pass,  
Polished and glittering then like hills of glass;\*  
And now the massive pile that southward towers,  
The King's own destined grave, above them lowers.†  
A myriad voices pour their wailings there,  
And funeral trumpets thrill the desert air,  
As sadly slow, to sleep her sleep of gloom,  
They place the maid within the giant tomb.

Passed is the pageant; priest, sage, chief, are gone;  
Beside the dead the Monarch stands alone.

\* The pyramids at this period must have presented a far more splendid spectacle than they do at present. They were covered, we are told, from the summit to the base with tiles of fine granite, polished as smooth as marble. The pyramid of Cephren, only, retains about thirty feet of this casing, which extends from the apex downwards.

† The pyramid of Mycerinus.



Though still that lip, and calm that lofty brow,  
Not less keen anguish wrings his bosom now.  
His crown is off, his sword is cast aside,  
And flung to earth his dazzling robe of pride;  
No more a king, with high stern thoughts possessed,  
All the fond father melts within his breast.  
Again, and yet again, he bends his eyes,  
Where, in her cell of stone, fair Mirza lies,  
Calm as a saint who dreams of bliss above,  
Or babe fond pillowing in the arms of love.  
He thinks of pleasures flown, of hopes laid low,  
And to the still cold slumberer breathes his woe.

“Star of my soul! than power and fame more dear,  
And must thou rest in gloom and silence here?  
No more by thy sweet tones and looks beguiled,  
Must I for ever say ‘farewell,’ my child?  
Why should Death spare the old and withered tree,  
And with his lightnings blast a plant like thee?  
The sun goes down to beam again at morn;  
Spring-flowers will fade, but other flowers are born;  
Each loss beside, Time, Nature may restore,  
But the star set in death will rise no more.  
Sweet soul! whate’er thou art—a breath—a flame—  
Is it a truth or dream that priests proclaim?  
Wilt thou through Hades’ sable regions roan,  
Till called by Isis to her sun-bright home?  
Or, pure already, wilt thou mount on high,  
Glide at free will along the star-paved sky,  
And visit earth on morning’s golden rays,  
And move round those you loved in other days?

Oh! yes, sweet spotless one! thy doom will be  
Bliss, instant bliss, the glorious and the free!  
Come, then, with all thy smiles, from heaven's bright  
sphere!

Watch still, and love, the lonely mourner here!  
No, shun me, lest my woe one pang might wake,  
And thou, dear shade! should'st sorrow for my sake;  
Leave me to mourn, unpitied and alone,  
The deep regret, the anguish all my own.  
The tower that falls to earth, by lightning riv'n,  
No hand will build again—'tis cursed by Heav'n;  
No dews of eve its blackened fragments steep,  
No moss springs forth, no ivies o'er it creep;  
Shunned and forsaken, darkly let it lie,  
A blasted wreck of brighter days gone by—  
Such, reft of joy and thee, is my drear fate,  
Such are my hopes, all crushed and desolate!"

So spake the father as he bent and wept;  
O'er his heart's woe long billowing years have swept;  
The mourned and mourner are but now the theme  
Of studious scribe, the poet's passing dream:  
Yes, fond affection glowed in those far years,  
E'en as it thrills us now, or wakes our tears;  
From age to age descends that heaven-born fire,  
Subdues men's hearts, and never shall expire!  
Paternal love, as life's last embers die,  
Shall light its torch to burn beyond the sky.

The pyramids, the tombs—Death's Stygian bowers,  
Ungraced by yews, unbeautified by flowers,

That crowd the desert sands where, race on race,  
Men toiled, laugh'd, wept, then made their resting-  
place;\*

The Sphinx, like some vast thing of monstrous  
birth,

Begot by mountains of the labouring earth,  
Or darkly heaved from Pluto's realms below,  
Save that too sweet those Ethiop features glow,  
Too sadly calm, majestic, and benign,  
To image aught but attributes divine,—(28)  
These fade like dreams, as down the Nile once more  
We urge our course from Memphis' sandy shore.

A fairer scene now meets th' admiring gaze,  
A scene each circling year this land displays;  
In Northern climes stern Winter holds his sway,  
But here 'tis genial Spring, and all is gay.†  
The stream that late turned busy towns to isles,  
Hath curbed its flood: again the landscape smiles;  
The meads are full of flowers, the groves of birds,  
Through blooming clover stray the lowing herds;  
High waves the flax, the yellow lupin blows,  
'Mid bright green leaves the ripening melon glows.

\* The surrounding country, viewed from the pyramids of Gizeh, appears like one vast cemetery, the tombs, with their flat roofs and Cyclopean walls, extending north and south, as far as the eye can reach.

† The Nile begins to rise in June, reaches its utmost height in September, and leaves the fields dry in December. Then commence the seed-time and Spring, and by the end of February, the Delta, and a large portion of the valley of the Nile, look like one delightful garden.



The fellah, clad in blue loose-floating vest,  
Sings as he toils, with rude contentment blest.\*  
But chief from Delta's gardens, Zephyr brings  
Luxurious sweetness on his balmy wings;  
For there her head the virgin lily rears,  
The soft-eyed violet sheds her odorous tears,  
While the red rose unfolds his musky breast,  
And woos the hovering sylph to fragrant rest.  
The bright kingfisher skims the level stream,  
His wings of purple glittering in the beam;  
And when the sun goes down o'er Damiat's vales,  
Burst into song a myriad nightingales.  
Beauty in every form that meets the eye,  
Freshness on earth, and splendour in the sky,  
Man's spirit scarce for Eden's bowers might pine,  
While scenes like these around him live and shine;  
Land of hoar tombs! dark home of Pharaoh's race!  
Thou'rt old in all things save sweet Nature's face.

Where are the cities crowning Delta's plain,  
Ere Persia came, or clanked the Roman chain?  
The site of holy Buto none may tell,  
For ever mute her far-famed oracle:  
That royal town, where wealth and beauty shone,  
Boasting its wondrous temple cut from stone,†

\* The dress of the poor fellahs, or cultivators of the soil, consists of a pair of loose drawers and a long blue tunic, the head being covered by a red woollen cap.

† The celebrated monolithic temple, or sanctuary, made of one entire stone, was brought to Sais from Elephantine, in Upper Egypt. Its carriage, writes Herodotus, occupied two thousand men for the space of three years.

Hath cowered to dust 'neath Ruin's sweeping wings,  
And left no relic save the tombs of kings.  
Wave-washed Pelusium, Egypt's Tyre of old,\*  
Mart for proud India's gems, and Ophir's gold,  
Where every air that stirred the tufted palm,  
Breathed of far Bactria's musk, and Saba's balm;  
Through busy streets blithe Traffic's murmurs ran,  
And swept, each moon, the wealthy caravan;  
Now in her halls the desert thistle grows,  
The choked-up port no gallant vessel shows;  
For merchant princes, Arabs roam the plain,  
And steal the gold they cannot justly gain;  
For India's diamond, gleams the snake's bright eye,  
And sounds, for Commerce' voice, the lapwing's cry.

What columns strew the waste, and mutely tell  
Of Art's fair reign, ere Glory sighed farewell?  
Bird of the sun, thou Phœnix! born of fire!  
Mounting, but not to die, thy funeral pyre,  
Still in that flame renewing youth's bright day,  
Defying death, exulting o'er decay!†  
Couldst thou not save thy glory-beaming shrine,  
And make its life enduring e'en as thine?

\* Pelusium, situated at the mouth of the most easterly branch of the Nile, was once the key of Egypt, and the great emporium of its foreign trade.

† The Phoenix, sacred to the sun, and a native of Arabia, has been a renowned bird for all ages; but the generally-adopted fable seems to be that every five hundred years, setting out from Arabia, he repaired to the great temple of the sun at Heliopolis; there he ascended his fragrant funeral pile, and from his ashes a worm was formed, from which his successor speedily arose, or rather he himself was re-produced.

Day's god, to which 'twas sacred, still on high  
Walks his broad path, and burns along the sky,  
Paints eve with gold, drinks morning's dewy tears,  
His youth unbowed, his blaze undimmed by years;  
But ah! that pile once zealots hailed afar,  
Flames in his eye no more—a vanished star;  
The Moslem wandering there doth slight his ray,  
Turning to Mecca, not tow'rd him, to pray,  
And views the splendid wrecks around him strown,  
With many a bitter scoff, and pitying groan.\*

One city yet, and Nile's time-hallowed shore  
Our fondly-lingering step detains no more.  
Domes, minarets, their spiry heads that rear,  
Mocking with gaudy hues the ruins near;  
Dim crumbling colonnades, and marble walls,  
Rich columns, broken statues, roofless halls;  
Beauty, deformity, together thrown,  
A maze of ruins, date, design, unknown,—  
Such is the scene—the conquest Time hath won—  
Such the famed city built by Philip's son.†

\* The ruins of Heliopolis, "the city of the sun," and the *On* of Scripture, are of considerable extent; they lie scattered near the modern town of Kalioub, about ten miles north of Cairo. On the famous obelisk of Heliopolis is graven the name of King Osirtesen, and whence it has been inferred that this city was built about 1700 years B. C.

† Alexander the Great built Alexandria, B. C. 332. The architect whom he employed was Dinocrates of Macedonia. The remains of the ancient town, which was of far greater size than the modern, lie to the south, and cover a considerable extent of ground, being enclosed by a wall flanked with towers. Palaces and temples, and all



Alas! 'mid tottering towers, and regal tombs,  
Tall sculptured columns, echoing catacombs,  
How Turkish piles, and works of modern art,  
Chafe with romance, and bid high dreams depart!  
Sage of old days, great Ptolemy!\* who now  
Sits on thy throne, and sees wide Egypt bow?  
Who rules the land a hundred kings have swayed,  
Since infant Time was in his cradle laid?  
And cries, as round him ancient glories shine,  
"Temples and sky-topped pyramids are mine!"  
'Tis he that comes from far Albania's wild,  
The lowly-born, blind Fortune's favoured child.†  
Yet grant we Ali's rise the well-earned meed  
Of daring thought, and many a valiant deed;  
Let Envy's breath blight not the hero's name,  
Applaud Art's patron, and respect his fame;  
And nearing now that shore where joys and woes,  
Power, pomp, Ambition's visions—all must close,  
Let none, because to Islam's God he kneels,  
And blindly for one prophet reverence feels,  
Deny him grace; but mercy, hope, be giv'n,  
And judgment rest between his soul and Heav'n.

the grandeur of the Ptolemies, present now little more, with a few exceptions, than masses of confused and shapeless ruin.

\* Ptolemy Soter, the first of the Greek kings in Egypt, and which his successors, to Cleopatra, the last of the line, governed for nearly three centuries, was himself a scholar, as well as a patron of learning. He founded the famous Alexandrian schools.

† Mohammed Ali, who, when the text was written, swayed the sceptre of the Pharaohs, was a native of Cavalla, a small town in Albania. In his youth he was a collector of taxes under the Turkish governor.

Lo! where the shade of Learning sits and weeps  
On marble fragments, and black mouldering heaps!  
Here, bee-like, once she stored within her cells  
Sweet spoils from every land where Genius dwells;  
Till Alexandria's lettered wealth surpassed  
The price of kingdoms—hark! the rising blast  
Fans into flame the glories of the mind,  
While barbarous caliphs leave no wreck behind. (29)

Thy palace, Ptolemy! Serapis' fane,  
And Euclid's far-famed schools are sought in vain.  
But pause we by yon mosque that decks the mound,  
Where Gallia's sons their marble treasure found,  
Once holding the prized dust—poor worshipped thing—  
Of earth's dread conqueror, Macedonia's king:  
He who was great in marring others' joy,  
A firebrand sent to wither and destroy;  
He who was great in making nations slaves,  
And sending millions to untimely graves.  
Oh! dark the wreath that blood-stained conquerors  
wear,  
Watered by tears, and nurtured by despair!\*

\* The body of Alexander the Great was brought from Babylon, embalmed and buried at Alexandria, in the quarter of the Palaces. The French, during their occupation of Egypt, discovered in the Mosque of St. Athanasius a beautiful sarcophagus, which they pronounced to be that which had contained the ashes of the son of Philip. This splendid relic, which has been deposited in the British Museum, is of the finest breccia, and covered with more than twenty-one thousand hieroglyphical figures; but archæologists are now of opinion that its claim to be called the sarcophagus of Alexander is of a very doubtful nature, supposing it rather to be that of an early Egyptian king.

Pillar of Pompey! gazing o'er the sea,  
In solemn pride, and mournful majesty!  
When on thy graceful shaft, and towering head,  
In quivering crimson, day's last beams are shed,  
Thou look'st a thing some spell with life supplies,  
Or a rich flame ascending to the skies.  
Ah! well the ill-starred memory dost thou keep  
Of Rome's famed son, who perished in yon deep: (30)  
Dark was the hour brave Pompey sought this strand,  
Flying from foes to die by Treachery's hand.  
As fell the stroke on him she could not save,  
Cornelia's shriek was heard along the wave,  
And viewless nymphs, that rode the ocean-gale,  
Felt for her woe, and answered to her wail.  
He who once vanquished kings, gave crowns away,  
Alone, unhonoured, on the sea-beach lay,  
Till, wrung by grief, an old man, drawing near,  
Gazed on the hero's corpse with many a tear,  
And raised a funeral pile, and scattered flowers,  
Praying his soul might enter heavenly bowers:  
Flame—dust—a darksome pit, not tomb of state;  
So set the star of him men named the Great.\*

What ob'lisk northward meets the curious eye?  
Rich as an orient gem, it courts the sky;  
Its tapering sides a myriad sculptures grace,  
Dark mystic writing of earth's early race.

\* Pompey, escaping to Egypt after the battle of Pharsalia, was murdered off the coast before the eyes of his wife. The freedman, Philip, with one soldier, alone was found to perform the honour of funeral rites to the conqueror of Mithridates.



Borne from far Thebes, it decked the splendid pile  
Where Beauty, famed for ever, shed her smile;  
Hence to yon shaft cling memories sweet and rare,  
And lore and love their souls are breathing there.\*  
Hail, Cleopatra! Egypt's peerless queen!  
Though crushing Ruin walks the darkened scene,  
Still seems her spirit, starlike, to illumine  
The mouldered palace and the rock-cut tomb,  
Along the columned path to wander slow,  
Or fill drear courts with regal pomp and show;  
Across yon deep her galley ploughs its way,  
The oars of silver flashing through the spray,  
While wanton zephyrs spread the silken sail,  
And airy music dies on Summer's gale.  
Yes, her bright shade, her memory, haunt each  
spot;  
The choked-up fount, the ocean's sparry grot,  
The flowers that bloom on Pharos' breezy isle,  
The graceful palms that fringe the branching Nile,  
The glittering wrecks of Glory's vanished hour,—  
All speak her fame, and Love's undying power.

\* Of the two granite obelisks, called Cleopatra's Needles, one only is standing, and, with its fellow, is believed to have adorned the entrance of the palace of Cleopatra. Whether they were originally brought from Thebes or Heliopolis must remain a matter of conjecture. The obelisk lying on the ground, and which many years since was given to the British Government, and is now designed for our Crystal Palace, is about the same size as its companion, and measures with the pedestal 79 feet; the monolith itself is 63 feet, being rather less than that of the Luxor obelisk, now standing in the Place de la Concorde, Paris.

'Twas here, perchance, where painted chambers tell  
Kings in their shrouds were darkly doomed to  
dwell,\*

That Egypt's queen her soul in anguish sighed,  
And Rome's Triumvir sought her arms and died.  
Sad was her fate, her reign, her glory o'er,  
And fortune's sun gone down to rise no more;  
Yet deeper gloom her sorrowing heart o'ercast,  
From him she loved, thus called to part at last;  
There lay the Roman with his bleeding breast,  
Who power and spotless fame had once possessed,  
But for her sake, to shame and ruin hurled,  
Had sunk his soul in crime, and lost a world!  
Yet no reproaches darkened in his eye,  
His anger smiles, his curses but a sigh;  
The pangs he felt, thus gazing on those charms,  
Folding once more the loved one in his arms,  
Seemed turned to rapture, like the bliss that beams  
From hope and pardon, on the felon's dreams.

Sweet woman, wearing smiles that oft decoy,  
Yet the dear source of every finer joy;  
Forger of silken chains more strong to bind,  
Than iron links, the struggling vanquished mind;

\* West of the ruins of Old Alexandria, and bordering on the sea, are the catacombs; but sepulchral chambers of Græco-Egyptian origin extend all along the shore. One sepulchre of large dimensions is supposed to have been the burial-place of some of the Ptolemies. Cleopatra, after the fatal battle of Actium, and loss of her kingdom, history states, shut herself up in the tombs of her ancestors, and Marc Antony, who had stabbed himself in a fit of desperation, was conveyed to her there.

Weighing to earth the spirit that would rise,  
Now prompting hopes and visions of the skies;  
Urging to deeds of worth, now acts of ill—  
Such hast thou ever been—such art thou still!

O'er the fall'n chief she bent; so mute, so fair,  
She seemed as turned to stone by that despair;  
Save that her tears fell slowly one by one,  
Like drops from heav'n when thunders have begun.  
She watched her lover—marked the fearful strife  
Which Death was waging with retiring Life,  
The hue that fluttered, went, again returned,  
As memory stirred him, or as passion burned;  
Like ever-varying colours wan and weak,  
Which sunset casts around the stormy peak.  
Loose and disordered flowed her robes of snow,  
Her hair streamed o'er him, as she stooped more  
low;  
And oft with those long locks she wiped away  
The damp cold dews that on his forehead lay.  
Her heart might be tow'rd others hate and guile,  
But ne'er for him she wore Deception's smile.  
She loved him, spite of guilt, ambition past,  
And all the spells blind Folly round her cast;  
And now her passion, wrought to wild excess,  
Gushed forth a torrent in its tenderness.

“Not yet,” she cried, “Death's fatal arrow flies;  
He spares thee to my vows, my tears, my sighs:  
In thee is centred all that earth can give—  
I reckon not kingdoms lost, if thou but live.



Swift from these shores and all our foes we'll flee;  
A desert were Elysium shared with thee:  
Yet not in deserts, but some far green isle,  
Blest by the gods, and Spring's eternal smile,  
We'll build our bower, and know no care or fear,  
Save love's sweet joy, and rapture's speechless tear.  
Oh! look, then—speak, relieve my trembling heart;  
The fates relent—no, no, we shall not part.  
Unclose those eyes that wont with fire to shine,  
And place thy hand—thy cold, cold hand in mine;  
Smile if thou canst, and tell me all thy pain;  
My prayers to mercy shall not rise in vain.  
And yet—oh, cruel fate!—if thou *must* go  
From love and rapture here to shades below,  
Think not I'll drag life's chain bereft of thee,  
Think not the Stygian flood hath dread for me;  
Glad I shall walk those realms of ceaseless gloom,  
Feel Pluto's fires, and share the sufferer's doom,  
So thy pale shade may wander by my side,  
And language, looks, and tears be not denied;  
So memory's treasured dreams may light each soul,  
While their dark course eternal ages roll.  
Come life, come death, come agony, or bliss,  
I'm thine in other worlds, as thine in this!"

Thus spoke the lovely mourner; still she pressed  
Her cheek to his, still sobbed, and still caressed;  
'Twas o'er—the Roman's soul had passed away,  
And her pale lip but raved to senseless clay.

END OF PART II.

# RUINS OF MANY LANDS.

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## BOOK I.

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### THE DARK ERA.

#### PART III.

EGYPT! the world's great nurse, we break the spell  
That binds us to thy ruins—fare thee well!  
To roam far lands, which gained, perchance, from thee  
Their ancient pomp, we cross the Western sea;  
Lands where Power's footprints startle still the eye,  
And Grandeur's wrecks in green oblivion lie;  
For not 'mid wastes, where springs nor flower nor blade,  
Those ruins rise from woods of deepest shade;  
Shrines clothed with moss, and pyramids with trees,  
Where brooklets gush, and fragrance loads the breeze;  
Cities that cover vales, and mountain-heights,  
Eternal stillness o'er their mouldering sites,  
Their history lost, no legend of their fame,  
Without a dweller, and without a name.

Swift glides the bark along the mid-land sea,  
The sails all set, the pennon floating free;

Brighter than Orient gems on princely brow,  
The surges break in diamonds round her prow;  
The land-born breeze wafts sweetly o'er the wave  
Scents from the wood, and music from the cave;  
Capes, crowned with tower or convent, rising near  
Glass their dark forms within that mirror clear;  
And far-off isles, in long perspective given,  
Seem half on ocean's breast, and half in heaven,  
Like blest Mohammed's corpse about to rise,  
Upheld by angels stooping from the skies.\*  
The elements seem lulled to peace and joy,  
As never more man's works they could destroy.  
The dolphin sports, and, fearless of the gale,  
The nautilus extends his tiny sail,  
Woos the bright beam, and skims the level main  
The happy rover of that liquid plain,  
And feels a pride as seated on a throne,  
Sun, breeze, and ocean, made for him alone.†

Malta is passed, and northward far we view,  
Staining with sable lines heaven's tender blue,  
Dun wreaths of smoke o'er *Ætna's* summit curled—  
Mount that hath burned since man possessed the  
world.

\* The coffin at Medina, which contains the dust of Mohammed, say the old Arabian and Latin writers, does not touch the earth, being suspended in mid-air by invisible hands, or the power of magnets.

† The nautilus, which in calm weather uses its beautifully-coloured fins as sails, is found in the Mediterranean, especially the Adriatic Gulf.



Blow fresh, thou gale, or ne'er the bark may glide  
Through Calpe's strait, and breast the coming tide;\*  
But see! Spain's cannon'd rock, and Afric's steep,  
Grow less and less, and fade along the deep;  
Ah! many a sun must drive its fiery car  
Down the blue vault, ere Western worlds afar  
Greet the tired sense—the long, long-straining eye  
Resting on nought but boundless wave and sky.  
Yet more that scene may teach the musing heart,  
Than Nature's loveliest landscapes can impart;  
In those vast depths, unsearched, unpierced, unknown,  
Type of Himself, th' Eternal's power is shown;  
Whether from Eastern waves the sun upsprings  
With flaming forehead, and on rosy wings,  
Climbs, like a god, the sapphire-vaulted height,  
Till shines the sea, one plain of living light;  
While drowsy airs the glassy billows sweep,  
Just curl their tops, and kiss them into sleep;  
Or whether wakes the demon of the storm,  
And clouds on clouds the changing heavens deform;  
While the stirred waves, like mountains, fall and rise,  
And lightnings write in fire along the skies,  
The strong-ribbed bark bowed down like sappling spray,  
Or tossed, a feather, on her foaming way,—  
Still, in all Nature's moods, the dark or bright,  
Her ruling God is present to our sight,  
Smiles in the stilly sunshine's warm repose,  
Breathes in soft airs, in heaven's arched beauty, glows,

\* The reader, perhaps, needs not to be told that a current invariably flows from the Atlantic through the Straits of Gibraltar.

Wings the dread storm, and looks the lightning's flash,  
Speaks in the thunder's long-resounding crash,  
One Infinite, one all-pervading Soul,  
That formed, preserves, and will sustain the whole.

The seas are passed Columbus plough'd of yore,  
A course he deemed no pilot traced before ;  
And gales blow fragrance from those Indian Isles,  
Where luxury dwells, and soft allurements smile ;  
Yet, spite of fruits that bloom and flowers that wave,  
There fell Disease in mockery dig her grave.  
Across the gulf tall vessels steer their way,  
Or court the breezes down Honduras' bay ;  
Like clouds of snow, the restless feathered flocks  
Skim the blue surge, or settle on the rocks.  
The white man's axe in yon deep forest sounds,  
Up the green steep the buskined hunter bounds.  
Peace smiles on Yucatàn, and Autumn throws  
O'er wood and waste, her richness and repose ;  
The trees' deep brown, the lemon's amber hue,  
The bloomy grape, that never culture knew,  
The golden gourd, the sugar-dropping cane,  
The watered valley, and the boundless plain,—  
Such are the sights this lonely tract displays,  
That soothe the spirit while they charm the gaze.

World! wrongly called the New—this clime was  
old

When first the Spaniard came, in search of gold.  
Age after age its shadowy wings had spread,  
And man was born, and gathered to the dead ;

Cities arose, ruled, dwindled to decay,  
Empires were formed, then darkly swept away:  
Race followed race, like cloud-shades o'er the field,  
The stranger still to strangers doomed to yield.  
The last grand line that swayed these hills and waves,  
Like Israel, wandered long 'mid wilds and caves,  
Then, settling in their Canaan, cities reared,  
Fair science wooed, a milder God revered,  
Till to invading Europe bowed their pride,  
And pomp, art, power, with Montezuma died. (31)

The dense wild wood that hid the royal seat,  
The lofty palms that choked the winding street,  
Man's hand hath felled, and now in day's fair light,  
Uxmal's broad ruins burst upon the sight.\*  
City! whose date, whose builders are unknown,  
Gracing the wild, mysterious and alone,  
Unchronicled thy name on History's page,  
No legend left our fancies to engage;  
Gazing around, we task the busy brain,  
And who thy dwellers were, demand in vain:  
The painted snakes that gleam on yonder wall,  
The Hivites' worship haply might recall,  
When, driv'n by Israel from their fatherland,  
They crossed the wave, and sought some Western strand.†

\* The ruins which bear the name of Uxmal, if not the most striking, are the best preserved of any yet discovered in Yucatàn; they are situated south-west of the town of Merida, and about thirteen miles from the sea. The forest which had grown over the lost city has been partly cleared away; and when Stephens visited the spot, the buildings presented a beautiful and imposing appearance.

† On the walls of the inner court, in the building called "The



That house, where burned the sacred fire, may tell  
Of Eastern climes, where Magi wove their spell;  
While the tall pyramid, with temple crowned,  
And sculptured forms with flowing girdles bound,  
Speak of the Nile\*—vain dreams! the mind is lost,  
On shoreless seas of fancy blindly tost.

Yet Uxmal's ruins no dark aspect wear,  
Beauty and grace with Time are struggling there.  
The smooth stone palace rears its front of white,  
Its chequered floors, broad courts, are bathed in  
light;†

Nuns' House," are traced two immense serpents. The Hivites derived their name from the worship of the serpent; and a tradition exists that, when expelled by Joshua from Canaan, they proceeded west down the Mediterranean. In this building, also, it is supposed the sacred fire of the district was kept.

\* On the largest Uxmal pyramid, which is 100 feet high, the summit being reached by 100 steps, there is a stone naos or chapel; the west side of this building exhibits figures of men carved in stone; their heads are covered by casques, while ear-ornaments and girdles give them a striking resemblance to the figures on the tombs of the Kings of Egypt at Thebes.—*Vide Norman and Stephens's Travels.*

† The palace called by the Indians *Casa del Gobernador*, the Governor's House, is the most magnificent of all the Uxmal remains. It is built of hewn stone, and elevated on three ranges of terraces 35 feet high, so that it overlooks the entire field of ruins. Its façade, above 200 feet long, is richly ornamented with figures and hieroglyphics that appear above the mouldings of the door; the chambers are lined with polished stone, but some of them are slowly sinking to decay. A row of round pillars, eighteen inches in diameter, and about four feet high, extends 100 feet along the second platform; they form almost the only example of the cylindrical column yet found among American ruins, but square pillars are every where met with.

Flowers deck the pyramid's high mouldering side—  
On many a wall the aloe lifts its pride;  
Fluttering in air, or glittering on some tomb,  
The bird of monarchs\* spreads its purple plume.  
So sweetly sad, so silently serene,  
The shades of ancients well might haunt the scene,  
Or elves by moonlight hold their revels here,  
Play with the beams, and drink the violet's tear;  
Dance round the rose, or climb the lily's stem,  
Deeming that shadowy city built for them.

Pass we yon wilds where Ruin sternly lowers,  
And covering roofs of shrines and lofty towers,  
Ages have heaped the soil, till spreading trees  
Have rooted there, and murmur to the breeze. (32)  
Southward we press, where, screened from noontide's  
beam,

Flows through dense woods Copán's pellucid stream;  
Here their rich blooms the cassia's stems unfold,  
And parrots spread their wings of green and gold.  
This wooded landscape, picturesque and wild,  
Might charm the breast of Nature's fervid child,—  
A desert of all beauteous things—bees, flowers,  
Fruits on the boughs, and odours in the bowers;  
The green leaves whispering, as by spirits stirred,  
The mellow note from some gay-plumaged bird;  
Paths rarely trod by man—the sparry cave,  
The trees that bend to sip the glassy wave,—

\* The Quezale of South America has been styled the bird of kings, its beautiful plumage being used only by royalty.—*Vide Humboldt.*

All form a Paradise where Love might dwell,  
And glowing fancy cast her brightest spell.

What shines through yonder glades? approach with  
awe,

A scene like this the Old World never saw.  
City of shrines! the sainted and the blest!  
Dark home of priests, the Mecca of the West! (33)  
As starting through the forest's tangled maze,  
Thy countless pillars meet the wondering gaze,  
Some crushed by trees, and some by lightning riv'n,  
These prostrate laid, those looking still to heav'n,  
Each traced with forms whose meaning none may know,  
Each looking on its altar spread below,  
We scarce feel pleasure, but a shrinking fear,  
As borne by spirits to some darker sphere,  
The marvels round us works of demon pride,  
Whereghouls might dwell, and pale-eyed phantoms glide.  
Then, too, the lines of Death's heads glistening white,  
Marking each ancient tomb's long mouldered site,  
Chill while we gaze, and tell how stern were those  
Who bade their fathers in such graves repose.\*  
Yes, o'er Copán drear mystery spreads its veil;  
What was its worship?—ask the sighing gale!  
Ask of the crumbling altars moss-o'ergrown,  
Those dim carved shapes—those idol-blocks of stone!

\* Rows of Death's heads cut in stone look out from among the green bushes. Here Stephens found a large crocodile's head curiously sculptured, and traced the elephant's tusk carved on some of the monuments; the latter animal, it is well known, is found only in Africa and Asia. Figures also, in relief, are seen sitting cross-legged in the Oriental style.



Nought do they answer; darkness still must reign  
Above the trackless wood, and solemn plain.

Thus, child of blindness, vain-devising man!  
Thy countless creeds, since Time's long course began,  
When born of dreams—not fraught with heavenly light,  
Shall pass away to black Oblivion's night.  
Oh! when will all thy race Truth's fountain find,  
And lift the shroud that wraps the prostrate mind?  
Own one great God who framed, with equal power,  
The rolling planet, and the dew-hung flower,  
Guides our small earth, and fills the boundless sky,  
Calls into life the soul that ne'er shall die,  
Rules all creation with like love and care,  
And bids man's heart rejoice, and not despair?

Unlike Copán, yet buried, too, 'mid trees,  
Upspringing there for sumless centuries,  
Behold a royal city! vast and lone,  
Lost to each race—to all the world unknown;  
Like famed Pompeii, 'neath her lava bed,  
Till chance unveiled the "City of the Dead."  
Palénqué!—seat of kings!—as o'er the plain,  
Clothed with thick copse, the traveller toils with  
pain,  
Climbs the rude mound the shadowy scene to trace,  
He views in mute surprise thy desert grace.  
At every step some palace meets his eye,  
Some figure frowns, some temple courts the sky.  
It seems, as if that hour the verdurous earth,  
By genii struck, had giv'n these fabrics birth,

Save that old Time hath flung his darkening pall  
On each tree-shaded tower, and pictured wall. (34)

The royal palace decks its stately mound,  
Girt by wild shrubs, by waving thistles crowned;  
But strength still breathes throughout the lordly pile,  
And lingering beauty sheds a mournful smile.\*  
We walk the rooms where kings and princes met,  
Frown on the walls their sculptured portraits yet:  
Strange their costume—ye see no native face,  
Lip, brow, and hue bespeak an Ethiop race.  
The square stone portals, smooth and glittering floors,  
The spacious courts, and sounding corridors,  
The picture-writing earliest races learn,  
The giant figures, mournful, calm, and stern,—  
All point to climes beyond the Eastern sea,  
Egypt's old shores, or, far Cathay! to thee:†  
How the bold ancients crossed the watery way,  
By star or needle, 'tis not ours to say; (35)  
Enough, we meet their gorgeous buildings here,  
Their picture-art, and creeds of gloom and fear.

\* The grand palace at Palénqué, in Chiapa, Mexico, once the abode of kings, surpassing in size the royal seat at Mitla, and the palace of the Incas in Peru, even now is a strikingly-fine edifice. It is raised on a platform 43 feet high; its façade, which fronts the East, is 228 feet, and its depth no less than 180 feet. There are fourteen square doors, and on some of the piers between these doors are figures in bas-relief of elegant workmanship, equalling any thing of the kind found in Egypt. The building is divided into courts, corridors, and smaller apartments. Whoever the people were that planned and built this edifice, it must be granted they possessed much architectural skill, and a highly-cultivated taste.

† Cathay—China.

Lo! o'er the dense black mass of aged trees,  
The moon upsprings, and harps the midnight breeze;  
Now seems that city, 'neath the white cold rays,  
The home of ghosts that haunt each leafy maze,  
And yet it looks—on ruin, ruin piled—  
August, though spectral—beautiful, though wild:  
The tower, just peering through the foliage green,  
Bathed in the beams, a silvery point is seen;  
The moss-grown palace, temple dark and still,  
The shattered pillar thrown across the rill;  
The fire-fly darting through the forest shade,  
The owl's grey eyes that glare within the glade;  
The spells of silence on all earth that lie,  
Nought but the cold moon moving in the sky—  
No sight like this may other ruins show;  
They raise deep musing, while they melt to woe,  
Speaking from depths of vague and dateless time,  
A scene of wonder, dreary as sublime.

Fair Mexico, that, trembling in her chains,  
Saw ruthless strangers waste her peaceful plains,  
Where are the stately domes she reared of old,  
Her terraced shrines that blazed with gems and gold?  
Where her white-feathered chiefs that lined each steep,  
Like foamy waves which crest the breezy deep?  
Alas! her tale is traced in tears and flame;  
Let History blush to write a Cortes' name;  
Lo! where the fires ascend from yonder vale!  
Ye hear the stake-bound victims' dying wail.\*

\* Many of the native soldiers, by order of Cortes, were burnt alive; five officers at once suffered in front of Montezuma's palace.



Doth not a groan each turf-clad barrow yield,  
From those who fell on red Otumba's field? \*  
While on each murmuring wind that wanders by,  
Floats royal Montezuma's fruitless sigh.

But long ere these fair realms to Cortes bowed,  
Or reigned the Aztec, rose the structures proud,  
Which, more than tomb or temple, form a chain  
That links the land to climes beyond the main.  
Ah! many a secret of old days lies hid  
Beneath the ruined moss-clad pyramid!  
On Micoat's plain two stately piles are seen, (36)  
Sacred to day's grand orb, and night's fair queen,  
While north and south less towering structures sweep,  
Where chiefs, perchance, and lowlier subjects sleep:  
So on far Nubia's waste, on Gizeh's sand,  
Small cone-shaped tombs around the mightier stand. †  
In Tajin's woods where wanderers rare intrude,  
A hunter-train the wild red deer pursued;  
With hound, and echoing tube, they onward press,  
But start to see a form of loveliness;  
Above the forest, flame-like, springs in air  
A gorgeous tower, like some bright vision there;

\* The decisive battle of Otumba, in which many Mexicans fell, was fought in July, 1520.

† That a number of small pyramids (nearly 200), from ten to twenty feet high, should rise near the larger Mexican edifices, precisely in the manner that little groups are seen around the Cheops and Mycerinus, in Egypt, and the pyramids at Assur, in Nubia, is, to say the least, a very remarkable coincidence, and might furnish a strong argument in favour of the hypothesis which seeks to give them an Egyptian or Ethiopian origin.

From rich-carved base to apex-stone they trace  
Egypt's vast strength, and Græcia's matchless grace;  
Huge blocks, that well might task man's power and skill  
To move their bulk, on blocks ascending still!  
The pensile flower from every crevice peeps,  
Up its fair sides the pale grey lichen creeps.  
Some faun or wood-nymph, hovering round the spot,  
Hath surely watched this pile, by man forgot,  
And, through revolving ages, charmed away  
The scythe of Time, the spectre of Decay. (37)

But not where lonely wilds, or forests spread,  
The proudest, mightiest structure lifts its head;  
Where blooms Cholula's plain, beneath the eye  
Of Nature's giants frowning on the sky,\*  
In mouldering pride, in solemn ruin, stands  
That lordly pile, the "Mountain made by hands."†  
No Attic grace, no Asian pomp, are here,  
'Tis simply grand, and savagely severe:  
Pacing along its base, or climbing slow  
Its terraced sides, to scan the scene below,  
We feel that Belus' tower could scarce surpass,  
In rude wild majesty, this wondrous mass;  
That far Chaldæa's sons, or Egypt's kings,  
Sent their bold genius here on spirit-wings;

\* The volcanic mountain, Orizaba, 16,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the peak of Telaphon, continuing the chain of the Andes northward, overlook Cholula, which is situated in the Mexican state of Puebla.

† The great Cholula pyramid is called by the natives "Monte hecho a manos," the mountain made by the hands of man.

For strange, between each nation, seems the tie  
Of kindred creeds, of arts, and modes gone by;  
Each worshipped day's bright god, and watched afar  
From lofty pyramids, the midnight star;  
Each with ambition burned, vast tombs to raise,  
Whose secret vaults should stand for endless days;  
Yes, deep within this mount, the Toltec laid  
The bones of monarchs, now to dust decayed:  
Primeval race! their story who shall show?  
They built, they reigned, they died—is all we know.\*

Age-stricken temple! immemorial tomb!  
Linked with strange fables, and with tales of gloom;  
High on its summit stood the sacred cell,  
Where, screened from sight, the god was wont to dwell.

\* The largest, as well as, in all probability, the most ancient of the Mexican pyramids, is that of Cholula. It is built of unburnt bricks, and rises in four broad terraces to the height of 177 feet, with a platform on the summit of 50,000 square feet. The resemblance of this erection to the great temple of Belus, at Babylon, as described by Herodotus, is very striking. The two pyramids, also, south of the Mycerinus, in Egypt, consist of four terraces, each terrace being ascended by narrow steps; the arrangement in the pyramid of Cholula being precisely similar. This immense pile measures at the base each way 1,440 feet, being double the breadth of the pyramid of Cheops; its height, however, is little more than that of the Mycerinus. Grass and bushes grow on the structure from the base to the platform, whence the view of the great mountain masses covered with snow, and the surrounding country, is described as being remarkably grand. The Cholula pyramid is not solid; a portion of it, some time since, Humboldt relates, was laid open, and a square internal chamber was discovered, containing statues in basalt, several painted vases, and some human remains.



Here the stoled priest invoked the powers of air,  
His offering burned, and breath'd a nation's prayer.\*  
Here, while a paler beam each planet shed,  
'Mid shouts and music, human victims bled.  
The sacred fire—that mystic symbol brought  
Perchance from Persia's hills, by Magi taught,  
Here blazed for ever, save that fearful night  
Each rolling age, when priesthood quenched its light,  
And trembling thousands, with the vanished ray,  
Deemed life would fail, and earth would pass away. (38)

Man, ages, creeds, have melted from those plains;  
Now o'er the giant ruin quiet reigns.  
Spring decks its mouldering sides with many a flower,  
That courts the bee at morning's dewy hour.  
Where frowned the Toltec's god, the Virgin now  
Sheds her meek smile, and Christian votaries bow; †  
While, sadly sweet, the circling yew-trees wave;  
And crosses deck the ancient Pagan's grave.  
"Ave Maria!" evening's balmy breeze  
Wafts the soft prayer, like music, through the trees;  
'Mid golden clouds, his curtained couch of sleep,  
The sun o'erhangs the vast Pacific deep,

\* The Cholula pyramid was sacred to the God of the Air. The far-spread custom of slaying and burning animals with a view to propitiate the deity, prevailed in a remarkable degree among the early races in America. The altars at Copán singularly attest this fact.

† To the temple of the God of the Air, on the great platform, has succeeded a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and here a priest, of the Indian race, performs mass every day. The chapel is surrounded by yew-trees.

Gilds the far isles that tropic glories bear,  
And charms to rest each storm-fiend brooding there.  
"Ave Maria!" mountain, plain, and shore  
Hear the loud gong, the crowd's mad shout no more;  
Soft as an angel's sigh, the bell's low sound  
Steals from yon tower, and floats in whispers round.  
Day smiles in death, and throws a crimson streak,  
Like Beauty's blush, along each snowy peak;  
E'en Orizaba's fires that burst on high,  
Seem turned to roses in the glowing sky.  
Mild are the rites, and gentle is the creed,  
Thus doomed red Moloch's worship to succeed;  
Eve's purple charm, the music of the hour,  
Pour on the soul their soft dissolving power,  
Melt the full heart, and waft the thoughts above,  
On wings of warm devotion, hope, and love.

Oh! land of wonders! full of all that's fair,  
Sublime, and beautiful, in earth and air,  
As thus, thou new-found world! from main to main,  
We sweep, with Fancy's eye, vast hill and plain,  
On every side still countless ruins start,  
To trace whose grandeur mocks the poet's art.  
From far Magellan's Straits to rich Peru,  
Where Cuzco's palaces the desert strew;  
Along the Andes piled, where modern man  
Hath rarely climbed the awful scenes to scan;  
From Amazon and Plata's sun-bright streams,  
To Northern woods where scarcely daylight gleams;  
Thence to the Western lakes, and mountain peaks,  
Where, in his cloud-rocked home, the eagle shrieks;

Relics of men unknown, and times of old,  
Raising our awe, our wonder we behold.  
Mound, stately pyramid, and pictured wall,  
That Asia's creed and Egypt's art recall;  
Embattled towers, with ivy-banners gay,  
And shrines that reptiles halve with grim Decay;  
These nameless wrecks, to darkness long consigned,  
Prompt to strange thought the curious, musing  
mind ;  
When built? and who their founders?—patient lore  
To solve the question fails, the task gives o'er;  
E'en daring Fancy scarce attempts to raise  
The shadowy veil of long-departed days. (39)

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From Egypt still the tide of life must flow,  
With art, lore, wisdom, all earth's children know;  
From Egypt still we wing our spirit-flight,  
Cross the Red Sea, Arabia's arid height,  
Look down where pearls lie hid in Oman's waves,\*  
And green-robed mermaids dance within their caves,  
Sweep Persian deserts, and glide awe-struck by  
Himmaleh's peaks that seem to prop the sky,  
Till 'neath us spreads, as fresh from Nature's hand,  
That hive of myriads—India's gorgeous land!

Save Europe's Southern shores, what clime like this,  
Luxurious, beautiful, and formed for bliss?  
True, burning suns may wither central plains,  
But on the airy hills Spring's freshness reigns,

\* The Persian Gulf.



And tank and nollah \* cool the forest-glade,  
And zephyr plays beneath the banian's shade.  
Match me, ye rivers! with that stream which flows,  
A silver line, from distant Tibet's snows,†  
Then bursts its bounds, and pours its giant tide  
By pagod, tower, and city of old pride,  
Watering a vale whose dwellers number more  
Than all who people Gaul, and Albion's shore.‡  
Match me, ye hills! with those dread mountain forms,  
Where ice-bound Winter sits above the storms,  
Sees through the gloom the bolt of thunder glow,  
And frowns on Summer laughing far below.  
Match me, ye gems! with those so pure that shine,  
Like earth-born stars, in famed Golconda's mine.  
Match me, ye Northern deserts! with that brute,  
So huge, yet gentle—eloquent, though mute,  
King of the woods, where, aged as their trees,  
He walks his life of circling centuries!  
Match me, ye seas! with those that roll and roar,  
From Ganges' mouths, to Scindia's rock-girt shore,  
Deep as the grave, and blue as skies above,  
Now glassing heaven, and whispering as in love,

\* The tank for holding rain water is a construction of high importance in India; it is commonly built of stone, and sometimes of an enormous size. The nollah is a small artificial stream.

† The source of the Ganges, like that of the Nile, is still a disputed question; while some place its springs in the loftiest range of the Himalaya or Himmaleh mountains, other travellers have traced them to the high lands of Tibet beyond.

‡ The great plain, or valley, through which the Ganges flows, is estimated to contain sixty-five millions, or more than one-half of the population of Hindostan.

Now breathing stormy music, that might seem  
The voice of Brahm awaking from his dream,  
When calling Nature from the abyss of night,  
And framing worlds of loveliness and light!\*

And this is India—soul and eye, spell-bound,  
Might muse and gaze, such glories blazing round;  
And still, despite all War's red bolts have riven,  
And Time hath crushed, her sun is high in heaven.  
Yes, since the day when Pella's conqueror came,  
Bursting from Persia's hills with sword of flame,†  
And rajahs fled, and vanquished Porus sighed,  
And Hindoo blood the deep Hydaspes dyed,  
Ages small change have wrought; on hills and plains  
Old customs live, the primal race remains.  
The Hindoo mind still superstition sways,  
Still to his Triune God‡ the Brahmin prays;  
The laws of "caste" each generous hope restrain,  
And bind all mental powers with palsying chain.

\* Brahm is the first personage in the Hindoo *Trimurti*. He is the creator of all things, and has existed from all eternity. He has called into being, say the Vedas, many universes, re-absorbing each, after the lapse of countless ages, into his spirit. When Brahm slumbers, all is desolation and silence, and the world is at an end; and when he awakes he creates another. The space of time allotted to an universe constitutes his day, while the period of its suspension or extinction forms his night. This conception, notwithstanding its extravagance, must be admitted to be as original as it is sublime.

† Alexander the Great entered India from the Persian side, through the passes of the mountains now called Hindoo Cosh, 326 years B.C.

‡ Brahm the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer.



Still lives that old belief the Samian taught—  
Insects and brutes with human souls are fraught—  
Souls doomed to wander for uncounted years,  
Till, pure from earthly dross, they seek the spheres. (40)

A moment yet we linger 'mid the bowers  
Of Northern Ind—a land of fruits and flowers,  
Where the proud Affghan treads a blessed soil,  
That yields all nature asks with little toil,  
A land where God his heavenliest smile hath thrown  
On all beneath—man, man the blot alone.  
Oh! who Cabul's sweet region may behold,  
When Spring laughs out, or Autumn sows her gold,  
The meadows, orchards, streams that glide in light,  
Nor deem lost Irem charms again his sight,  
That wondrous garden rivalling Eden's bloom,  
Too bless'd for man to view, this side the tomb? \*  
Flowers here of every scent, and form, and dye,  
Lift their bright heads, and laugh upon the sky, †  
From the tall tulip with her rich-streaked bell,  
Where, throned in state, Queen Mab is proud to dwell,

\* The garden of Irem, say Arabian chroniclers, was made by King Sheddad, in the desert of Aden, in imitation of Paradise. Sheddad perished for his impiety, and the garden became invisible.—*See Koran.*

† The province of Cabul, in Affghanistan, has been famous from time immemorial for its fertility; the snowy mountains of Hindoo Cosh, on the north, and other lofty ridges on the south-east, render the climate very variable; in the spring and autumn it is delightful, but in the summer the heat is oppressive. Superadded to many of the products of India and Persia, all the fruit trees and flowers that flourish in Europe are found here, and seen from the Sultan Baber's tomb on the hill near the city of Cabul, the country around looks like a beautiful garden.



To lowly wind-flowers gaudier plants eclipse,  
And pensile harebells with their dewy lips.  
There turns the heliotrope to court the sun,  
And up green stalks the starry jasmines run:  
The hyacinth in tender pink outvies  
Beauty's soft cheek, and violets match her eyes;  
Sweet breathe the henna-flowers that harem girls  
So love to twine among their glossy curls;  
And here the purple pansy springs to birth,  
Like some gay insect rising from the earth.  
One sheet of bloom the level greensward yields,  
And simple daisies speak of England's fields;  
Drawn by sweet odour's spell, in humming glee,  
Flits round the bloomy stock the robber bee,  
While to the gorgeous musk-rose, all night long,  
The love-sick bulbul pours his soul in song.  
Then, too, the fruits through months that hang and  
glow,  
Tempting as those which wrought our Mother's woe;  
Soft shines the mango on its stem so tall,  
Rich gleams beneath the melon's golden ball;  
How feasts the eye upon the bell-shaped pear!  
Bright cherries look like corals strung in air;  
The purple plum, the grape the hand may reach,  
Vie with the downy-skinned and blushing peach;  
Though small, its place the luscious strawberry claims,  
'Mid snowy flowers the radiant orange flames;  
To quench the thirst the cooling guava see,  
And ripe pomegranates melting on the tree.  
And here, too, England's favourite fruit is seen,  
The red-checked apple, veiled by leaves of green:

Ah! at the sight, dear thoughts of home awake,  
And foreign lands are welcomed for its sake.

Thrice genial clime! Oh, favoured, sweet Cabul!  
Well art thou named the bless'd—the beautiful!  
With snow-peaked hills around thee—guarding arms!  
Ah! would thy sons were worthy of thy charms!  
Wild are those tribes, a free but barbarous race,  
Crime still the shadow darkening Nature's face.  
What to the Affghan's eye is smiling earth?  
What scenes of glory!—things of little worth;  
Not his the finer joys, the charms of lore,  
The taste that brightens, and the thoughts that soar,  
His highest aim to lead his mountain horde,  
And bathe in blood his Koran-graven sword.

Ruins of Ind! Here, too, with busy hand,  
Hath man built shrines, and gorgeous cities plann'd,  
That Time may mock his toil?—and must he still,  
For weeds and reptiles, ply his plastic skill?  
What! dares he hope, frail nursling of a day!  
To vie with Nature's power, arrest decay?  
Soothing poor pride, the works his genius rears  
May charm the sight, and brave a few brief years;  
But, like himself descending to the tomb,  
Age smites the marble—it receives its doom;  
The hills alone, the ocean, and the sky,  
Bear on their front thy stamp, Eternity!

On Northern mountains Ruin takes his stand,  
And casts his dull red eye o'er all the land,

Watches, well pleased, his slow and sapping power  
Crush the priest's glittering dome, the warrior's  
tower,  
And fiend-like smiles, as dim oblivion glooms  
O'er perished cities, and their founders' tombs.  
Yet, Ruin's foe, pale Memory wanders here,  
And, following Havoc's footsteps, drops a tear;  
Led by her wand, the pilgrim onward hies,  
And sees the wrecks of ages round him rise.  
The pagod moulders on Mokundra's plain,  
And 'mid its ivied towers the winds complain.\*  
Where frowns that sacred city hewn from stone,  
The plover cries, the jackall makes his moan.†  
The tall rich columns, boast of old Ajmeer,  
The plaintive hymn to Buddh no longer hear;  
Dark centuries steal their loveliness, and throw  
Above their corpse-like charms the shroud of woe.‡

\* "The pagoda of Bheems Chaori in the Mokundra, now in ruins, is very remarkable," observes Colonel Todd, in his travels, "for the resemblance it bears, as regards massiveness of style, to Egyptian monuments."

† About forty miles south of Madras are the ruins of a town entirely formed out of the rock; but at what remote period of time it was excavated, no record exists to show. This place, the Petra of India, is commonly called the Seven Pagodas.— See a description in 1st and 5th vols. of "*Asiatic Researches*."

‡ The elegant Buddhist temple at Ajmeer is thought to be, with the exception of the rock-temples, the most ancient religious edifice standing in India. Its architecture is totally different from that of any other Hindoo fabric of a remote age. The columns are slender and finely proportioned, but having stood for not less than 2,000 years, they may be supposed to have lost much of their original delicacy and beauty.



Canoug, a tomb-strewn waste, by Ganges spreads,  
For stately towers wild palm-trees lift their heads,  
And Hindoo, Moslem, life's brief struggle o'er,  
Forget their zeal, and burn with hate no more.\*

The task were long those mouldering wrecks to name,  
Renounced their splendour, and forgot their fame;  
Yet fain our steps would climb the rocky steep,  
Where Somnauth's walls o'erlook the Western deep;  
Shrine of the sun! where once awed thousands knelt,  
And Swerga's† joys the saint already felt,  
Where dancing-girls their veils of splendour raised,  
And gems and gold, beyond a kingdom's, blazed,  
Could not thy god, when Islam's plunderers came,  
Vanquish with frowns, or blast with bolts of flame?  
No, Mahmud left thee in his red career,  
Pillaged, o'erthrown, to moulder darkly here;  
High on Saurashtra's rocks, thy ruined form  
A thousand years hath braved the ocean-storm;  
To earth thy fretted pinnacles are thrown,  
E'en Hindoos pass thee by, unmourned, unknown.  
Yet while profaned, and, ghostly legends tell,  
Within thy circle wander imps of hell,  
When sunset paints with gold the Indian wave,  
And sounds Æolian whisper from the cave,  
When twilight's veil so rich, so gorgeous, falls,  
Softening the moss-clad tower, and crumbling walls,

\* The ruins of Canoug, once a capital city, are situated near the Ganges, above Lucknow; they consist chiefly of brick edifices, and the tombs of Mussulmen and Hindoos.

† Swerga is the Heaven or Paradise of the Hindoo.

Fair dost thou look, and charm the seaman's gaze,  
A crown of glory those red quivering rays,  
As if the banish'd god return'd awhile,  
And on his once loved temple deigned to smile. (41)

Nor may we pass Gour's ruins lone and grey,  
Seat of Bengal's proud lords in ancient day.\*  
Vast piles of brick, once grandeur's glittering domes,  
Fragments of pillars—shattered, nameless tombs—  
High banks where poison-shrubs and jungle grow,  
Shrouding for leagues the winding walls below,—  
Such is the scene; e'en Ganges' sacred tide  
Hath turned, for many a year, its course aside;  
Like some false friend who flies, when adverse fate  
Hath made its victim dark and desolate;  
Type of the Hindoo faith, which says that stream  
Conducts to heaven, all changeful though it seem.  
Yes, where the hallowed waters gush'd of yore,  
Myriads have knelt, to worship and adore;  
Men of far countries, wan Disease and Age  
Have sought these banks in weary pilgrimage,  
On Ganges fixed at last their rapturous eyes,  
And deemed its murmurs hymns of paradise.†

\* The once famous city of Gour stood on the old bank of the Ganges, and extended, Major Rennell conjectures, by the river, upwards of fifteen miles. The course of the Ganges is now at a considerable distance, and the great capital of past ages has shrunk to a small town situated in the vicinity of the ruins.

† The sanctity of the Ganges surpasses that of the Indus, the Krishna, or the Nerbudda, although the last-named rivers cleanse from sin. There is no way to heaven, say the Brahmins, so certain as through its waters; hence the frightful custom among the Hin-

Where yon green plantains cast their quivering  
shade,  
A form bends low, in robes of white arrayed;  
Her gems of costly price, her shawl of pride,  
And the gold tali,\* speak a high-born bride.  
But grief is stamped on Corah's drooping brow,  
And fast her diamond tears are falling now;  
She holds her first-born babe within her arms,  
A mortal sickness dims its guileless charms;  
But meeting death where Ganges' waters flow,  
Its sinless soul will instant rapture know;  
Yamen's† dark brow will wear no frown of fear,  
That soul transformed to some bright Glendoveer.‡  
Anxious she watches life's last quivering spark;  
As stars go out, those beauteous eyes grow dark;  
And like sweet rosebuds, poisonous winds breathe o'er,  
Its soft cheeks lose their hue to bloom no more.  
And this is death—so still, so fair, so calm,  
But ah! that ghastly silence brings not balm.  
From grief's first shock she wakes, with frantic start,  
The tender burden clasping to her heart!  
She recks not—heeds not all that Brahmins tell,  
Feeling but torture in that last farewell.

doos of throwing their dead into the Ganges, so that ships, sailing up the stream, meet daily with hundreds of bodies floating down to the sea.

\* The tali is a trinket attached to a riband, and worn around the neck of the married lady. The suttee burns it on the funeral pile, in token that the marriage union is dissolved.

† Yamen, judge of the dead, and lord of hell.—See "*Hindoo Pantheon*."

‡ The Glendoveers are the most beautiful of good spirits.



But soon her tutored soul religion sways,  
One duty more—her bleeding heart obeys;  
'Tis in that holy stream the babe to cast,  
Then, swift as upward swells the trumpet-blast,  
The deathless part will rise to Swerga's bowers,  
Absorbed in Brahm for everlasting hours.\*

She holds it forth, that lifeless pallid thing,  
But may not in the wave her treasure fling;  
She stays to think, while terror chills her blood,  
What rav'nous reptiles lurk within that flood—  
To think, if laid beneath the spreading tree,  
How safe, how calm, her infant's rest might be;  
While she at evening hour could hover near,  
And scatter flowers, and drop affection's tear.  
Away, that softness! zeal must conquer yet  
Maternal love, and triumph o'er regret;  
That plash—'tis gone!—pleased Heav'n may shed its  
smile,  
Her mind applauds, though breaks her heart the while.

But now, more famed than pagod, town, or tower—  
By zealots formed in India's earlier hour,  
Behold the rock-cut temples!—e'en to gaze  
On those dark works that wake the soul's amaze;  
To feel we tread where awe-struck millions bent,  
Ere to the world the Christian's God was sent;  
To view that wondrous worship's cradling-place,  
A faith this hour which sways half Asia's race—

\* The highest reward that man can receive, teach the Vedas, <sup>३</sup>,  
after death, to be absorbed into the eternal spirit of Brahm.

'Twill all repay the pilgrim, worn with toil,  
Crossing the seas, and treading foreign soil—  
A sight o'er Time's vast gulf to bear his mind,  
And prompt a sigh for wandering, lost mankind,  
Bid many a wild and glowing vision start,  
Exalt, and humble too, his musing heart.\*

See! where those caverns yawn on Carli's steep;  
Do spirits call, awaked from ages' sleep,  
That yon lone Hindoo creeps with stealthy tread,  
Hies down the hill, nor dares to turn his head?  
So old the grots, so silent, and so drear,  
E'en Brahmins view them with a solemn fear.  
Wild rocks above, a lengthening vale below,  
Through which at night the breezes wail like woe;  
Huge sculptures, forms of gods e'en strangers  
grown,  
Along the walls a writing now unknown;

\* The rock-cut temples of India, more numerous, elaborately executed, as well as fantastically grouped, than those which exist in Nubia, are undoubtedly the most extraordinary monuments of a skilful fanatic people which time has left us. With the remains of the perished Ethiopian nation, they stand alone amongst the ruins of the world. Here chiefly is the resemblance between the colossal architecture of the two countries apparent. The Indian rock-temples occur, almost without exception, on the west side of the great Peninsula, being situated in that portion of the country where an Ethiopian or Egyptian colony would first of necessity settle. The age of these excavations can by no means be satisfactorily determined; but, if we except, perhaps, the temples of Ellora, the formation of all may safely be referred to a period long antecedent to the Christian era.

The lions on their pillar, calm and still,  
Watching for sunless ages on that hill,—\*  
These throw o'er Carli's shrines an awe and gloom,  
Which less befit the temple, than the tomb. (42)

Ellora's wonders half unearthly seem,  
Born as of fancy, dazzling as a dream.  
Shaped from the living stone, vast halls appear,  
Their massive grandeur sculptured columns rear;  
Ranged round the shrine, unnumbered gods are seen,  
From Lashmi† fair, to Siva's blood-stained queen;  
From wisdom's lord, proud Ganesa, to him  
The child of love, the god of mirth and whim.‡  
Who carved this grand cathedral?§—ask yon sage  
That haunts these ruins, bowed like them with age;  
A king, he says, in earth's pure happy prime,  
Ere China *was*, or Hebrews reckon time;  
And then he kneels, o'er brighter days to grieve,  
And simple hearts the fabling tale believe. (43)

Hark! from Salsette's once fair and flowery shore  
The jackall's cry, the tiger's hollow roar;

\* Without the great cave-temple, stands a pillar 24 feet high, supporting four lions.—*Lord Valentia's Travels*.

† Lashmi—the Indian Goddess of Beauty.

‡ Cameo, or Cama,—the Oriental Cupid; the Indian poets represent his bow as formed of sugar-cane, while his five arrows are tipped with a blossom of heating quality.—*See Sir William Jones*.

§ Aged Brahmins, who reside near Ellora, mention a tradition, that the temples were constructed by a Rajah named Eloo, seven thousand years ago; an absurd legend, especially as the Ellora temples are thought to be less ancient than some others of their class.



Where dark-eyed Nautch-girls danced in beauty's pride,  
The toad spits venom now, and serpents glide;  
The marble steps are clothed with waving grass,  
No sun-bright streams purl music as ye pass;  
Yon altars own no more the prophet's sway;  
The Eden that once bloomed hath passed away. (44)  
Yet here, 'mid scenes luxuriant as sublime,  
Was Buddha worshipped, pride of elder time,  
Classed with those spirits centuries only bring,  
To raise their kind, and clear Truth's darkening spring,  
Bless'd sage of Ind!—but Persecution's brand  
His followers smote—they fled their native land;  
Their creed, their rites, the hapless exiles bore  
To many a foreign wild, and mountain shore;  
And fast their doctrines spread—to Buddha now,  
Like leaves in Autumn, countless millions bow;  
If zeal prove truth, and numbers win the field,  
To him must Brahm, e'en Mecca's Prophet, yield.\*

See! where he stands in Salsette's temple-caves!  
Time and his foes that form of granite braves:  
He looks tow'rd Western skies; though here his shrine  
Is crushed, forlorn; and hailed no more divine,  
He seems to smile, as if instinct with life—  
Vanquished of old, now victor in the strife,

\* According to a calculation made by Hassel, the principal religious sects now in the world bear nearly the following numerical proportions:—Christians, one hundred and twenty millions; Jews, four millions; Mohammedans, two hundred and fifty-two millions; followers of the Brahmanic faith, one hundred and ten millions; and Buddhists, three hundred and fifteen millions.

Conscious how bright elsewhere his starry fame,  
His laws revered, and loved his ancient name. (45)

But near Salsette a fairer island blooms,  
Where vassal winds do nought but waft perfumes;  
Where painted shells adorn the sea-worn cave,  
And stately palms are mirrored in the wave.  
So lone the hills, so green the tufted trees,  
Such health and freshness in the musky breeze,  
So cool each glade, each grot within the isle,  
Ocean and sky all withering heat the while,  
It well might seem the small and bright domain  
Of Eastern fay, or nymph-queen of the main.\*  
Land at the cove, and climb the bowery steep,  
Where rocks are clothed with moss, and rivulets  
weep;  
Then midway rest, to gaze around, below,  
And watch old ocean's everlasting flow.  
Once more ascend—wide opening in the hill,  
Carved from the rock with all-surpassing skill,  
Pillar on pillar, niche and lofty hall,  
Statues that seem to speak from every wall,  
Lo! Siva's mighty temple!—scene more grand,  
More darkly wondrous, boasts not India's land:  
Hath some enchanter dug, in gloomy pride,  
His gorgeous palace in that mountain's side?

\* The little island of Elephanta, which rises, covered with trees and plants, to a considerable elevation above the water, is situated between Bombay and the Mahratta shore, about six miles from the former place. It obtains its name from the figure of a black elephant cut out of the solid rock, near the landing-place.

No rock-cut shrines with Elephanta's vie,  
Taste, beauty, couched 'neath Horror's haggard  
eye.\*

Within, the sight is dazzled, heart is chilled,  
With mimic life each shadowy niche is filled;  
Here, monster giants glare in anger down,  
With withering glance and hell-concentred frown;  
There milder gods, arrayed in vestments fair,  
With costly armlets, rings, and braided hair,  
Look from their seats in mercy and in love,  
As glad to waft the zealot's soul above. (46)

But pass we Kali† and her worshipp'd bull,  
Lashmi, the bright-haired and the beautiful;  
Indra—the God of Thunder—and his bride,  
Sceptre and shield, and granite throne of pride;  
One figure stands revealed amidst that throng,  
To whom more fame, more solemn thoughts belong—  
The Triune God once worshipped, ere the light  
Of ancient faith was quenched in Error's night,  
And Superstition's rampant brood unfurl'd  
Their hellish standards o'er the Hindoo world.

\* The rock-temples of Elephanta are, without question, the most striking of their kind in India. They were dedicated exclusively to the Brahmanic worship, since no inscription to Buddha, or image of that Hindoo reformer can be found. Siva, the Destroyer, is evidently the presiding Deity. Conflicting opinions have been held by writers, some assigning to the Elephantine caves a very ancient, and others a comparatively modern date. From our utter ignorance of their original author, and the absence of all written records, the question will probably never be decided.

† Kali, the wife of Siva; one of her arms rests on the head of a bull.



Here God's three attributes are carved in stone,  
As Framers, Saviour, and Destroyer, known.  
Immortal Brahm! what thought in that proud face,  
Awful composure, and celestial grace!  
Well it beseems the eternal plastic Power  
That formed earth, ocean, man, each tree and flower.  
Vishnu, who still sustains what Brahm hath made,  
In earth and heaven his guardian love displayed,  
Looks calm benevolence, and sweetly bland  
Smiles from on high, the lotus in his hand.  
But he, the lord of ruin and dismay—  
Pleased with disorder, revelling in decay—  
Siva, whose hour will come, when flame-bolts hurled  
From Indra's heaven shall fire the lower world,  
Scowls like a demon; skulls adorn his head,  
And snakes, for hair, down ebon shoulders spread;  
Fell Attribute! and must the scene we see,  
Gay earth, and smiling skies, all yield to thee?  
Shall rivers cease to glide, and woods to wave,  
Man to be born—the world one dreary grave?  
So thought earth's early races, Pagan named,  
Yet partial truths their mystic faith proclaimed;  
Ay, though deep plunged in darkest errors now,  
And blind, debased, thy children, India! bow,  
Their primal creed was framed by loftiest mind,  
And left Greek, Roman fables, far behind. (47)

And is this temple by the rolling wave  
Revered no more by monarch, priest, or slave?  
No, Desolation claims these mountain cells,  
And pulseless silence in each chamber dwells:

Pilgrims from distant regions come no more,  
No kneeling zealots tremble, and adore.  
The swallow builds within the roof of stone,  
The prowling fox hides here, secure and lone;  
And when night's planets gem the Indian deep,  
Waves, yellow sands, each shrub and flower asleep,  
Phantoms, 'tis said, beneath the pillars glide,  
While Siva's blood-stained sword is waving wide,  
And many a god, whose form the eye appals,  
Nods on his throne, or moves along the walls.  
And yet time was when white-robed Brahmins here  
Worshipped their god, and taught their creed of fear;  
When jewels sparkled, incense-fires burned bright,  
And gong and cymbal stunned the ear of night.  
But veil each darker rite these caverns saw,  
One scene alone would Fancy's pencil draw  
Of woman's love, of courage undismayed—  
A scene no land but India e'er displayed.

Hark! the deep wail on yonder mountain-shore;  
Rise and lament; the rajah lives no more!  
Dying, he bade the Brahmins rear his pile,  
Where breasts the wave this green and holy isle.  
Now, where the platform spreads before the shrine,  
Their busy hands heap spice-wood, beech, and pine,  
And smear with gums, and drop each sweet perfume—  
Meet for a Phoenix that rich odorous tomb.  
There lies the rajah on his couch of state,  
And mail-clad chiefs around lament his fate;  
Grand are his robes, a circlet wreathes his brow—  
Ah! what avail gold, gems, and flattery now?

The racer Death hath early won the goal,  
And endless years have dawned upon his soul.

But see! in many a bark, across the main,  
Borne from the Indian shore, that female train!  
They come, slow-winding up the rocky strand,  
Like ocean-nymphs, or Krishna's flower-crowned  
band;\*  
Dies o'er the wave the flute's ærial note;  
Like moonlit clouds, their veils around them float.  
They reach the platform; 'mid the throng one face  
More fair is seen, one form of statelier grace;  
As silvery stars begirt the queen of night,  
Round her they form a circling line of light.  
Wrapped in deep thought the beauteous bride appears,  
Her soft silk lashes diamonded with tears;  
Flowers on her head, gold bracelets on her arms,  
Her gem-starred robe conceals her bosom's charms;  
Her coal-black hair, its masses all unbound,  
Falls like a veil, and glittering sweeps the ground;  
Her orient eye, with spirit flashing bright,  
Soft as Spring's skies, dissolves in its own light.  
Oh, woman! fairest thing that God hath made!  
Sun of Mind's world! in Heaven's own beams arrayed,  
The gentle slave of impulse sure thou art,  
Warped by the feelings, governed by the heart;  
Whate'er thy frailties, still from eldest time,  
Dazzling the sense, and beautifying crime.

\* From Krishna, and his nine beautiful female attendants, called Gopia, the Greeks seem to have borrowed their fable of Apollo and the Muses.



And she, the daughter of all blinding zeal,  
Who bitterest hate, yet softest love could feel,  
Was come to prove—all other ties now o'er—  
How deep her love for him who breathed no more!  
Yes, her soul burns to join her lord on high,  
She seems to hear him whisper from the sky,  
Telling of brighter beams and fairer flowers,  
In Swerga's halls, and angel-peopled bowers;  
Telling how sweet Amreeta's\* draught will be,  
How bless'd the shade of green Cailasa's tree,†  
Brahm ever breathing through those fields above,  
Music and fragrance, luxury and love.

The dream is passed: the Brahmins now draw  
near,  
And her young spirit owns a thrill of fear.  
They wrap her veil more close, cut off her curls,  
Remove her wreath, and costly strings of pearls.  
See! round the funeral pile the Brahmins stand,  
Each with an iron staff, and lighted brand;  
They lead the victim on; her dew-damp brow,  
And quivering lip, betray her terror now;  
That fiery torture well might daunt the brave,  
Yet none are there to pity—none to save!

She clasps her hands, she cannot speak or sigh,  
But lifts to Heaven her mute imploring eye.

\* Amreeta—the drink of immortality.

† On Mount Cailasa (says "The Hindoo Pantheon"), whose top reaches to Heaven, is a famous tree, at the roots of which springs a celestial stream, the source of the sacred Ganges.

Away! her anguished heart is stilled at last,  
The palsyng fears of Nature from her cast.  
She mounts the pile and calmly sits beside  
Her hero-lord—in life, in death, his bride!  
She takes his hand, his once dear name she calls,  
And fast the tear upon that pale cheek falls.  
Her white-robed handmaids now, a fairy ring,  
Dance round the pile, and mournful dirges sing;  
The arch-priest mutters prayers, that soon may be  
The faithful wife from earth's dull fetters free,  
And, upward borne, no dark migration know  
Through other forms, the heir of sin and woe,  
But swiftly pass from Yamen's dread control,  
Absorbed in Brahm, the universal soul.

Hark! 'tis the fatal word—with fiendly smile,  
They wave their torches high—they fire the pile!  
Then burst the shouts from that wild frantic  
throng,  
Clatters the cymbal, rolls the thundering gong.  
Vain are the sufferer's cries, mid tumult lost;  
Swift on the flaming pile more brands are tost;  
Till like a pyramid the fires arise,  
Turn rocks to blood, illumine the evening skies,  
And cast a ghastly radiance o'er the wave,  
While Pity's shriek seems echoing from each cave.  
So died the wife, who felt all martyrs feel,  
Victim of love, the dupe of erring zeal.

Oh, India! India! land where Error's gloom  
Hath made for ages one wide moral tomb;

Where all the fiends that busy hell can find,  
Crowd, and exult above the death of mind;  
When will man's eye behold Truth's living ray?  
When will that trance of darkness pass away?  
Shall conquering Albion hold, beneath her reign,  
Tracts mighty Alexander won in vain?  
Pierce the dark depths, extend a friendly hand,  
Scatter her arts, and humanise the land,  
And yet forbear—the grandest work of all—  
To break foul Superstition's hideous thrall?  
No; Hope proclaims the hour of light is nigh,  
Propitious gleamings dawning in the sky;  
Methinks e'en now, advancing from afar,  
Truth comes—she comes upon her burning car!  
Her seraph voice, by Brahmins scorned before,  
Thrills the dull Hindoo's ear from shore to shore;  
Louder it grows, till thunder seems to roll,  
Shakes the foul shrine, and wakes the slumbering soul;  
Idols are shivered, pagods wrapped in flames,  
And Juggernaut no more his victim claims.  
Still Truth sweeps on; before her eyes' bright glow  
The demons flee, loud howling as they go,  
While in their stead, Peace, Love,—sweet angel-forms,  
Hover o'er earth, like rainbows seen in storms;  
And as the dove, her weary wanderings past,  
Found, 'midst the lessening waters, land at last,  
So, India! Error's flood no more remains,  
And Joy, the stranger, lights upon thy plains.

END OF PART III.



# RUINS OF MANY LANDS.

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## BOOK II.

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### THE CLASSIC ERA.

#### PART I.

BLOW, West winds! blow, our onward course to urge;  
Swift cleave, thou gallant bark! the bounding surge;  
Spread, Heaven! your bluest, tenderest tints on high,  
As Love himself were winging down the sky;  
Shine forth, thou sun! great Nature's central soul;  
Whisper, ye waves! soft music as ye roll;  
For lo! the seas, the haunted seas, that lave  
Græcia's famed shores, bowed Glory's trophied grave.

High o'er the billows Sunium whitens now,  
A graceful temple gleaming on its brow.  
Fair mount! the first, the last to greet the eyes  
Of those who sail beneath blue Attic skies,  
How many a banished Greek, in ancient days,  
Hath viewed yon rocks with sadly-wistful gaze!  
There Cimon looked in silence: o'er these seas  
Heaved many a sigh the wronged Themistocles;

And he whom gold ne'er tempted, fear ne'er  
moved,\*

Exiled by foes he saved, by friends he loved,  
Prayed for the land fast fading from his view,  
Gazed, while his veteran soul all weakness grew,  
Called on the gods—ah! not to curse, but bless,  
Till blinding tears relieved his heart's distress.

What though no more on Sunium's sacred steep  
Altars shall blaze, and light the midnight deep,  
Or hymns resound at morning's opening smile,  
Answered by songs from neighbouring cape and isle,  
While clouds of incense, floating through the calm,  
Sweeten the sea, and lull the sense with balm;  
Those snow-white columns ages still shall brave,  
Charm seamen's eyes, and gleam across the wave,  
Dead Art's sweet spirit watching on that shore,  
Which glory owns, and gods protect no more.†

Rise, child of sadness! stay the fruitless tear,  
And mark the scene that bursts upon thee here;  
Silence may brood, and haggard Ruin reign,  
On many a templed height, and citied plain,  
Yet Fancy's spell can call up forms of yore,  
Bid Art revive, and people every shore.

\* Aristides, the Just.

† Fourteen columns of the whitest Pentelic marble, each twenty feet high, remain of the once fine Doric temple of Minerva Sunias. This structure was erected at the same period as the Parthenon at Athens, B. C. 448, and the ruins, perched on the bold promontory of Sunium, present a striking and beautiful spectacle from the sea.

From Salamis, on freshening breezes borne,  
Sounds not the conquering Greek's exulting horn?  
Pale with dismay on yon high beetling hill,  
Watching the conflict, stands not Xerxes still? \*  
Where far Parnassus courts the Western beam,  
Rough sire of woods, dark source of many a stream,  
Walk not the Aëonian sisters hand in hand,  
Breathing bright genius o'er their favoured land?  
Hark! 'neath the rocks that breast Piræus' bay,  
Crowned by a tomb, with moss and ages grey,  
Sing not soft airs the Nereids of the deep,  
To charm the hero's long unbroken sleep,  
Decking the turf with coral-flowers and shells,  
While through his caves old Ocean's requiem swells? †

Away these visions!—rock and billow past,  
Th' immortal shores of Greece we tread at last.  
There are, whose earth-born thoughts can ne'er aspire,  
Who feel not Taste's fine glow, or Fancy's fire;  
Who view, with unmov'd heart and frigid gaze,  
The pleading wrecks of bright departed days;  
Who grasp at petty pelf, or present power,  
And ask no joy beyond the passing hour—  
Oh! let not such approach this land of fame,  
For them no magic breathes in Græcia's name;

\* During the sea fight of Salamis, the Persian monarch was stationed on the hill Ægaleos, which commanded a complete view of the hostile fleets.

† The tomb of Themistocles is situated on the south side of the harbour of Piræus. It is a square stone resting on a simple base, but the *stolos* which once surmounted the sepulchre has long disappeared.







The great mountain of the north, looking to the north.

For them her ruins seem but silent stone,  
Her cities wastes, her mountains stern and lone:  
For them no classic forms would haunt the vale,  
People the woods, or whisper on the gale.  
They who would feel, admire, must crush the birth  
Of grovelling thoughts, that weigh the soul to earth,  
Break the strong chain the "now" hath round them  
cast,  
And, warmed by Beauty, woo the deathless past.

Oh! land of Solon, Plato, and of men  
Whose glorious like, earth ne'er shall see again!  
Thou art not dead—thy every plain and hill  
Sends forth a voice, and teems with spirits still!  
What though no more they teach, with valour burn,  
Thy sage and warrior breathe from out the urn,  
And each lone wreck that moss and ivies bind  
Points to bright days, and speaks of godlike mind.  
But rock-crowned Athens calls our thoughts away—  
There sits she, lovely in her calm decay,  
The eye of Greece, Fame's daughter sad and lone,  
The queen of Wisdom on her mouldering throne.  
How thrill we, entering slow the western gate,  
To climb yon mount where mightiest sages sate!  
The rostrum, carved from stone, is seen this hour,  
Where Eloquence distilled her silver shower.\*

\* The famous hill of the Pnyx, south of the Piræic gate, and west of the Areopagus, or hill of Mars, was partly included within the old walls of Athens. The rostrum, or stone pulpit, from which the orators addressed the assembly, still appears, and cannot fail to be an object of great interest to the literary traveller.



There on Mars'-hill stood Paul, with flashing eye,  
Like some bright form just lighted from the sky,  
Marvelled so blind learned Athens still should be,  
Admired, but mourned, her Pagan brilliancy.—  
Fair tomb, which crowns Museum's rugged side!  
That ages watch with jealous care and pride,  
Mourning as winds wear down the shattered walls,  
And now a pillar, now a statue falls;  
Here rests the scion of a line of kings,  
His deeds no history tells, no minstrel sings;  
Perchance he hoarded gold, and ruled the crowd,  
And slaves obsequious at his footstool bowed;  
Or he might shine the gallant of his day,  
Bearing from rivals many a heart away.  
Man may grasp pleasure, dazzle through his life,  
Applauded, envied, free from care and strife;  
But if no more than this, his name will pass,  
Razed from Earth's records, lost amid the mass;  
Oh! hard the task to stem Time's sweeping shock,  
And grave a name on Fame's enduring rock.\*

What lofty columns near Ilissus' stream  
Tower o'er each wreck, and glitter in the beam?  
Temple of Jove! around thy ruined site  
Dogs lurk by day, and owlets hoot by night;

\* The marble monument of Philopappus, on the hill of the Museum, was erected in the time of Trajan. Two of the three niches which it contained remain entire. The statues mentioned by Pausanias were those of the royal Syrian, Philopappus, of whose deeds nothing is known, his grandfather Antiochus, and Seleucus Nicator.

Where kings and heroes wont deep awe to feel,  
Not one poor trembler now is found to kneel.\*  
But pass we other scenes, where living men  
Have reared their homes—yes, Athens lives again,  
Called from the gloom of strong Oppression's grave,  
No more the Moslem's scorn, the tyrant's slave;  
Onward the pilgrim wends, and lifts his eyes  
Where the proud rock of Cecrops courts the skies, (48)  
Bearing the pile, whose beauty well may claim  
Homage from Taste, and challenge endless fame.

We climb the ancient steep, which chief and sage  
Mounted before, through many a changeful age;  
Where Cimon blessed the gods that Greece was free,  
And Thrasybulus shouted "Victory!"—  
From Alpine mountains view the world below,  
Towns, waving woods, and streams meandering slow;  
Dim is the scene to that which greets thee here,  
Prompting to worship, waking Rapture's tear.  
Yes, rise, fair mount! the bright blue heavens to kiss,  
Stoop not thy pride, august Acropolis!  
Thy brow still wears its crown of columns grey,  
Beauteous in ruin, stately in decay.  
Two thousand years o'er earth have spread their pall,  
Not yet, thy boast, Minerva's shrine shall fall:  
In spite of rapine, fire, and War's red arm,  
Enough remains to awe us, and to charm;

\* Sixteen Corinthian columns, sixty feet high, and six and a half feet in diameter, between the Ilissus and the modern walls, mark the site of the once magnificent temple of Jupiter Olympius. These vast columns are conspicuous from every part of Athens; the original number was 128.

Glory and Phidias' shade the relic keep,  
Shield as they watch, and strengthen as they weep.  
The Doric columns, wrought from fairest stone,  
Severe but graceful, round the *cella* thrown,  
The lofty front, the frieze where sculptures shine,  
The long, long architrave's majestic line,  
Dazzle the eye with Beauty's rich excess,  
O'erpower the mind by too much loveliness. (49)

Here let me stand, where, once aloft displayed,  
Flamed the bright arms of heaven's immortal maid;\*  
And while I sigh o'er Athens' modern hour,  
O'er ruined fane, crushed wall, and mouldering tower,  
Let Fancy up the stream of ages glide,  
And view the scene of ancient pomp and pride.

Beneath my feet the columned causeway sweeps,  
And many a shrine in dazzling sunlight sleeps.  
High towers yon pile, where Thespis' magic art  
Now fills with terror, and now melts the heart;  
Plaudits and sighs rise mingling through the air,  
For Phædra's tears are thrilling thousands there.†  
Hark! too, where palms around th' Odéon wave!  
Soft as a Nereid whispers from her cave,

\* The helm and spear of the colossal statue of Minerva could be seen towering above the Parthenon at the distance of many miles.  
—*Pausanias*.

† The great theatre for dramatic entertainments at Athens, and of which no remnant now stands, was called the Theatre of Bacchus, and was situated at the foot of the Acropolis, on the south-east side. Like other Greek theatres of an early date, it had no roof.



Music breathes forth; the lyre of passion born,  
The Mysian flute, the Thracian's mellow horn,  
Fill with sweet murmurs temple, cave, and cell,  
Till faints the soul beneath that Orphean spell.\*  
Now eastward gaze where, fringed with olive-ranks,  
The smooth Ilissus laves its verdant banks;  
Immortal stream! the haunt from age to age  
Of Wisdom's sons—the poet and the sage;  
Slow through the groves that crown its flowery side,  
The forms of Zeno, Epicurus, glide,  
While many a laurelled bard breathes thoughts of fire,  
That ne'er shall die till Genius' self expire.

Yon plain a scene presents of martial life;  
Athena's warriors muster for the strife;  
Their bristling lines beyond the southern wall  
Pour in dense mass, and form at trumpet-call;  
There Phocion draws his sword—the just, the brave—  
Points to the hills and victory-hallowed wave,  
Calls on his band, by bright remembered days,  
By all their hopes of Fame's undying bays,  
To fight for Greece, to smile at dangers nigh,  
With him to conquer, or with him to die.

The sacred stork on yon high Wind-tower sits,†  
O'er Theseus' fane the shade of Beauty flits,

\* The Odéon, or Music Hall of Pericles, stood about one hundred yards east of the Theatre of Bacchus, and about the same distance south of the beautiful Choragic Monument of Lysicrates.

† The Tower of the Winds, erected by Andronicus Cyrrhestes, and standing at this day.

Its stately columns ranged in glittering row,  
Its front of marble, fair as taintless snow. (50)  
But northward now, rapt gazer, turn thine eye,  
And through Time's vista still let Fancy fly.  
In marble pomp, o'er all the plain are spread  
White sculptured tombs, where rest the mighty dead;\*  
Here Glory's favourite, Cimon's race is o'er,  
And famed Aspasia lures and smiles no more;  
Here Athens' Tell, the brave Harmodius sleeps,  
And Love's whole soul o'er fair Regilla weeps.†  
What means that wail, that new-pluck'd cypress bough?  
Whom to his home of stillness take they now?  
'Tis he who kindled Learning's heavenly light,  
His mind a star in Error's dreary night;  
Who charmed with sapient tongue each stander by,  
And taught mankind their souls should never die.  
And now they bear him, chanting Death's low song,  
To those green groves which heard his voice so long,  
And young and old press on to drop a tear,  
While Wisdom sighs o'er godlike Plato's bier.‡

The prospect changes: Sunset's mellow beam  
Smiles into gold Cephissus' winding stream;

\* The chief cemetery of Athens was beyond the gate Dipylon, where the open space, reaching to the groves of the Academy, was covered with the tombs of illustrious men.

† Regilla was the beloved wife of the wealthy Herodes Atticus, who in the second century erected a musical theatre to her memory—a touching instance of marital fondness in ancient days.

‡ The tomb of Plato, beneath the trees that shaded the Academy, and near the fountains which he himself had made, was an object of veneration with the Greeks for many centuries.

Tall palms, and flowers, and fruit-hung orange trees,  
Give grace to earth, and incense to the breeze;  
So pure the wave, so cool the purple air,  
E'en gods might walk, and deem Elysium there.\*  
Now white-robed maids trip round the blossomed  
bowers,  
Their eyes all mirth, their young brows wreathed with  
flowers,  
Lave in the crystal stream their rosy feet,  
While rings their laughter, silvery, soft, and sweet.  
In armour clad, Athenian youths advance,  
Part the fair throng, and weave the Phyrrie dance;†  
Bright gleams the silver shield, and burns the eye,  
And sterner bosoms learn Love's melting sigh.  
How wave those arms which jewelled bracelets deck!  
The fragrant breezes fan each ivory neck;  
Among the flowers, like gems, their small feet glow,  
Tinged by the beam, in gold their tresses flow;  
And thus they dance, till up the round moon  
springs,  
And evening o'er them spreads her starry wings.

One vision more;—far, far as eye can sweep,  
From western vales to Parnes' cloud-topped steep,  
Thence to the hills that gird, with conscious pride,  
Th' immortal fields where Greek and Persian died;‡

\* The river Cephissus bounds Athens on the west, while the Ilissus flows east of the city; unlike the latter, the Cephissus is a considerable stream, and its banks are highly cultivated.

† In the famous Phyrrie dance the men always wore armour.

‡ Marathon.



While glancing south, o'er waves that roll in light,  
From Colias' cape to Sunium's templed height,  
Till the eye rests where foamy billows kiss  
The plane-crowned rocks of far-famed Salamis—  
Oh! what a scene doth meet our ravished gaze,  
Speaking, with trumpet-voice, of nobler days!

Athens! thou birth-place of the great, the free!  
Though bowed thy power, and dimmed thy name  
    may be,  
Though old Renown's once dazzling sun hath set,  
Fair beams the star of Memory o'er thee yet.  
City! where sang the bard, and taught the sage,  
Thy shrines may fall, thou ne'er wilt know old age;  
Fresh shall thy image glow in every heart,  
And, but with Time's last hour, thy fame depart.

Alas! for Pleasure and her myrtle bowers!  
Her witching song, and crown of sparkling flowers;  
Alas! for Wealth, and all its train commands,  
Smiles from the servile, luxuries of all lands!  
Alas! for bright-eyed Love! whose honeyed dart  
Sends fiery rapture to the youthful heart,  
Who bows the senses to his tyrant sway,  
A sun outshining Reason's sober ray—  
Alas! for these! their warm and summer breath  
Melts o'er the heart, till comes cold wintry Death;  
Then must her shadowy hand Oblivion wave;  
They bear no flower to bloom beyond the grave;  
Pleasure, wealth, love, all breathe their farewell sigh,  
Born but to dazzle, charming but to die.

So feel we, as fair Corinth meets the sight,  
City of luxury, home of young delight;  
Venice of classic times! where dance and song,  
And vine-crowned Bacchus, chased the hours along,  
And youth and age but lived for present joy,  
No thought of gloom their raptures to alloy.  
Ah! vain the sage might plead, the apostle pray,  
Corinth still listened Pleasure's syren lay:  
Still soft-eyed Venus plied each wanton wile,  
And men perdition dared for Lais' smile.\*  
Now, as we walk, where flowers of every bloom  
Once made the land a garden of perfume,  
And countless lyres, each sweet entrancing night,  
Swelled from Love's temple gleaming on the height,†  
We find but choking thorns, and grass that waves  
On shattered walls, and long-forgotten graves.  
Where now, high peak, that tower'st in barren pride,  
The pillared fanes which decked thy myrtled side?  
Where the bronze statues glittering in the sun,  
Telling of deeds by Isthmian conquerors done?  
Ay, Paul denounced, and Mummius wrapped in flame,  
The cup was full, the bolt of ruin came,

\* The renowned Lais, while in Corinth, numbered among her admirers some of the greatest philosophers of the age; even Demosthenes was smitten by her charms. Cicero, speaking of the delights and gaieties of Corinth, calls that city—"Totius Græciæ lumen."

† On the summit of the Acrocorinthus (says Pausanias) was a temple dedicated to Venus: on the sides of this famous hill stood also numerous buildings, including two temples to the Egyptian goddess Isis. All have now disappeared; but from the foot of the Acrocorinthus to the Isthmus, the road is lined with tombs of the ancient citizens.

Mirth spread its wings, the sister Graces fled,  
And Corinth bowed in death her beauteous head. (51.)

Yet relics, pointing thought to times of yore,  
Still charm the eye on Corinth's blighted shore.  
The Isthmian wall reveals its broken mass,  
Half hid by pines, and high untrodden grass,\*  
But where the champions strove, or chariots raced,  
Ye scarce may tell, each ancient line effaced.  
Still weeps Pirené from her fount of stone,  
The brook's low trill like sorrow's plaintive moan,  
As if, for countless years forlorn, undone,  
The hapless mother mourned her perished son.†  
But Corinth's boast, her Dorian columns rise,  
A clustering group that Time's strong hand defies;  
Athens', Ægina's, Sunium's mouldering shrines,  
Yield to their age,—a halo round them shines:  
Serenely grand, majestically fair,  
Those lonely columns look like mourners there;  
Winds sigh around them, oldest of their race,  
Rains wear their shafts, green ivy clasps their  
base,  
Stars seem to view them sorrowing from the sky—  
Ah! who unmoved might pass their beauty by? (52)

\* The ruins of the famous wall which once extended across the Isthmus have been distinctly traced by Clarke. He also found there the species of pine with which the victors in the games were crowned.

† The classic fable is, Pirené, having lost her son, sat down near the Acrocorinthus and wept, until Diana, in compassion, changed her into a fountain. A dropping well, just out of Corinth, on the public road, has been hailed as the fount of Pirené.



Southward of Corinth, girt by many a steep,  
Where olives wave, and mountain larches weep,  
Walls of old shrines, and pillars frequent seen,  
All bare and grey, o'ertopping groves of green,  
Lo! Epidaurus spreads his velvet vale,  
Sacred to health, renowned in classic tale.  
Here sprang that sage, a precious balm who drew  
From every sweet-lipped flower which drinks the  
dew:

Ay, doubt not—symbols, scattered stones remain—  
Rose in this glen the healer's worshipped fane.\*  
Weak Age, sick Beauty, Youth with broken powers,  
From distant climes came pilgrims to these bowers,  
Fain to escape the grim destroyer, Death,  
To pray, to hope, the boon of added breath;  
For then, as now, man shrank to tread the shore  
Where all is peace, and sorrow comes no more—  
Where souls shall spring to new, immortal birth,  
Endued with powers ne'er known on lower earth:  
Oh! yes, for here, weak heirs of grief and pain,  
We move in darkness, drag a wearying chain;  
How frail our bodies, changeful every joy;  
An hour may heal us, or an hour destroy!

\* The temple dedicated to Æsculapius the Physician, in a valley about five miles from the ancient city of Epidaurus, was one of the most renowned of antiquity. Few traces of this Temple of Health now meet the eye of the traveller, but the vale retains, if not all its original, very considerable beauty. Æsculapius, after death, was deified by the Greeks; a serpent wreathed around his staff was the symbol of healing; and this idea, there is little doubt, was borrowed from the records of the Jews, and had reference to the brazen serpent raised by Moses in the wilderness.

In health, we fear disease may blight our bloom;  
We garnish homes, still looking tow'rd the tomb.  
He who shall view, with calm, unruffled mien,  
Life's smiling bowers, and Death's funereal scene,  
Resigned to fate and Heaven's unerring rule,  
Is sure the noblest sage in Wisdom's school.

How beauteous still this mountain-guarded dell,  
Where Æsculapius' shade might love to dwell!  
Health's spirit seems to wave in yonder trees,  
Gush with the brook, and mount the soft-winged  
breeze,  
Shine in each beam that plays on leaf and flower,  
And move in odours round the blossomed bower.  
Oh! would for thee, thou loved and gentle one,  
Whose days, months, years, in pain drag darkly on—  
Soul of my soul, with each fond hope entwined,  
Whose body droops—all, save unfading mind—  
Would Health for thee would shed his balmy dew,  
And through that feeble frame new life diffuse!  
As rapt enthusiasts watch some worshipped star,  
That slowly sinks o'er Western hills afar,  
I look on thee, and pray thine eyes' sweet light  
Not yet may dim, and leave my soul to night.  
No, beam around me, star of this fond heart!  
Save thee and love, with all things let me part.  
What makes more light the burden man must bear?  
What decks with flowers the brow of brooding  
Care?  
And, 'mid life's discords, brings from spheres above  
Music to soothe each woe?—'tis woman's love!

Near Epidaurus' health-vale, hewn by skill  
Of men, long dust, from green Coroni's hill,  
There stand Theatric ruins; row on row  
The seats descend, till veiled by shrubs below:  
Yet crushed the door, and vanished is the stage,  
By actors trod in Græcia's polished age;  
The gorgeous mass lies desolate and bare,  
Scourged by the winds of thousand winters there.  
We tread the mossy stones that histories tell,  
While Meditation weaves her sleepless spell:  
Here Comedy with laughter shook the soul,  
There Tragedy swept by, in sable stole;  
Mirth's shout rang round; anon pale chilly Fear  
Seized on all hearts, and fell soft Pity's tear;  
Life, bustle, filled the scene—now slowly wave  
Time's wizard wand, and all are in their grave.  
Earth, heav'n, at rest, ye hear no voice, no stir,  
The spot itself seems Pleasure's sepulchre!  
The sun shines down, the thistle bends its head,  
Where princes sat, wild vines their tendrils spread.  
Low in the pit the moping owlet sleeps,  
Where stood the stage, the scaly serpent creeps.  
Dark ruin! type of joy that will not stay,  
Whose hues must fade, whose hopes must all decay! (53)

Yet not o'er life let Woe's black cloud be thrown,  
Man was not born to sigh and weep alone;  
Let cynics snarl, and Timons still deride,  
And in lone deserts stern-browed hermits hide;  
Let meek cold vestals bid the world farewell,  
And sullen monks do penance in the cell;



Still Truth and Nature bid man's heart be gay,  
Smile when he can, enjoy his little day.  
Music's soft charm, the life-reflecting stage,  
May well at times the wise man's heart engage.  
Why strive to make more dark our fleeting years,  
By stifling joy, and finding cause for tears?  
The hills are green, the vales with flowers are clad,  
Bird, beast, rejoice—must man alone be sad?  
Forbid it, Heaven! they wrong Thy great design  
Who mourn their fate, and at Thy laws repine.

We wander by Mycenæ's grey remains;  
Why bounds the blood so quickly through our veins?  
Do vast halls raised by Cyclopæan skill,  
The gate of Lions,\* bid the bosom thrill?  
Do Atreus' chambers, Agamemnon's tomb,  
Startle with age, or awe the mind by gloom?  
Beyond all these, the deathless spells we own  
Which lore has wrought, and genius round us thrown:  
Here, "king of men," did Homer's hero reign,  
Conqueror of Troy, yet by weak woman slain; †  
Here Sophocles hath sung, in strains of fire,  
Blood-stained Orestes' wrongs and sleepless ire,

\* The two lions which stand with a pillar between them over the great gate of Mycenæ, form probably the most ancient piece of sculpture in Europe. It has been thought the genuine work of a Pelasgian artist, before the more polished Hellenic races expelled the Pelasgi, the original settlers, from Greece.

† Agamemnon, Prince of Mycenæ and Argos, styled by Homer "king of men," on his return from the capture of Troy, was assassinated by his wife Clytemnestra, who had conceived a guilty passion for Ægisthus—a catastrophe which forms the groundwork of the sublime tragedy of Æschylus.

With fair Electra's sorrows filled all ears,  
Charmed with her beauty, melted by her tears.\*  
Each spot is made immortal; courts forlorn  
Men built a thousand years ere Christ was born;  
The huge dark stones that guard the Treasure-cave,  
The Lion-gate, the hero's lofty grave,—  
All breathe the burning tales of ancient time,  
The seats of glory, yet the haunts of crime. (54)

City of giants! built—so legends tell—  
When gods and Titans deigned on earth to dwell,  
Tiryns we pass; as near us lower her walls, (55)  
A solemn coldness on our spirit falls.  
From Argos' battlements that darkly frown  
On high Larissa's steep, the fox looks down.  
Searching for prey, at twilight's glimmering hour,  
Loud howls the wolf from old Tegæa's tower;  
But southward still we wend by mount and flood,  
Pass many a ruin, many a field of blood;  
Till on our left Laconia's mountains sweep,  
Vales grow more wild, and barren crags more steep,  
And, watched by spirits of the mighty dead,  
Sparta's all-glorious plains before us spread.

Home of Lycurgus! nurse of martial fame!  
Land of the lordly mien, and iron frame!

\* Orestes murdered his guilty mother, Clytemnestra, being urged on by his sister, the beautiful and unfortunate Electra. Sophocles and Euripides, in their great dramas of fate, have given to these subjects an interest which must enthral the classic reader so long as the Greek language shall be studied or admired.

Where wealth was held dishonour, Luxury's smile  
Worse than a demon's soul-destroying wile!  
Where every youth that hailed the Day-god's beam,  
Wielded the sword, and dreamt the patriot's dream;  
Where childhood lisped of war with eager soul,  
And woman's hand waved on to Glory's goal:  
Ay, she would urge her son in that proud race,  
Feared not his death, but only his disgrace;  
Dropped on his home-borne corpse no woman's tear,  
So he had died in Valour's red career;  
Wept only for the son who lost his shield,  
And, choosing life to honour, fled the field.

Sparta, 'twas thus thy narrow kingdom gained  
The sway in Greece, and long that sway maintained;  
But here must end our praises; wronged, oppressed,  
Thou held'st in bondage those who served thee best:  
Hark! to the trembling Helot's fruitless sigh!  
In slavery born, in slavery doomed to die.\*  
Thy children, too, a rough and rugged race,  
The arts ne'er loved, to learning gave no place;  
Scorned was the culture of immortal mind,  
Thy chiefs unlettered, monarchs unrefined;  
For them no sage, with keen far-piercing eye,  
Searched Nature's laws, or read the bright-paged sky;  
With them no painter charmed the captive sight,  
And dipped his brush in hues of heavenly light;

\* The Helots—so called from the town of Helos, subjugated by Sparta—were held in a state of the most abject servitude; they cultivated the soil, and performed every menial office for their austere masters.



And oh! no lofty minstrel swept the lyre,  
Melted to love, and filled the heart with fire;  
The sword their birthright, war their sole employ—  
They knew no nobler aim, no higher joy.\*

But where stood Sparta, covering hill and vale,  
That made e'en Athens bend, and Persia quail?  
What! are these stones, yon column's broken shaft,  
Where moss-crowned Ruin long hath sat and laughed,  
These shattered steps, these walls, that earthward bow,  
All Sparta's Royal Square can boast of now?†  
What! in the streets which swept on every side,  
Do but wild poppies lift their crimson pride?  
Plant of Oblivion! well thou here may'st bloom,  
Type of unlettered Sparta's hastening doom!—  
The Stoa's walls with Persian trophies graced,  
The circling course where brazen chariots raced,  
The pillar where ye saw each graven name  
Of red Thermopylæ's great heirs of fame:  
Juno's bright shrine—the city's glittering eye—  
Ramparts below, and frowning towers on high,—

\* Tyrtaeus, the blind schoolmaster, whose martial songs animated the Lacedæmonians in battle, was not a native of Sparta, but of Attica. Alcman, the author of a few lyrics, is almost the only genuine Spartan poet whose name has come down to us. Never, perhaps, did a country raised above barbarism offer such a resistance as Sparta to the cultivation of literature, the fine arts, and rhetoric, on the grounds that they tend to emasculate the mind and repress military ardour.

† Sparta included within its limits several small hills, and, according to Polybius, was forty-eight stadia, or six miles in circumference. The great central square, called the Agora, contained the Council-House of the Senate, and whence streets diverged in all directions.

All, all are gone, like forms in troubled sleep,  
Blossoms in spring, or foam upon the deep.  
Alone unchanged by battle, time, or blast,  
Fresh as when born, Eurotas wanders past,  
Breaks in soft kisses on the silver sands,  
Trod in old times by Valour's conquering bands,  
Mirrors the banks where temples shone of yore,  
But ah! the bath of Beauty's train no more;—  
And further down, where snow-white lilies gleam—  
The drooping Naiads of the classic stream—  
To choiring winds the bubbling waters sigh,  
Like Memory's wail for glories long gone by. (56)

We climb that mount of death, the stony height  
Which looks o'er Sparta's wild and ruined site:\*  
Here would we stand, and take our far survey  
At night's still hour, and not by garish day.  
The sun goes down; the countless varying dyes,  
Red, orange, blue, forsake the Western skies,  
And fast the raven wings of darkness spread  
O'er slumbering vale, and silent mountain's head:  
The moon comes forth, and pours her stainless  
beams,  
To charm the elves, and lap the flowers in dreams,  
Now veils her face with clouds, as if to weep  
That men no more her mystic rites should keep.  
Dark lower the ruins through eve's deepening pall,  
Loud hoots the night-bird from yon rifted wall.

\* On Mount Taygetus were exposed, to die through cold and hunger, all those infants which from any physical defect would, if allowed to live, be incapacitated from serving the state.

What scenes took place on Sparta's ancient plain,  
Embalmed in history, famed by minstrel's strain!  
Thick, thick the mental eye sees visions pass,  
Called up from eld, in Fancy's wizard glass;  
There the young soldier, armed for battle's hour,  
Wreaths his long hair with many a mountain flower,\*  
And here a form of grace attracts the sight,  
With looks of love and lineaments of light—  
'Tis she for whom a land was once undone,  
Dazzling as when she lured old Priam's son;  
Yes, Helen's smile, and beauty-beaming eye,  
Roused thousands up, and bade her thousands die,  
Proving how strong, in ancient days, could be  
The frail fair thing of man's idolatry.†

But near yon mound, where dewy wild-flowers  
steep,  
In Nature's tears, Pausanias' couch of sleep,‡  
We see a warrior stand, with crimsoned sword,  
And, drooping low, a maid with bosom gored:  
The murderer and the murdered—see her there,  
With piteous look and blood-besprinkled hair!

\* The Spartan soldiers, on going forth to battle, combed their hair, which they wore long, and adorned their heads with flowers, regarding war almost in the light of a festival.

† Sparta was the birth-place of the renowned Helen, who was carried off by Paris of Troy.

‡ The pathetic story of the beautiful Byzantine maid, Cleonicé, whom Pausanias loved, but unintentionally killed, is related by Plutarch. In the text the picture is presented at the tomb of the Spartan general, only in the form of a vision, the tragic event having happened elsewhere. The tombs of Pausanias and Leonidas were situated south of the theatre.



On him who took her life those eyes are cast,  
She breathes his name—adores him to the last,  
Now creeps along the ground, and clasps his knees,  
Nought heeding death,—him, him alone she sees,  
Hangs on his arm in love that will not die,  
Though life ebbs forth with every bursting sigh.

“Grieve not!” she seems to say in accents low,  
“Feel not remorse—thou did'st not mean the blow:  
Farewell! with no regret my doom I meet,  
From loved Pausanias' hand e'en death is sweet.  
If gods permit, from Hades' dreary shore  
I'll wander back, and on thee smile once more.  
Thou may'st not know, but round thy path I'll move;  
Death shall not chill thy Cleonicé's love.  
Then look, and smile—one brief, one parting kiss;  
No hour my life has known so bless'd as this.  
Earth's scenes grow dim; but still thou fill'st my  
sight,  
Thou my sole heav'n, thy love my only light.  
Ah! if I sin—against the gods rebel,  
It is in loving thee too wild and well.  
Thou weep'st—I feel thy tears upon my brow;  
I, then, am dear—the Fates may call me now;  
This sweet assurance calms my fluttering breath,  
And turns to rapture e'en the pang of death!”

Oh, woman! woman! thus in every age  
Do Love's sweet mysteries all thy soul engage:  
Poor Cleonicé, with her dying charms,  
Fading away in stern Pausanias' arms,

But likens all thy sex—the gentle slaves  
Whom feelings govern, till they reach their graves.  
Here, 'mid the wrecks of Sparta's fallen pride,  
To bless thy truth the wanderer turns aside,  
And half forgets the ruins and his theme,  
O'er tales of ancient love to sigh and dream.

END OF PART I.

# RUINS OF MANY LANDS.

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## BOOK II.

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### THE CLASSIC ERA.

#### PART II.

FREEDOM! assassins take thy sacred name  
To hallow schemes of blood, and deeds of shame;  
In thy fair guise how oft hath raged Misrule,  
With all the fiends of foul Rebellion's school;  
Yet, in thine own true self, how glorious thou!  
The speaking soul of man's heav'n-lifted brow.  
Oh! beautiful thou look'st, through time's soft haze,  
Watching fair Græcia's shores in earlier days;  
Pointing with outstretched arm, o'er land and wave,  
To Honour's meed, or Glory's deathless grave;  
Rearing thy front all tyrants to defy,  
Smiles on thy face, yet lightning in thine eye;  
Thy realms the wide blue heavens, august and lone,  
The hills below, the footstool of thy throne.

Slow wending down Mendeli's caverned side,\*  
Whose milk-white rocks still yield their marble pride,

\* Formerly called Mount Pentelicus, famous for its marbles.



Ye see a plain where Freedom walks sublime,  
And Fame's bright iris spans the clouds of Time.  
There many a barrow lifts its turf-crowned head,  
And shattered pillars, half-sunk tombs are spread:  
There, circling near, the breezy mountains rise,  
Where waves the pine, the wind-rock'd eagle cries:  
Through drooping alders purls across the plain  
The bubbling brook, once choked with Persia's slain;  
And yonder, Ocean rolls his sounding surge,  
Hymning o'er Valour's grave a funeral dirge,  
And wafting there, in grief for perished years,  
The white salt spray, his never-failing tears.\*

And this is Marathon—a word that long  
Hath beamed on history's page, and thrilled in song,  
Hath fired each heart, round earth's wide circuit  
flown,  
And pealed in thunder o'er the tyrant's throne.  
Do we not, tracing slow this hallowed field,  
To Glory's shade a silent homage yield?  
Treading on heroes' dust where'er we turn,  
Doth not the pulse beat high, the spirit burn?  
Thou trembling slave! whose days are passed in tears,  
Gaze on this field of fame, renounce thy fears.

\* The plain of Marathon is about twenty-two miles north of Athens; it is bounded on three sides entirely by mountains, and on the south-east by the sea. The village of Marathon, consisting of a few poor houses, is occupied chiefly by Albanian peasants; it stands on the north-west corner of the plain, near a small stream (the Asopus of Ptolemy), which crosses the open ground, and falls into the sea a little above the marsh, into which, during the memorable battle, so many thousands of the Persians were driven.

Tyrants! whose strength is numbers—stoop your pride,  
Come and behold where Persia's myriads died.  
Ay, here they fell, who thought their wrath to wreak,  
And bind in chains the vanquished, prostrate Greek,  
But found brute force to nobler mind must bow,  
Valour, not glittering show, triumphant now.  
Dire was the rout, as mail-clad squadrons flew,  
Hope's sun went down, their fear to madness grew;  
The boasting shout, the trump that pierced the air,  
Were turned to yells and wailings of despair;  
Death o'er them shook his dart, and mocked their  
    woe,  
And grisly Pluto laughed for joy below.

They died—the victors, too, have passed away,  
But earth's enduring praise embalms their clay.  
To those who sleep in fame death brings no night,  
Above their tomb a sun for ever bright;  
Ne'er in the world of mind 'tis theirs to die—  
They speak from dust, and live in memory;  
Oh! shed no tear above their honoured grave,  
Their endless life the living e'en might crave.

Have not the mountains tongues, to yield applause  
For those who sank in Freedom's sacred cause?  
Do not the whispering winds their story tell?  
Doth not yon Nereid breathe it in her shell?—  
I stand beside the mound, the grass-grown heap,  
Where Freedom's martyrs, Athens' heroes sleep. (57)  
No urn or trophy envious ages show,  
No funeral cypress shades the dust below;

The wandering goat on yon green hillock feeds,  
The peasant carols by, and nothing heeds.  
But mark that marble pile—attentive trace  
Its smooth-hewn sides, and still unmouldered base.  
Column, and statue, years have long o'erthrown,  
But infant wild-flowers shade each aged stone;  
And here rests he, the chief of all that band,  
Freedom's bold champion, saviour of his land;  
Where'er earth's paths extend, or roll her seas,  
Thy name hath travelled, great Miltiades!\*

But Autumn's twilight falls; the quivering ray  
From Parnes' rock-crowned summit melts away,  
And giant shades, like errors doomed to gain  
On Truth's fair landscape, fall across the plain;  
The river dimly glides, old Ocean's wave  
Sounds with a deeper murmur from his cave:  
The eagle, wheeling to his inland peak,  
Sends from the fields of air a harsher shriek;  
The mound of buried slain—the Grecians' tomb,  
Grown indistinct, looks spectral in the gloom.  
Now might we deem, as slowly in the skies  
The jewelled planets ope their trembling eyes,  
The creed was true which taught that midnight stars  
Were heroes' spirits, on their burning cars:

\* Near the tomb of the Athenians, and answering to the description of Pausanias, stands the sepulchre of Miltiades. It is a square-based monument, the foundation being of Pentelic marble. Although the ancient ornaments are gone, the tomb itself seems to defy the ravages of time. Clarke gives the dimensions of the marble slabs of which it is composed; shrubs and flowers a few years since grew upon its summit.



Yes, ye far wanderers! shining from your spheres,  
Radiant as dreams, yet soft as Beauty's tears,  
Are ye not souls, from blue Elysium's bowers,  
Come forth to watch, and muse on mortal hours?  
Souls of the Grecian dead, down-gazing now  
On storied plain, and lonely mountain's brow:  
And as the slanting rays, so softly cast,  
Light up the scenes of deathless glory past,  
Fancy beholds your trooping forms descend,  
Glide by yon hills, or with the shadows blend,  
With noiseless footstep walk the shining wave,  
Or kneel in awe around your chieftain's grave.

But ere to Marathon we bid farewell,  
Fain would we view how Freedom's ancient spell  
E'en humbler men, the Attic peasant, fired,  
And nameless Worth for much-loved Greece expired.

Before his cabin on the olived height,  
A veteran stood, and armed him for the fight.  
Though lowly born, he felt the patriot's glow,  
Love for his country, hatred for her foe.  
Mildly his eye his weeping spouse surveyed,  
Then flashed with fire, as martial music played,  
Borne from the vale's green depths, the city's tower,  
Foretaste of battle's soul-inspiring hour.  
He raised his infant; playfully the child  
Grasped with small hand his helmet's crest, and  
smiled.

"Poor babe!" he sighed, "indulge thy guileless glee,  
Thou dream'st not what thy father's doom may be;

Yet if I fall—nay, Ina, dry that tear—  
A child of war this infant smiler rear;  
Teach him proud Asia's lords to scorn and hate,  
To worship Greece, and to avenge my fate."

He placed the babe among the flowers to play,  
As rosy, fresh, and beautiful as they,  
Clasped the beloved one to his swelling heart,  
And sighed, and felt how hard it was to part,  
Then, as the battle-trumpet sounded shrill,  
Drank her last tear and hurried down the hill.

The fight was o'er—the Persian host had fled,  
And quiet noon its glow on nature spread;  
No longer carnage stalked, or battle roared,  
But in each vale his song the throstle poured.  
Light airs blew fragrance from the orange bower,  
And honeyed bees winged blithe from flower to flower.  
Before his cabin, faint and bleeding now,  
The warrior leant, yet pride was on his brow.  
He welcomed death—for Greece his blood was shed!—  
Softer than down is Glory's gory bed.  
He gazed along the hills, and isle-gemmed wave,  
Heard Freedom whisper from each mount and cave,  
Then fixed his eye on those who sorrowed there,  
With looks of love, and bosoms of despair;  
E'en his child wondered, wept, and near him pressed,  
And strove to nestle on his bleeding breast.

"Farewell, sweet innocent!" the father cried;  
"I leave thee no high rank, no name of pride;

Yet, at some future hour, perchance thou'lt shed  
A grateful tear above my narrow bed,  
Nor all despise, though low his lot might be,  
The peasant-sire who died for Greece and thee.  
And thou, whose hand has decked life's path with  
flowers,  
Light of my youth, and pride of manhood's hours!  
Ina, though darkening years may onward sweep,  
Say, wilt thou still the soldier's memory keep?  
Think of my love, and happy days gone by?  
The blissful hope will soothe me as I die.  
Farewell! dark Hermes comes to guide my soul  
Across the gloom, where Stygian waters roll:  
Elysium waits my spirit—'Tis no dream;  
For thee, too, sweet, its starry glories beam;  
Oh! ours will be a bright, a happy doom,  
For we shall meet and love, beyond the tomb."

The soldier bent his head—his lip was still;  
The birds sang low, and hymned the mountain rill;  
And there in death's last trance the patriot lay,  
But when they deemed his soul had passed away,  
He reared his form, and seized his crimsoned blade,  
And Phyle's rocks, and Athens' towers surveyed,  
Waved o'er his head the reeking steel, and cried,  
While flashed his eyes their last of fire and pride:

"Greece! land of fame! once more I gaze on thee;  
The vaunting foe hath fled—thou'rt free! thou'rt free!  
Mingling with joy's loud trump, from far and near,  
The song of freedom greets my dying ear.



Oh! for a month, a day, of added life,  
To strike again, and join the glorious strife!  
Bear my land's standard on, and swell the cry—  
'Death to all tyrants! Greece and victory!'

He sank along the turf—life ebb'd away;  
Still in his feeble hand his falchion lay,  
Still on the hills around his eyes were cast,  
And, murmuring Freedom's name, he breathed his last.

From Marathon we turn, for bright Renown  
On other war-fields hangs her laurel crown:  
Leuctra of valour speaks; Plataea's plain  
Tells its red tale, nor thrills the world in vain:  
When summer breezes wave the untrodden grass,  
In lone Thermopylae's immortal pass,  
Swell not the shouts of Sparta's dauntless band,  
Who stood to die, but stood with sword in hand?  
Saw, without shrinking, Xerxes' vast array,  
Like stormy ocean, rolling on its way—  
Called on their country, pealed their signal horn,  
Whose farewell echoes through that dell were borne—  
Glow'd to the last with patriot love and pride,  
And sank, earth-lauded martyrs, side by side!

In Northern Greece, too, many a classic spot  
Hath starry memories ne'er to be forgot;  
And pleased, yet sad, the pilgrim muses o'er  
The sites of famous cities, now no more.  
As slow we trace our groping, thoughtful way,  
'Tis still to see Power's fall, and Art's decay,

To search and not to find, Destruction's wings  
Wearing to dust all fair and beauteous things!—  
Corinna! child of grace and witching song,  
To whom Love's zone, and Phœbus' lyre belong,  
As famed for numbers, as soft passion's sighs,  
For learning's triumphs, as for conquering eyes!  
The town that gave thee birth hath left no stone,  
Not e'en a grave—its very site unknown. (58)  
Thebes, whose proud towers, so fabling minstrels tell,  
Were raised by music's heaven-descended spell,  
Boasts yet faint lines of beauty, crowning still,  
'Mid cypress groves, her ancient rocky hill;  
But Pindar's house, which Pella's conqueror spared,  
When all beside his crushing vengeance shared,  
In vain we seek—neglect, time, scorn of fame,  
More surely ruin work, than sword or flame.\*

Plataea from yon lofty ridge looks down;  
Its tombs are there, its walls of old renown;  
But stay, Boeotian hind! who dost profane,  
With plough and spade, yon column-scattered plain,  
O'erturning walls thou marvel'st here should be,  
And breaking statues—worthless blocks to thee:  
Oh, Leuctra! Leuctra! such is now thy fate,  
Without a dweller, doomed and desolate!†

\* Every house in Thebes was demolished by Alexander the Great, except that of his favourite poet, Pindar—such is the respect which even conquerors have paid to genius.

† The plain of Leuctra is covered with the ruins of the ancient town, and the monuments which had been raised there in honour of the famous victory gained by Epaminondas over the Spartans. When Clarke passed over the plain, he observed some peasants removing

He who hath lived till years, on-creeping slow,  
Their shadowy twilight o'er life's landscape throw,  
From whose dim heart the dreams of earlier day,  
With all their hopes and raptures, fade away,—  
Let him yon cavern seek, where brightly still  
Trophonius pours his memory-waking rill,  
Drink, and renew the dying rays of truth,  
The joyous views of love-delighted youth.  
He who hath lived to drag a lengthening chain  
Of harrowing care, and heart-consuming pain,  
Whom musing thought appals, whose aching breast  
Sighs for one heaven—forgetfulness and rest,—  
Here let him come, for Lethe's sister-stream  
Glides, too, hard by, a cure for Memory's dream.  
Oh! Lethe, why o'er thee should cypress gloom?  
Thy tide might image gladness, not the tomb;  
Ay, many a heart would feel it bliss to be  
From thought cut off, from retrospection free;  
For who would cherish memory, when past years  
Are fraught with sighs, can yield us only tears?\*

Lo! where those pines nod darkly on the hill,  
And bounds to light yon silver-dancing rill!

fragments of columns, and rooting up foundations of temples, in order to clear the ground for sowing corn.

\* The oracular cave of Trophonius, near Lebadea, will be visited with extreme interest by the literary traveller. There still are seen the niches in the rock for the reception of votive offerings; and near the cavern issues the stream, abundant as in former days, called by Pausanias the waters of Lethe and Mnemosyne—that is, of Oblivion and Memory. The sacred grove, however, the temples, and statues, have long disappeared.



'Tis Helicon! the Muses' stream and grove,  
But there, alas! the Nine no longer rove:  
The flower-crowned sisters, with their forms of grace,  
To stern-browed monks have long resigned their place;  
The hoarse dull chant, the convent's hollow bell,  
Sound through the walks where lyres were wont to swell.  
Oh! false though Græcia's faith, her gods untrue,  
The heart must grieve that altered scene to view;  
Taste, Genius, Fancy, turn to days of yore,  
Sighing o'er dreams that charm the world no more.\*

But westward journeying slow by mount and stream,  
While nameless ruins through green foliage gleam;  
Treading old battle-fields where wild-flowers wave,  
And trees of ages shade the hero's grave;  
We reach a grander scene, a holier spot,  
Than mouldering town, or Heliconian grot:  
Mountain! where Desolation sits to twine  
Her haggard brow with flowers, and gadding vine,  
For ne'er she seemed so fair, so full of pride,  
As, glorious mount! upon thy living side;  
What though, Parnassus! sorrowing thou look'st down  
On mud-walled huts for Delphi's sacred town;†

\* The famous mountain of Helicon, in Bœotia, is now called Zagara. The grove, the ancient seat of the Muses, is occupied by the Greek convent of San Nicolo. Relics of old places of renown are scattered around the base of Helicon, but no spot retains, perhaps, its original features, except the fountain of Aganippe, which bursts out below the convent, and joins the little river Parmessus; the monks have built an arch of stone above the well. The fountain of Hippocrene is two miles higher up the mountain.

† The little village of Castri now occupies part of the site of ancient Delphi.

Though stands no pillar now of Phœbus' fane,  
And each bright haunt hath long in darkness lain;  
Though dreary silence, save when thunders swell,  
For ever hushes Pythia's awful cell;  
Yet grandly beautiful thou towerest still  
Above each wreck, defying change and ill.  
The green pines bending o'er thy mossy rocks,  
The fearful hollows cleft by earthquake-shocks;  
Torrents that leap and gush through laurel bowers,  
Or fall from crag to crag, in diamond showers;  
Groves half-way up, by sky-born breezes fann'd,  
Where ripening clusters tempt the trav'ler's hand;  
Thy peak of snow so purely, softly bright,  
To gain whose summit tasks the eagle's flight,  
Where he may sit, his weary journey done,  
Behold half Greece, and gaze upon the sun—  
Oh! these, Parnassus! know no dark decay,  
These, Nature's glories, have not passed away! (59)

Famed mount! that bards have hailed in every age,  
And myriads sought! th' enthusiast, and the sage,  
Dear art thou to youth's dreams, a haunted scene,  
In beauty wild, in majesty serene.  
Thy darkly-waving wood, and murmuring spring,  
A thousand rich and classic memories bring;  
And precious relics, hallowing still the spot,  
Live on thy side, and gleam in bower and grot.  
Where'er we turn, remains of marble shrines  
Peep through brown moss, or lie 'neath mantling vines;  
Caves hewn from rock the fretted niche display,  
And prostrate pillars choke the tangled way;

By Castri's huts theatric benches sweep,  
Where Greeks no more, but owls their revels keep,  
While thorns conceal the Muses' sparry bower,  
The robber's haunt at evening's shadowy hour. (60)

But yielding mystic interest ne'er to die,  
Charm of the scene, Castalia's fount draw nigh;  
That limpid spring, which years nor crush, nor dim,  
Still bubbling forth, o'erflows its basin's rim;  
The temple falls, the gods forsake their cave,  
Empires decay, but lo! that gushing wave!—  
Peace-breathing spot! the tall rocks frown above,  
A fig-tree bends close by, as if in love,  
Chequering with shade the fountain's shining face,  
Where azure skies and jutting crags ye trace,  
While flowers, that hang their petals 'mid the calm,  
Rise banked in moss, and fill the air with balm.  
Drop—drop—soft-gurgling, forth the crystal flows,  
Its silvery whispers lulling to repose,  
Then forms a stream, whose pale blue waters creep  
Through trembling flags to join the neighbouring  
deep:

No scene to which enchantment e'er gave birth,  
In beauty rivalled this small spot of earth. (61)

'Twas here, while quaffing the celestial dew,  
Child of gay dreams, inspired the poet grew;  
'Twas here, before prophetic madness came,  
And stirred the Pythia's soul, and shook her frame,  
The lovely priestess bathed her radiant limb,  
While rang from rocks above the Delphian hymn.



Say, do bright fancies cheat our dazzled eyes,  
Or airy forms e'en now before us rise?  
There by the brink the Pythia musing stands,  
Fall to her feet her black hair's silky bands;  
Her arching, swan-like neck is forward leant,  
Her small heel raised, her eyes are downward bent,  
As fain she'd view her face in that smooth glass,  
Ere o'er the crystal envious zephyrs pass.  
Now in the bath her glowing form appears,  
Like a white lily steeped in morning's tears;  
The waters round her dance and sparkle bright,  
But 'tis from her they borrow all their light;  
Upward she springs, and showers of drops, like pearls,  
Fall from her neck, and loosely-waving curls.  
A name—it is the god's, perchance—she sighs,  
For love must never light those vestal eyes,  
In cold dim loneliness her heart must pine,  
Or only burn before Apollo's shrine.  
She leaves the fount, and handmaids wring her  
hair,  
Clothe her in white, and laurel-wreaths prepare;  
Priests lead her to the stately temple now,  
Religion's fervour brightening on her brow;  
There as the mist, entrancing, round her steals,  
The Delphic god his sacred will reveals,  
Futurity's dark portals backward roll,  
Prophetic gleamings bursting on her soul!  
Then pours the Oracle in passion given,  
And Beauty's lips seem touched by fire from Heaven—  
The Oracle which kings from empire hurled,  
Sent armies forth, and shook a subject world. (62)

Again along the sea, where Nature's face  
Smiles like a bride's, with fresh undying grace,  
Along the mid-land sea we urge our way—  
Smooth glides the bark by Attic cape and bay;  
Till wider spreads the deep unfathomed blue,  
And inland peaks, like spirits, melt from view.  
'Tis here, removed from all the crush and strife  
That stir the world, the wearying cares of life,  
We feel cut off from man, nor love the less  
The awful calm of Ocean's loneliness.  
'Tis here the soul hath time to think, to rest,  
And ponder on that world—the human breast.  
How vain our thousand aims, our struggles seem!  
Power a poor puppet—wealth an idle dream.  
We marvel passions e'er should lead astray,  
And fret, and wear life's few brief hours away.  
Charmed by the quiet, Memory wakes her spell,  
Unlocks Oblivion's gate and close-shut cell;  
Things long, long buried, burst the grave of years,  
And claim a smile, or prompt regretful tears.

Ye waves! in your unrest that murmur on,  
As ye sighed, heaved, a hundred ages gone!  
Are ye not earth's great heart which beats and throbs,  
Your calms Love's breath, your storms wild Passion's sobs?  
Gulfs, streams—the veins that circle far and wide,  
Bounding in might the rushing, living tide?—  
Unlike that heart, in which man puts his trust,  
The thing which beats an hour, then turns to dust,  
The pulse of Ocean shall not cease to play,  
Through all those azure veins, till Judgment-day!

The Isles of Greece are near, for fragrance flows  
More sweet and rich, with every breeze that blows:  
Yes, there they gleam, like bright eyes woke from sleep,  
Flowers dropped from heaven, or pearls that strew the  
deep.

Well gods to sojourn here might quit the skies;  
Well on those shores might sea-born Venus rise;  
Fancy would hail them, spite of crime and ill,  
And man the spoiler, blessed Edens still,  
Where ice-bound Winter withers not the bowers,  
And Spring and Summer reign, all beams and flowers.—  
By music-breathing wave, in viny dell,  
Here, wandering free, might Love delighted dwell;  
The heart, with one to cling to, casting all  
Those cares away which hold the world in thrall,  
Might taste, in fairy solitude like this,  
Elysian joy, nor sigh for higher bliss.  
But boast the isles no wreck of ancient days,  
To wake our rev'rence, or command our praise?  
Oh! yes, on marble hills, by crystal springs,  
Beauty her spell o'er many a ruin flings;  
'Round fluted columns pale-leaved lichens twine,  
Through thorns and dark rough oaks old temples  
shine;

But these, as furrowed brows and locks of grey  
Yield a stern grace to man's declining day,  
A nameless interest lend each mouldering pile,  
That awes yet charms, that mourns yet seems to smile.

Gazing on Zoster's high and rocky crest,  
And Argos' hills that fringe the distant West,



Ægina's temple stands; trees skirt the glade,  
And wrap the ruins in their solemn shade.  
What scenes of darkness in this spot have past!  
What sounds of fear have loaded midnight's blast!  
Here Jove's grand hymns were sung—here victims bled;  
Now coos the dove, the violet lifts her head;  
O'er prostrate shafts the harmless lizard crawls,  
And roses breathe perfume from crumbling walls:  
Thy memory, god of thunder! wakes no fear,  
But Peace her sister Beauty kisses here. (63)

Delos, that wandered floating on the waves,  
Her mountains trembling, vocal all her caves,  
Where sprang a god to life, and blazed a shrine  
Heaped with the wealth of kings, and deemed divine—\*  
Alas! what see we now? no gorgeous fane,  
No votive bark that ploughs the Summer main;  
The sacred groves, the Dryad-peopled bowers,  
The golden altars decked with fruits and flowers,—  
All, all are gone—a pillar crushed and lone,  
A few stained porphyry steps with weeds o'ergrown,  
Like some lorn remnant left from battle's hour,  
Alone remain to speak her pride and power.  
Against the barren rocks the wild waves beat,  
Each secret cove the pirate's dark retreat,  
And o'er the hills, like some god's parting sigh,  
Floats the lone seabird's shrill and mournful cry.

\* Delos, where Apollo and Diana were born, is represented, by a fiction of the poets, as moving on the waters. The Athenians despatched annually a sacred galley, called *Theoris*, with costly offerings to the Delian Apollo, and the festival held in the island every fifth year was one of the most celebrated in all Greece.

But Paros courts us to her shores, where gleam  
The marble steeps that drink the solar beam.  
Here Greece her pillars hewed, and sculptors sought  
Their milk-white stores on which their genius  
wrought:

Oh! dwells no Phidias now in all those isles,  
To carve again their daughters' sunny smiles?  
Wake into life Marpesus' matchless stone,  
Bind the fine form with Beauty's mystic zone,  
And make immortal all that else will fly,  
Like rainbow-dreams, or mists from morning's sky?\*

We cross the deep but narrow wave that shines  
'Tween marble Paros, and the isle of vines:  
Dear unto Bacchus fruitful Naxos still,  
The rich red grape impurpling every hill;  
E'en to each ruin vines and ivies cling,  
That wont to crown the Bromian god and king.†  
High rose his temple on yon sea-girt rock,  
Baffling for ages storm and earthquake's shock,

\* The mountain of Marpesus, in Paros, contains the celebrated quarries of marble; and there, at this day, are seen huge blocks half cut and abandoned by the ancient workmen. The four kinds of marble most esteemed by the old sculptors appear to have been those of Paros; Mount Pentelicus, near Athens; Naxos; and Luna, near Carrara, in Italy. The Pentelic marble was the whitest; the Parian of a finer texture, and hardening by exposure to the atmosphere, proved the most durable, and was also susceptible of the highest polish; hence the Medicean Venus, the Belvidere Apollo, the Laocoon, and other famous statues, are of Parian stone.

† Bacchus was peculiarly worshipped in the isle of Naxos. All the antiquities there, and every medal and gem, prove this.—*See Chandler and Clarke.*

And still a shattered remnant, wild as fair,  
Stands like the shade of Pleasure sorrowing there;  
At morn and noon that ruin gleams like snow,  
Poised o'er the sapphire wave that foams below;  
But when, from Western skies, the dying day  
Shoots through the ancient porch his crimson ray,  
Red flushing sculptured base, and lintel-stone,  
Long lines of light o'er trembling billows thrown,  
It seems some ruby-rock asunder riv'n,  
Or radiant gateway opening into heav'n. (64)

Yet Bacchus' shrine less prompts to pensive  
thought,  
Than yon small fount, with classic memories fraught.  
While woman's tears for faithless love shall flow,  
While hearts shall melt at tale of Beauty's woe,  
Naxos shall sigh o'er Ariadne's name,  
Its woods and valleys sacred to her fame.\*  
Where flags and lilies round yon fountain bloom,  
The maiden bent, and wept her bitter doom;  
Wild was her woe, yet blessings still she poured  
On the dear head of him her heart adored:  
Her coal-black tresses o'er her bosom fell,  
And fast her tears dropped sparkling in that well:  
Each pitying Naiad, gently hovering nigh,  
Breathed balm in vain, and echoed back her sigh:

\* "A fountain near the town (Naxos) is still considered by the inhabitants as the fountain of Ariadne, and is called by that name."  
—*Clarke's Travels*. The story of Ariadne, daughter of Minos, king of Crete, beloved by Theseus, and whom she rescued from the Cretan labyrinth, only to be cruelly deserted by him in the island of Naxos, will be familiar to most readers.



More sad the plane-trees whispered on the steep;  
E'en marble statues seemed her fate to weep;  
More dense its shade the aspen round her cast;  
The bright rill murmured sorrow as it pass'd;  
The maiden's woe all nature seemed to share,  
Yet failed to soothe her spirit's deep despair.

Icaria's rocks, and Lemnos' fruitful shores,  
For classic relics, vain the eye explores:  
Though Tenedos still looks on Troy's famed fields,  
No ancient trophy vale or mountain yields.  
Luxurious Lesbos only memory keeps  
Of towns in dust, and graves where genius sleeps,  
Boasts of the bard\* who strung her far-famed lyre,  
Of Sappho's sweetness, and Alcæus' fire;  
Sappho, who proved how warm, how deep, Love's spell  
In youthful hearts of olden days could dwell;  
How, spite of frenzy, still could sweetly flow  
Harmonious numbers, wrung from harshest woe,  
And how weak woman dared for love to die,  
And sell her bliss below, her hope on high.

Soft Chios, too, the Paradise of vines,  
Where blooms the fig, the golden citron shines,  
Whose rocks are clothed with myrtles, and whose vales  
Are full of streams, gay flowers, and nightingales,—  
Chios with no fine wreck the eye beguiles,  
Gone are her tombs and fair Ionic piles;  
Yet what may thrill the heart like Homer's cave,  
The haunted grot beside the sounding wave?

\* Terpander, who added three strings to the lyre.

Where the blind bard his harp at eve-tide rung,  
Or 'mid the storm his wilder battles sung,  
Gave to eternal fame the Trojan shore,  
And charmed the admiring world for evermore.\*

Hail! Samos, leagued with Egypt's early kings,  
Where Wealth and Commerce spread their purple  
wings,  
Thy ruined mart yet decks the airy hill,  
Walls cased in marble, turrets stately still. (65)  
Lo! where the bird that steals the rainbow dyes  
Spreads his rich plume, alive with thousand eyes!  
He stands where stood his mistress' gorgeous fane;†  
Cornice and broken column strew the plain;  
Ah! close thy wings, gay bird! thy pride must bow,  
For what of Juno recks the Samian now?—  
Here taught that sage, who drew from Egypt's lore  
Myst'ries that dazzled, hopes unknown before,‡  
Read Nature's laws, and traced the soul's bright course,  
Though errant long, to one Eternal Source,  
Caught from Truth's radiant planet partial gleams,  
Sublime in error, beautiful in dreams.

We pass dark Patmos, with its convent bells;  
Sweet from the echoing rocks that music swells,

\* We are told that seven cities or districts disputed the right to be called the birthplace of Homer. There is no doubt that he passed much of his time in the island of Chios (the modern Scio), but it is now believed by many, that he was an Asiatic Greek, having been born at Smyrna.

† The peacock was sacred to Juno.

‡ Pythagoras, to whom allusion has been already made.

Yet faint and dying oft, as breezes sweep;  
Sure some young Nereid sighs along the deep;  
Or from yon cave, where he, the rapt one, lay,  
While on his spirit burst eternal day,  
Celestial harpings steal o'er Ocean's breast,  
Angelic forms still haunting place so blest.\*  
Yet Patmos, not when heaven smiles calm and  
    bright,  
Its wild and holy shore should meet our sight,  
But when, with sable wing, black midnight broods  
O'er hollow vales, and mountain solitudes,  
And grave-like stillness rests on flower and tree,  
And spectral shadows fall across the sea,—  
Then might we think the awful form of him,  
The dreaming prophet, walks those mountains dim,  
Leans on yon rocks, with calm, far-glancing eye,  
Scanning the gulf of dread futurity;  
Or when the storm's strong spirit mounts his car,  
And his loud thunder-trumpet peals afar,  
And like bright swords unsheathing, or the glare  
Of demon eyes, fierce lightnings fill the air,  
That man of visions well might seem to rise,  
And stretch his hand toward those fearful skies,  
Call forth again mysterious, awful things,  
That tell the doom of nations, fall of kings,  
While nameless shapes around heaven's cope career,  
That blast the eye, and freeze the heart with fear—

\* The Greek convents in Patmos and Naxos are famous for their bells. The cave, called the Holy Grotto, in which St. John is said to have written the Apocalypse, is still shown at Patmos, at a short distance from the great monastery which bears his name.



Winged lions, dragons, phantoms in their shrouds,  
And airy spirits talking from the clouds—  
Phials of wrath poured out for man's red crimes,  
And plagues with withering breath for after times,  
Death on his horse, and swords which wave and  
gleam,  
And all the terrors of that wondrous dream.

Isle of Apelles! Cos, the rich, the fair!  
While Time thy granite city deigns to spare,  
Lives not one piece of all thy painter drew?  
Phryne's fine form, Campaspa's eyes of blue?  
Is Philip dust?—doth Venus glow no more,  
Wafted by nymphs to Cyprus' myrtled shore?\*

Alas! thy master's heaven-descended art  
Hath left no trace—so brightest things depart:  
Apelles' works have shrunk into a name,  
An idle echo, voiced by doubtful fame;  
But Julis' wrecks still line the storied strand,  
And speak this hour of all that's fair and grand.  
The massive walls, the pillars of yon shrine,  
Breathe Titan strength, yet grace in every line;  
High on the ridge, that ocean breezes kiss,  
Gleams o'er the surge the bold Acropolis.

\* Apelles, the Raphael of classic times, was a native of the island of Cos, the modern Zia. He drew several portraits of King Philip of Macedon; but all his superb paintings were thrown into the shade by his Venus Anadyomene; it represented the birth of that goddess, at the moment when she is supposed to be rising from the waves, attended by all the marine deities. This picture, when three centuries old, and much decayed, was bought (says Pliny) by the Emperor Augustus.

No ruins rival these through Græcia's isles;  
They wear not frowns, but Beauty's softest smiles.  
It seems as though that sage who here had birth,\*  
The mighty healer, once renowned through earth,  
Had breathed a spell on Julis' towers of grey,  
Strengthening their strength, arresting e'en decay. (66)

Cos! famed of yore for black-eyed loveliest maids,  
Who walked in white, their hair in silken braids,†  
As now the summer sunlight glistening falls  
On grass-grown streets, and sites of royal halls,  
Full many a glowing form to Fancy's eye  
Leans in the shade, or graceful wanders by;  
The thin gauze veil, a cloud around her thrown,  
Reveals a brow—such Phidias carved in stone—  
A dimpling cheek, a sweet vermilion lip,  
Where warm Anacreon's bee might nectar sip;  
Blue is her girdle, loose her jetty curls  
Fall o'er her arms, bedecked with costly pearls.  
And thus she moves, her beauty shedding light,  
Than morn's more soft, than eve's more purely bright,—  
All that bards, sculptors, dream of forms above,  
A thing of grace, of poetry, and love.

'Twere long to tell where other islets lie,  
Strewn with the scanty spoils of years gone by.  
From rock-bound Scyros whitening o'er the waves,  
Volcanic Hydra's robber-haunted caves;

\* Hippocrates, the physician.

† Ovid describes the women of Cos as peculiarly handsome, and says that they always dressed in white.

From fruitful Rhodes, whose red-cheeked, favourite  
flower  
Still scents the gale, and blushes in each bower,\*  
To where the deeply-blue and freshening seas  
Make music round the clustering Sporades;  
E'en to far Crete, and Cyprus, once the home  
Of her, th' immortal, born of Ocean's foam;†  
Genius and ancient Glory watch above  
These their own realms, the sunny isles they love;  
While star-eyed Beauty follows in their track,  
And musing Memory sighs, and oft looks back,  
Shedding her pale, immortalising ray,  
On all that Ruin dooms to dark decay.

Lo! Asia's mountains, towering through the  
haze,  
Catch the far Eastern beam, and fix our gaze;  
And Helle rolls its wave along that shore  
Where the bright torch of Hero blazed of yore;  
But vain its light, for true love perished there—  
Hark to her cry of anguish and despair!  
That tale of fervid passion liveth still,  
Though Hero's tomb has mouldered on the hill,  
And nought remains of Sestos' lonely tower,  
To mark the lovers' rapture-breathing bower:  
Such is the deep, undying charm that clings  
To all which touches feeling's mystic springs.

\* Rhodes is said to have derived its name from the Greek word *rhodon*, a rose, abundance of beautiful roses being found in every part of the island.

† Venus.



But where Sigeum rears his craggy brow,  
As wild a spell as Love's is burning now.  
With thrilling heart the silent plain we tread,  
Where kings have met, and battling thousands  
bled;  
Field of old Troy, which song hath crowned with  
fame,  
Age after age still kindling at your name,  
Though billowy time hath swept, like sand, away  
Strong wall and fortress, shrine and column grey,  
And scarce a stone points out where Ilion rose,  
Pride of her sons, and terror of her foes, (67)  
Doth not a living spirit breathe around,  
Haunt every grove, and speak from every mound?  
Is it a fancy?—walks not Venus still  
On yon bright cloud, o'er Ida's palmy hill?  
Guards not the Dardan king his old domain?  
Move not the ghosts of heroes o'er the plain?  
Oh! yes, this lone and silent desert teems  
With radiant forms, the shades of deathless dreams:  
In vain oblivious ages bring their night,  
The stars of glory shed unfading light.

Where'er we turn, or cast the thoughtful eye,  
Some memory starts, some form is sweeping by.  
We live in other days, 'mong other men,  
And fancy views all war's dread pomp again:  
The Grecian ships, like white swans, crowd the bay,\*  
And moony bucklers flash a living ray.

\* The coast between the Sigeon and Rhætean promontories was the naval station of the Greeks during the ten years' siege.

Circling doomed Troy, up springs a wood of spears,  
Their points like stars just fallen from their spheres.  
Loud rise the shouts, and thrills the trumpet's blast,  
And brazen chariots fly like whirlwinds past.  
Here Hector falls a Sœa's blood-stained gate,  
And there Achilles vents his rage and hate,  
Dragging, unmindful of his own dark doom,  
His slaughtered foe around Patroclus' tomb.  
Fair Helen shines with all too fatal charms,  
Weeps her lost lord, and woos him to her arms. (68)  
High on the wall white-bearded Priam stands,  
Curses the Greek, and spreads to heaven his hands;  
And, as o'er Troy the rushing flames arise,  
Gild Helle's wave, and light the midnight skies,  
Shrieks of despair to Ida's mountains swell,  
And Freedom's trumpet sounds her last farewell.

But cease these fancies!—moonlight trembles now  
On Troy's wide plain, and Ida's lonely brow;  
To stir the myrtle's leaf there moves no breath:  
Nature seems wrapped in sleep, or hushed in death.  
And thou, small stream! more famed in poet's line  
Than mighty Amazon or castled Rhine—  
As if thy crystal wave ne'er ran with gore,  
Or grisly battle thundered on thy shore—  
Dost smile in peace, or sparkling whisper by,  
Soft as a sea-shell's plaint, or infant's sigh.  
The glow-worm is thy green bank's glittering guest;  
Stars—heaven's rich jewels—tremble on thy breast;  
The lily in some dream of love appears,  
Hangs o'er thy tide, and drops her amber tears:

Sure Venus watches yet her favourite rill,  
Or Naiads lave their bright limbs in thee still.\*  
Here as we lean on famed Sigeum's steep,  
Scan all the shore to Helle's dashing deep,  
Then eastward glance, till grey hills bound the  
view,  
Crowned with pale stars, and lost in ambient blue,  
What see we left of man's far-spreading reign?  
Nought, nought but death—*his* trophies still remain.  
Beneath our feet lies great Achilles' dust,  
But where the marble?—where the urn and bust?†  
On Rhætus' brow sleeps Ajax, he who poured  
His grief in rage, and perished on his sword.  
The mighty Hector, with his "beamy" spear,  
'Neath yon small knoll hath closed his fierce career.  
And other mounds, that mark the winding coast,  
Hold dust of heroes, Valour's pride and boast;  
Gods of an hour, that once filled earth with dread,  
How feeble grown! how lowly lies each head!  
The timid hare hath climbed the hillock's brow,  
E'en the poor glow-worm doth not fear them now.  
What is man's prowess, then—his pride—his might?  
A fragile reed, the meteor of a night!

\* While the Simois is completely dry in summer, the Scamander is a fair running stream. "Its channel," says Dellaway, "is narrow, but the current is transparent and regularly full."

† The Achilleum, or tomb of Achilles, a high mound of an irregular form, stands near Cape Sigeum. On the opposite promontory of Rhætus, or Rhæteum, is the monument of Ajax. Marc Antony removed the urn and ashes of Ajax into Egypt, but they were afterwards restored by Augustus, when, in all probability, the small structure which now crowns the mound was erected.



Amid the wrecks that strew Time's starless shore,  
The conqueror sinks, and power avails no more.

Thus we lament, weak heirs of slow decay,  
Deeds leave no trace, and glory cannot stay;  
That all which dazzles now, and fills the eye,  
Must melt like hues of gold from evening's sky.  
Ah! sad the thought to those who covet power,  
And honour seek, their all the present hour.  
Yet still doth spirit live, and genius fling  
Her heaven-born flowers that know no withering;  
Immortal fields! that boyhood pants to see,  
And age reveres, still looks the world on ye!  
Pillars may fall, the granite e'en decay,  
Nature may change, each trace be swept away,  
But tower-crowned Troy, her heroes and her fame,  
Shall live in song, eternal and the same,  
And pilgrims through all ages tread this ground,  
A spell in every stone, and heathy mound,  
Their spirits to that scene of silence chained,  
As if no spot more glorious, earth contained.

END OF PART II.

# RUINS OF MANY LANDS.

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## BOOK II.

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### THE CLASSIC ERA.

#### PART III.

SWEET Italy! the traveller turns to thee,  
Thou land of bloom, yet hoary majesty!  
Where Ruin's iron foot doth tread on flowers,  
And blood-stained murder prowls in Love's own  
    bowers;

Where every gale is balm, and sapphire skies  
Outmatch in softness all save Beauty's eyes:  
Oh! who can press thy myrtle-shaded strand, |  
Nor feel his fancy glow, his soul expand?  
Who breathe thy air of passion, who behold  
Thy daughters, formed in Love's divinest mould,  
Nor yield to thoughts of bliss!—nor, sighing, own  
The spell of sorcery round his spirit thrown?  
Thou art bright Beauty's haunt, howe'er we deem  
Thy splendour gone, thine old renown a dream—  
The land of valour, genius, deathless fame,  
Howe'er priests, tyrants, dim thy modern name.

Thou beam'st like night's last star above the hill,  
Half veiled by mists of earth, yet lovely still;  
And though we mourn thy faint and dying ray,  
We gaze admiring on, nor ask for day.

As thrills the exile's spirit when he hears  
Some song of glory loved in other years;  
As starts the battle steed, when peals afar,  
From marching bands, the well-known trump of war;  
So at Rome's name with swelling hearts we turn,  
While memories wake, and radiant fancies burn—  
A name which, like the thunder, yet sweet lyre,  
Awe while it melts, and fills the soul with fire.

Oh! Rome, whose steps of power were necks of  
kings!  
Europe, the earth, beneath her eagle's wings,  
How, like a thing divine, she ruled the world!  
Her finger lifted, thrones to dust were hurl'd:  
High o'er her site the goddess Victory flew,  
Mars waved his sword, and Fame her trumpet blew.  
What is she now?—a widow with bow'd head,  
Her empire vanished, and her heroes dead;  
Weeping she sits, a mute and dying thing,  
Beneath the yew, and years no solace bring:  
What is she now?—a dream of wonder past,  
A tombless skeleton, dark, lone, and vast,  
Whose heart of fire hath long, long ceased to burn,  
Whose ribs of marble e'en to dust return.  
Her shade alone, the ghost of ancient power,  
Wanders in gloom o'er shrine and crumbling tower,





Fort de la Vierge, vue de la mer.



Points with its shadowy hand to Cæsar's hall,  
Sighs beneath arches tottering to their fall,  
And glides down stately Tiber's rushing waves,  
That seem to wail through all their hoary caves.

The Capitol, where Jove's grand temple shone  
In massive strength, as ne'er to be o'erthrown,  
Slowly we climb; weeds, brambles, clothe the wall  
Down which brave Manlius hurled the fiery Gaul;  
Column, and roof of gold, and marble bust,  
Have left no trace, commingled with the dust;  
But there, for clashing shield and trumpet's sound,  
The whirring bat doth trace its airy round,  
And aged monks, at morn and twilight dim,  
Glide in black stoles, and chant their feeble hymn.\*  
Here the proud conqueror came, his warfare done,  
To thank Rome's guardian gods for victory won;  
Here Scipio trod, when set bright Carthage' star,  
And laurell'd Pompey drove his ivory car:  
To Jove's famed shrine great Tully raised his eye,  
And Manlius stretch'd his arms when doomed to  
die.†

\* The great temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, raised on a hundred steps, supported by innumerable pillars, and containing the "wealth and plunder of the world," has not left a single relic of its former grandeur. Its site is occupied by the church and convent of *Ara Cæli*.

† Cicero, more particularly in his orations against Cataline, was accustomed to raise his hands and eyes to the Capitol to increase the effect of his declamation; and the Romans, when they found Manlius deserving of death, were unable to pass sentence on him, while he continued to point at the Capitol which his valour had once saved.



But darker scenes this glorious mount hath shown;  
From yon high rock were hapless felons thrown;\*  
While in the towers which Servius reared below,  
Fell many a tear, rose many a plaint of woe;  
E'en now those mouldering dungeons meet the gaze,  
But closed the eyes that wept in other days;  
Culprit and judge Oblivion's pall sinks o'er,  
And the crushed hearts that bled, can break no more.†

Away these thoughts! though war, and fire, and  
storm,  
Have launched their lightnings o'er Rome's prostrate  
form,  
Renown, like some sweet rainbow, glitters still  
Above each time-worn arch and darkened hill;  
More grandeur lights her lone and ruined hour,  
Than other cities boast in pride of power.  
Gazing around, it is not grief we feel,  
Emotions high, ennobling, o'er us steal.  
What though in dust the Forum's arches lie,  
And evening winds through Jove's grey columns sigh;‡  
Though Nero's house that blazed on hill and plain,  
Where Asian luxury held her golden reign,

\* The famous Tarpeian rock is on the south side of the Capitol, but its elevation now, owing to the accumulation of fallen buildings, does not exceed sixty feet.

† The Mamertine and Tullian prisons, built or enlarged by Servius Tullius, 500 years before Christ, stood near the base of the hill, and some of the walls and vaults remain at this day.

‡ The three solitary but beautiful Corinthian columns which stand between the Capitol and the Forum, belonged to the temple of Jupiter Tonans, built by Augustus.

Boasts but a vault, a few dark rifted walls,  
On which the long grass waves, the beetle crawls; \*  
Though Hadrian's tomb a fort ye now behold, †  
And cannon roars where sighed the dirge of old;  
Though Titus' baths are hid by creeping vines,  
And Trojan's form of bronze no longer shines; (69)  
While in the halls where music breathed her spell,  
The raven croaks, and owls and foxes dwell, — ‡  
Fancy, with plastic skill, can quick repair  
Each perished scene, and light a glory there,  
Palace the lonely mount, and rear the shrine,  
And make long-fallen Rome again divine.

Then, too, the very ruins charm the gaze;  
We scarce lament Rome's prouder, mightier days.  
A sweet majestic sadness breathes around,  
Shadows each wreck, and hallows e'en the ground.  
When sinks the garish sun, and, calm and high,  
The moon's white orb ascends the pathless sky,  
How grandly solemn spreads the scene beneath!  
Soft as a vision, still and fair as death.  
Trajan's high column peering through the gloom,  
The lonely Cælian, crowned with fane and tomb;  
The myrtle bowers that clothe the Pincian hill,  
Where statues, founts, and odours linger still; ||

\* The *Aurea Domus*, or golden house of Nero, covered the Palatine, and occupied the small valley between that mount, the Cælian, and the Esquiline.

† Castle of S. Angelo.

‡ In the baths of Caracalla, on the Aventine, there was an *odeum* for music: these *thermæ* present ruins of a surprising extent, but are entirely stripped of their marbles and other ornaments.

|| The Pincian Mount, the *Collis Hortulorum*, or Hill of Gardens,

The domed Pantheon, with its walls of white,  
As built by gods to grace Olympus' height; (70)  
Vesta's fair shrine, near Tiber's winding tide,  
Rich in its Parian pillars' fluted pride;\*  
The arch of Titus, worn by circling years,  
Telling of Salem's fall, of Salem's tears,—†  
All catch the silvery beams that shower below,  
Smile as they sleep, and soften as they glow;  
All prompt to thought, and charm the gazer's  
glance,  
Till, spell-bound there, he bends in rapture's trance,  
And half forgets that Ruin rolls his wave,  
And Death keeps watch above an empire's grave! (71)

To those of soaring mind and thoughtful mood,  
The populous city seems a solitude;  
The stars are their companions, and the waves  
For them make music, harping in their caves;  
The mountain is their altar, where they kneel  
Alone with God, and no false fervour feel,  
Sighing for purity, and truth, and light,  
Mingling their spirits with the infinite.

was the favourite retreat of Pompey and Sallust; and at this day it is adorned with villas, and planted with trees and flowers.

\* Nineteen fluted Corinthian pillars of Parian marble remain of the circular temple of Vesta.

† The beautiful arch of Titus was raised in commemoration of his conquest of Jerusalem. It is of Pentelic marble, and highly decorated. On the sides of the piers are bas reliefs illustrative of the triumph of Titus; the sacred trumpets, the golden candlesticks, and other Jewish insignia, are faithfully represented. This single arch stands not far from that of Constantine, in the neighbourhood of the Colosseum.



Such here may come,—oh, Rome! and find in thee  
All that they love, and bend the lowly knee  
On those bald ruined hills that never more  
Shall send their thunder to each distant shore;  
Yet, ah! not lonely—voiceless piles may lie  
Dark wrecks around them, and the thistle sigh  
On walls laid bare to rain and searching blast,  
They live intensely with the peopled past.  
What is the present?—while we speak 'tis gone,  
The future to be present hurrying on,  
And that, too, comes, then swiftly disappears,  
A time-drop melting in the sea of years.  
Draw hither, learn a lesson, reckless man!  
Hate not thy kind, nor mourn life's little span,  
But in dim, mouldering, tottering Rome, survey  
A leaf from Empire's tree half torn away;  
The winds of Autumn whistle—sear and dry  
The once green leaflet, quivering, hangs on high;  
Below, ne'er resting, Time's swift currents glide,—  
When will it drop in that insatiate tide?  
But ne'er despond, young boughs the tree doth  
bear,  
And other leaves sprout forth, all fresh and fair.  
Rome dies in Italy, but brighter still  
To rise elsewhere, and Heaven's design fulfil:  
Beyond the Alps, beyond the waves that foam  
Round Albion's cliffs, her eagle finds his home,  
E'en sits where cloud-robed mountains tower afar,  
And vast lakes spread beneath the Western star,  
While Wisdom smiles—Art, Science, have their birth,  
Unknown to Rome, when swaying half the earth.

The Forum, glory of departed time!  
Where temples dazzled, arches rose sublime,  
And statues burned with life—what see we now?  
Stones, fragments, dust—yet pride is loath to bow;  
A few pale columns point to what hath been,  
The last, lone, sorrowing orphans of the scene,  
And mouldered walls, fair marbles, ages' spoil,  
Reluctant mingle with the meaner soil:  
Still Phocas' pillar struggles with decay,  
And thy bold arch, Severus, spans the way;  
But gone the car, and lightning-breathing steed,  
And where an emperor stood, now waves the weed;  
No more along the Forum's stately side  
The thoughtful sage sweeps by in toga'd pride,  
Or hear we, from the platform's glittering beak,  
The fiery orator in thunder speak;\*  
But there the herdsman leans, and sheep and swine  
Pollute the once rich path, and radiant shrine:  
Cæsar, Augustus, Tully! gaze ye here,  
Frown from the grave, and drop th' indignant tear. (72)

Turn, pensive muser, down the Appian way,  
And if thou lov'st to mourn departed clay,  
There may'st thou sigh in truth, for dreary miles  
The cypress bends o'er Death's fast mouldering piles;  
There, too, descend, and by pale torch-light tread  
The winding vaults of Rome's unnumbered dead,

\* The place whence the orators declaimed in the Forum Romanum was a platform raised on arches, and they ascended to it by a flight of steps; it was called the rostra, from the brazen beaks of ships taken in battle having been affixed to the front of it.

Where early Christians from their foes withdrew,  
Dropped Sorrow's tear, yet holy rapture knew.  
Mysterious catacombs! a world below,  
More calm than ours, with less perchance of woe,  
The silent citizens for ever there  
Freed from turmoil, hard want, and harrowing care;  
Ambition's phantom glides not through those caves,  
But angels watch a myriad martyrs' graves. (73)

West of the Appian way, near Ostia's gate,\*  
O'erlooking fields wild, waste, and desolate,  
There stands a funeral pillar, fair and lone,  
Springing aloft from slabs of massy stone,  
Its strong-built sides with polished marble graced,  
Nor hath the proud inscription Time effaced.  
Enter yon doór—it breathes no air of gloom,  
For Art's bright triumphs beautify that tomb.  
Rich arabesques the wall, the ceiling, fill,  
And glows each colour, softly brilliant still;  
And here sleeps one whose mem'ry long had died,  
Save for this guarding sepulchre of pride.  
Yes, Cestius, not like Scipio, whose great name  
On yon bowed ruin sheds the light of fame,†  
Thou ow'st to this fair tomb what gazers say—  
Cestius lived, boasted wealth in former day,

\* Now Porta S. Paola.

† The tomb of Scipio is situated between the Via Appia and the Via Latina, about a mile east of the pyramid of Caius Cestius described above. It consists of several chambers cut out of the tufa rock. A beautiful sarcophagus was found in one of these rooms, and is now in the Vatican. Further down, on the Via Appia, is seen the elegant circular tomb of Cæcilia Metella, the wife of Crassus.



Walked with proud step, or bore the rod of power,  
A little god in splendour's fleeting hour,  
Then passed from earth, and left no trace behind,—  
His name engraven here is all we find. (74)

What spot beyond this pyramid is seen,  
Marked with rude stones, and many a mound of green?  
A modern burial-ground where strangers sleep,  
No friend to deck their graves, no eye to weep.\*  
Here do they rest, their clay commixed below  
With those who died two thousand years ago;  
Leaves fall in Autumn—generations pass,  
The living can but mourn, and sigh—alas!  
And here he slumbers, England's gifted son,  
Whose star went out ere half its course was run,  
Who framed a world of hopes, and sky-born dreams,  
By virtues peopled, lit by Love's bright beams,  
Called forms of glory up, and lived anew,  
'Mid the fair shapes his golden fancy drew!  
But ah! the mark of scorn which loves to blight,  
And turn to darkness genius' heavenly light,  
He saw his fabric crushed, his dreams depart,  
And o'er his lyre of sweetness broke his heart.†

But thou who sleep'st beside thy rival here,  
Claiming, like him, the pensive pilgrim's tear,

\* This small cemetery is called the Protestant burial-ground.

† Keats, the author of "Endymion," "Hyperion," and other poetic fragments, died at Rome in 1821, being in his twenty-fifth year. He was buried in the Protestant burial-ground, near the pyramid of Cestius.

Did'st bend not to the world—thy firmer mind  
Recked not sharp censure, but defied mankind.  
Dark doubter! who didst cast on all things gloom,  
Seeing no peace, no hope, but in the tomb,  
And branding kings as tyrants, men as foes,  
Dazzling in error, charming in thy woes,—  
Yes, mystic Shelley! thou didst burn afar,  
In mind's wide heav'n a bright yet baleful star:  
Ah! why cut off from hope Man's foundering bark?  
Why make his doom of sadness doubly dark?  
Yet spite of sombre thought, and cheerless creed,  
Thy soul was pure, and aimed at virtuous deed;  
To thee the child of Want ne'er sighed in vain,  
Thy generous heart still bled at others' pain;  
Heav'n, not ourselves, must judge thee—rest in peace!  
Thou tread'st the shore where doubts and conflicts cease;  
Green grows the turf above thy narrow bed,  
There morn's first smiles, and eve's last beams are shed,  
Spring's earliest flowers in virgin beauty blow,  
And the soft night-bird pours his strain of woe.\*

But see! Vespasian's fabric yonder stands,†  
That looks too vast for work of mortal hands;  
How the huge pile, in day's declining light,  
Frowns on the sky, and grows upon the sight!

\* Percy Bysshe Shelley was drowned by the upsetting of a pleasure-boat in the gulf of Spezzia, in July, 1822; his remains were burnt on the sea-shore, and the ashes being collected, were conveyed to Rome, and interred close by the grave of his friend Keats.

† The Colosseum.

In broken masses giant shadows fall,  
From hanging cornice, pier, and circling wall;  
The countless arches, opening in the gloom,  
Seem ghostly doorways to some Titan's tomb.  
As labouring, slow, we grope our glimmering way  
Through sounding gall'ries, arcades lorn and grey,  
Totter o'er prostrate pillars, musing tread  
The arena's space, with marble fragments spread,  
How thoughts on thoughts, like waves, o'ersweep the  
heart!

What dreams arise, what airy phantoms start!

Here, on the massive podium, let me lean;\*  
No longer stern or silent is the scene;  
Roll back time's wheel—hark! ancient spirits call—  
From buried ages lift the shadowy pall!  
Hero and sage, from death's cold marble rise!  
And, Beauty, smile again with love-bright eyes!  
Crowd, crowd the circling benches—tier on tier—  
Prince, freedman, slave—half Rome is gathered here.  
Than yon vast throng, less numerous seem to be  
Leaves in the forest, billows on the sea;  
And their deep hum is like the winds that creep,  
Their shouts like Ocean's voice, when tempests sweep.

What sight to-day attracts the eager crowd?  
A scene that meek-souled Mercy fain would shroud—

\* The podium is a strong protecting wall which runs around the whole arena. The benches above the podium were considered the place of honour, and here sat the emperor, the senators, and most distinguished men. The women, except those of high rank, and the vestal virgins, occupied the galleries.



A scene that pleases well an Emperor's eye,  
O'er which e'en Rome's fair daughters heave no sigh.  
See! where that old man stands—he stoops to pray;  
His brow is ploughed by years, his locks are grey;  
A chief of Britain, doomed for Christ's pure creed  
Not on the pile to burn, the block to bleed,  
But with a tiger combat!—spear and shield,  
In those old hands, a small defence may yield;  
And yet to life unconquered instincts cling;  
He stands erect, and glances round the ring,  
Then droops his eye, which mirrors mournful thought,  
Scenes of past days to busy fancy brought;  
His happy boyhood, gay aspiring youth,  
When earth smiled round him, and each heart seemed  
truth;

His native vale, old elms, and bee-loved bowers,  
Voices that sing, white hands that gather flowers,  
And brawling brooks from rock to rock that leap,  
And British meadows dotted thick with sheep—  
All, all the nameless charms that hallow home,  
From which, though feet may wander, hearts ne'er  
roam,

Entrance his mind, chase thoughts of coming doom,  
And yield sad rapture as he nears the tomb.  
Well may he mourn, for never, never more,  
He'll view those skies, or tread that dear, loved  
shore,

Or worship God on hills where childhood played,  
Or teach his offspring 'neath the broad oak's shade,  
Dragged to a foreign soil, to perish here,  
Where none will tomb his bones, or drop a tear.

But now the Briton starts—those pictures flee,  
And dreams give place to stern reality;  
He fears not death, yet life possesses still  
Charms that attract, sweet hopes his heart to fill.  
The den is opened; fiery eye-balls glare;  
A long wild roar—the tiger bounds in air,  
Then crouches watchful, growling fierce and low—  
In that dread pause how bosoms beat and glow!  
The chief his foot plants firmly on the sand;  
His eye is fixed—his spear is in his hand;  
The tiger comes—the steel has struck his side!  
Bursts his loud howl, and spouts the purple tide,  
And up to heav'n ten thousand plaudits swell,  
That man of iron nerve hath fought so well.  
And yet 'tis vain; swift rallying from the blow,  
Mad with his wound, the tiger gripes his foe:  
Once more the Briton drives his crimsoned spear;  
The talons rend—the fangs are glist'ning near;  
A yell of pain—a human groan and sigh,  
And man and brute alike sink down to die!

Such, boast of Rome! that pile august and vast!  
Such were the scenes it saw in ages past—  
A den of slaughter, yet a throne of pride,  
Where Mirth and Agony walked side by side!  
The Cæsar's pomp, the throng, the pageant bright,  
Valour's proud crest, and beauty's eyes of light,  
What are they now?—the relics of a dream,  
Long scattered wrecks engulfed in Lethe's stream.  
See! o'er the bench where queens and emperors sate,  
The ivy hangs its crown to mock their state;

Where shouts arose, and trumpets rent the sky,  
Ye hear the beetle's hum, the wind's low sigh;  
By yon bowed column hoary Ruin sits,  
Through crumbling arches dim Oblivion flits;  
Time, with his glass, leans o'er yon granite wall,  
And counts the hours when e'en those stones shall  
fall.

Dark mouldering pile! the scene that meets us here  
May teach a moral, while it wakes a tear;  
All that man's grosser powers design, or raise,  
Bears dissolution's germ, and falls—decays;  
But that which wisdom rears, the works of soul  
Shall gather lustre still, as ages roll,  
Instruct, delight, and prompt to deeds sublime,  
Live o'er the wrecks of earth, and mock at time. (75)

Queen of the ancient world! fall'n Rome, adieu!  
As to a mother, Sorrow turns to you,  
For ah! she loves the aspect thou dost wear,  
So sad, yet solemn—desolate, yet fair!  
Campagna's far-spread plains before us lie,  
Not yet the summer gales waft poison by,\*  
But trees wave greenly on the Alban hill,  
And health is gushing in the moss-fringed rill:  
At Tusculum, where Tully mused, along  
The Sabine vales, where Horace weaved his song,  
The birds sing blithe, the wether shakes his bells,  
And Youth his tale to blushing Beauty tells.

\* During the prevalence of the *Malaria* in the hot summer months, the Campagna is almost deserted; but in the winter and spring it is nearly as healthy as any district in Italy.



But Tibur courts us, where Spring's first-born flowers  
Impearl the steep, and deck the valley's bowers;\*  
And Nature paints with freshest, greenest dyes,  
The hanging woods, and spreads her bluest skies;  
Where mount, grot, ruin, other days recall,  
And genius haunts the Anio's silver fall.  
Here, in Rome's palmy time, from Summer's heat,  
Her sons retired to many a cool retreat:  
Statesmen and chiefs forgot Ambition's dreams,  
To muse in groves, and sit by babbling streams,  
Renounced awhile a jarring world's alarms,  
And wooed, with softened spirits, Nature's charms.

But gone are Tibur's palaces of pride,  
Where Sculpture triumphed, Art with Pleasure vied.  
Hadrian's grand villa once yon mountain crown'd,  
All gorgeous things, all beauties, there were found;  
Arched galleries spread, proud columns rose on high,  
Gilt chambers blazed, and statues charmed the eye:  
Dark now the scene, soft luxury's reign is o'er,  
And ruin frowns where smiled each grace before,  
Rich frieze, and sculptured porch, and cornice-stone,  
Blent in one crumbling mass, and prostrate thrown.†

\* Tibur, the modern Tivoli, is about sixteen miles north-east of Rome. The old territory of Tibur extended along the banks of the Anio (now Teverone), and several miles around the city, including some of the finest scenes of that locality.

† Extensive remains of what was the magnificent villa of Hadrian are still seen on a hill near Tivoli. The emperor, after having travelled over the whole of his dominions, is said to have designed this villa as a concentration or a blending of all architectural beauties, and gathered within its walls the finest specimens then extant of Greek and Roman art. Tibur was very celebrated as the

The porphyry pillars, too, by Anio's stream,  
That proud Vopiscus reared, no longer gleam :  
Fall'n is Mæcenas' home on Tibur's side,—  
The seat of Horace ferns and thistles hide.  
Where others dwelt, on mount, in classic dell,  
No stone remains, no memory lives to tell.

Oh! Time, with iron foot and crushing hand,  
Hath walked in triumph o'er this lovely land;  
Man's proudest works to dust his arm hath hurled,  
King of the past! and conqueror of the world!  
Yet hath he spared one relic taste endears,  
One beauteous pearl beneath the sea of years.  
Sweet temple! shining on yon bank afar,  
Fair as in heaven some singly-glittering star!  
For thou alone remain'st to charm the gaze,  
A radiant dream of long-departed days.  
High on the rock thy slender columns glow,  
The flashing cascade sounding far below,  
Thy hue as fresh, thy pillared form as fine  
As when the Sibyl murmured from thy shrine;  
Age hath not stooped to wither, but caress,  
And wreath a glory round thy loveliness!\*

favourite resort of literary men, and the spot where the patricians and those Romans who possessed wealth erected their country seats; the most famous of these mansions, after Hadrian's, were the villas of Mæcenas, Marius, Scipio Æmilianus, Virgil, Catullus, Vopiscus, and Horace.

\* Some antiquaries are inclined to believe that the finely-preserved Corinthian temple, commonly called the temple of the Sibyl, was dedicated to the goddess Vesta. Its circular form seems to favour their opinion, but the site of the shrine of the Sibyl, at Tibur, whose

'Twas here, through leafy woods, the Dryad's home,  
That he who built yon fabric loved to roam;\*  
Mecænas, too, and Marius, paced along,  
And tuneful Virgil dreamed his deathless song.  
Do not e'en now their spirits haunt the spot,  
Glide through the temple, whisper from the grot,  
And sigh above the wrecks on Tibur's hill,  
The scenes they loved in life enchanting still?  
Here on this mound, beside the rushing stream,  
By plane-trees screened from noontide's scorching  
beam,  
How sweet to rest, and link thought's subtile chain,  
While fairy visions crowd the musing brain!  
But not the Sibyl, with her proud dark brow,  
Nor bard, nor hero, flits before me now;  
Where pour the waters down yon dizzy height,  
Like sheet of diamonds, or a flash of light,  
Close by the brink a form of beauty stands,  
With rounded limb, white neck, and lily hands;  
Bright as Hope's beamings shine her soft black eyes,  
Her cheek of roses rich as morning's skies:  
An iris, glittering through the pearly mist,  
Plays o'er her head—an arch of amethyst!  
Low in the foam she dips her ebon locks,  
Her silvery laughter echoing round the rocks,  
Then sings with sprightly voice, like some young bird,  
Yet sweet as harp-strings sigh, by zephyrs stirred;

oracles were consulted for many ages, is pretty clearly proved by the descriptions of Virgil and Horace to be identical with that of the building standing at this hour, close by the celebrated falls.

\* The Emperor Augustus.



And who the maid?—'tis she who guards the  
wave,  
The sky-born nymph, the Naiad of the cave.\*

Tibur! thy ruins whitening 'mid green shades,  
Thy classic fane, bright falls, and leafy glades,  
The Sabine hills so famed in other day,  
Rome's towers of glory shining far away,  
And, more than all, the spell which lore has cast  
On each bright spot—the memories of the past—  
These to thy name undying charms impart,  
And well may bind thee to the wanderer's heart.

Etruria greets us with her long-drawn vales,  
And wizard streams, which tell their by-gone tales,  
Her mountains hoar—dread Nature's barrier wall—  
Answering, from peak to peak, the thunder's call;  
That scene remains, but dreary starless night  
Shadows the era of her arts and might:  
Of all her strong-walled cities nought is shown,  
Save here a buttress, there a giant stone.  
Like the lost tribes on far Columbia's shore,  
Whose language, laws, and creeds, are known no  
more,  
Etruria's sons have vanished from the land,  
With all their science wrought, their genius plann'd;  
Their painted tombs, which urns and vases deck,  
Alone survive that dark and sweeping wreck. (76)

\*The cavern, at the second fall of the Anio, was the reputed residence of the Naiad, the *domus Albunæ resonantis*. The rocks above rise to the height of nearly 200 feet.

Southward we speed, for many a ruin lies  
 To prompt deep thought beneath Campanian skies.  
 The Latian plains are passed, and white swans glide,  
 Mirroring their plumes in Fondi's liliated tide;  
 The fitful breeze, like wailing spirit, sweeps  
 The Formian hills, where hapless Tully sleeps;\*  
 And bubbling Liris flows through brake and bower,  
 As Ruin sits by dark Minturnæ's tower;  
 Yet bright those waters lave her ivied walls;  
 Hark! 'tis the voice of fettered Marius calls!  
 In yon dim cell I see his murderer stand,  
 Fire in his eye, the dagger in his hand:  
 "Dar'st thou kill Marius?"—all-disarming spell!  
 The fierce Gaul bowed, his half-raised weapon fell;  
 He shrank that voice to hear, that look to see,  
 And Rome's dread hero, Sylla's foe, was free!†

Thou breeze! why bear the violet's rich perfume?  
 Ye birds! why soar and sing on wanton plume?  
 Through the long grass why flow, ye crystal streams?  
 And why, thou sun! pour down thy gladdening  
 beams?

\*The tomb said to contain the ashes of Cicero, who was assassinated near his Formian villa, is still seen in the vicinity of Mola.—  
*See Eustace's Tour.*

†The ruins of Minturnæ, on the banks of the beautiful little river Garigliano (the ancient Liris), are of considerable extent, but moulder in complete desolation. In the neighbouring marshes the renowned Marius was captured, when flying from his successful rival, Sylla. "Audes occidere Caium Marium?" were the memorable words he uttered, and which paralysed the arm of the Gaul deputed to assassinate him in prison.

Cimmerian darkness here its cloud should spread,  
And silence claim this City of the Dead.  
Cumæ! that lives in Virgil's matchless lay,  
Mother of states ere Rome commenced her sway!  
Who braved Etruria's might, and dared the power  
Of Afric's chief in Carthage' proudest hour;  
Where are her busy forums, merchant-fleets,  
Her mustering armies, and her crowded streets?  
Where her bronzed shrine that gleamed along the wave,  
And, more than all, her Sibyl's mystic cave?  
Pride of Campania! daughter of the sea!  
Gone is her wealth, and bowed her majesty;  
Where once her palace shone, her towers arose,  
Turf wraps the soil, a shadowy forest grows!  
There, blent with weeds, the wild-flower wastes its  
    breath,  
And cold Oblivion's shade joins hands with Death. (77)

Musing and slow, we pass Averno's tide,  
Hell's entrance feigned, where phantoms wail and glide;\*  
But fairer scenes are near—we climb yon hill,  
And Taste at Nature's charms may drink her fill—  
Posilipo, o'erlooking shore and sea,  
And Love's own city, bright Parthenope.†

\* The lake Averno, about a mile from Cumæ, and near the gulf of Baiæ, is a circular piece of water, of great depth, and surrounded by high banks. Here the Cimmerians dwelt, according to fabulous tradition, and here was the entrance to the infernal abodes. But darkness and foul vapours no longer characterise the region, though the air about Averno and the Lucrine Lake is still considered unwholesome.

† Naples.



Glorious that landscape spreads around, below,  
In hues of heaven all earth appears to glow;  
Through vales of flowers the wild bee blithely wings,  
'Mid orange-groves the soft-plumed mavis sings.  
Kissing the shores, and stretching far away,  
One sheet of sapphire spreads the isle-gemmed bay.  
Vines clad the mountains, myrtles fringe the wave,  
And harp-like music whispers from each cave:  
The very winds seem born of joy and love,  
And earth laughs up to laughing skies above.  
Oh! lovely land! when banished angels flew  
From Eden's bowers, and bade our world adieu,  
The heavenly strangers dropped their parting tear,  
And stamped their smiles, and left their footprints here!

Yet 'tis not Nature's beauties, glowing round,  
Lend the chief charm to this enchanted ground,  
But brilliant memories of long-vanished years,  
The priceless lore which hallows and endears.  
Each ruin tells a tale; rock, grove, and stream,  
The classic haunt of some bright spirit seem.  
What rises near?—a fabric lone and grey,  
That boasts no pillars rich, no friezes gay;  
An ilex bends above its moss-clad walls,  
In long festoons the mourning ivy falls,  
And pale-eyed flowers, like watching vestals, bloom—  
Kneel, stranger, kneel! that cell is Virgil's tomb!  
Ay, doubt not, though thou find'st nor urn nor bust,  
That slumbers here th' immortal poet's dust;  
Gaze on his laurelled brow with Fancy's eye,  
And hear his harp amid the ruins sigh. (78)

But Baiæ, soft retreat in days of yore,  
Recalls our step, and woos us to its shore.  
Heroes and emperors trod this smiling strand,  
And art, song, pleasure, reigned, a fairy band.  
Here Cæsar stooped his pride to garden bowers,  
And stern-browed Marius wreath'd his sword with  
flowers;  
Here gay Lucullus gorgeous banquets spread,  
And Pollio time in chains of roses led:  
Steeped in warm bliss seemed ocean, earth, and sky,  
Life one rich dream of love and luxury. (79)

Alas! these shores are waste and lonely now;  
Dark nameless ruins crown Misenum's brow;  
Fall'n towers, crushed temples, villas 'neath the  
deep,\*  
Tell sorrowing tales, and ancient secrets keep.  
Approach yon relic, scan its mouldering wall,  
Age, crime, and myst'ry, o'er it spread their pall;  
There sleeps a Roman empress—dark her doom,  
The Furies haunt, 'tis said, the blood-stained tomb,  
And when the labouring moon her crescent fills,  
Low trumpets wail along the neighbouring hills.†

\* In calm weather the remains of many villas are distinctly seen beneath the waters, proving either that the sea has encroached upon the shore, or that the Romans possessed a very singular taste, in laying the foundations of their houses in such a locality.

† Agrippina, the cruel mother of a more cruel son, Nero, was murdered by his order, at her own villa, near the Lucrine Lake. The legend alluded to in the text attaches to the ruinous monument; it rises close on the beach, and is semi-circular in form, containing a gallery adorned with basso-relievos.

But, fair and beauteous, Love's small temple stands,  
Watched by his eye, and guarded by his hands;  
To dim the halls of Venus years forget,  
Her Cupids fly, her doves are glowing yet.  
Oh! yes, the goddess left her Paphian shrine,  
Deeming this land more glorious and divine;  
And still her spirit, loath to quit the spot,  
Glides o'er the shore, and haunts the sparry grot,  
Sighs in the gales that wander round her home,  
And smooths with kisses Ocean's silvery foam.\*

What ruins draw us to Vesuvius' side?  
Not *one* grey temple, arch, or tower of pride—  
A buried city meets the curious gaze,  
Charms while it awes, and wraps us in amaze.  
Called from the grave of dim Lethéan years,  
Her graceful form again Pompeii rears,  
Reveals her winding streets, her frescoed walls,  
Gods on her hearths, and pictures in her halls,  
And wants but white-robed priest, and toga'd sage,  
The moonéd chariot, and the peopled stage,  
Once more the town of classic times to be,  
The home of taste, the pearl of Italy.†

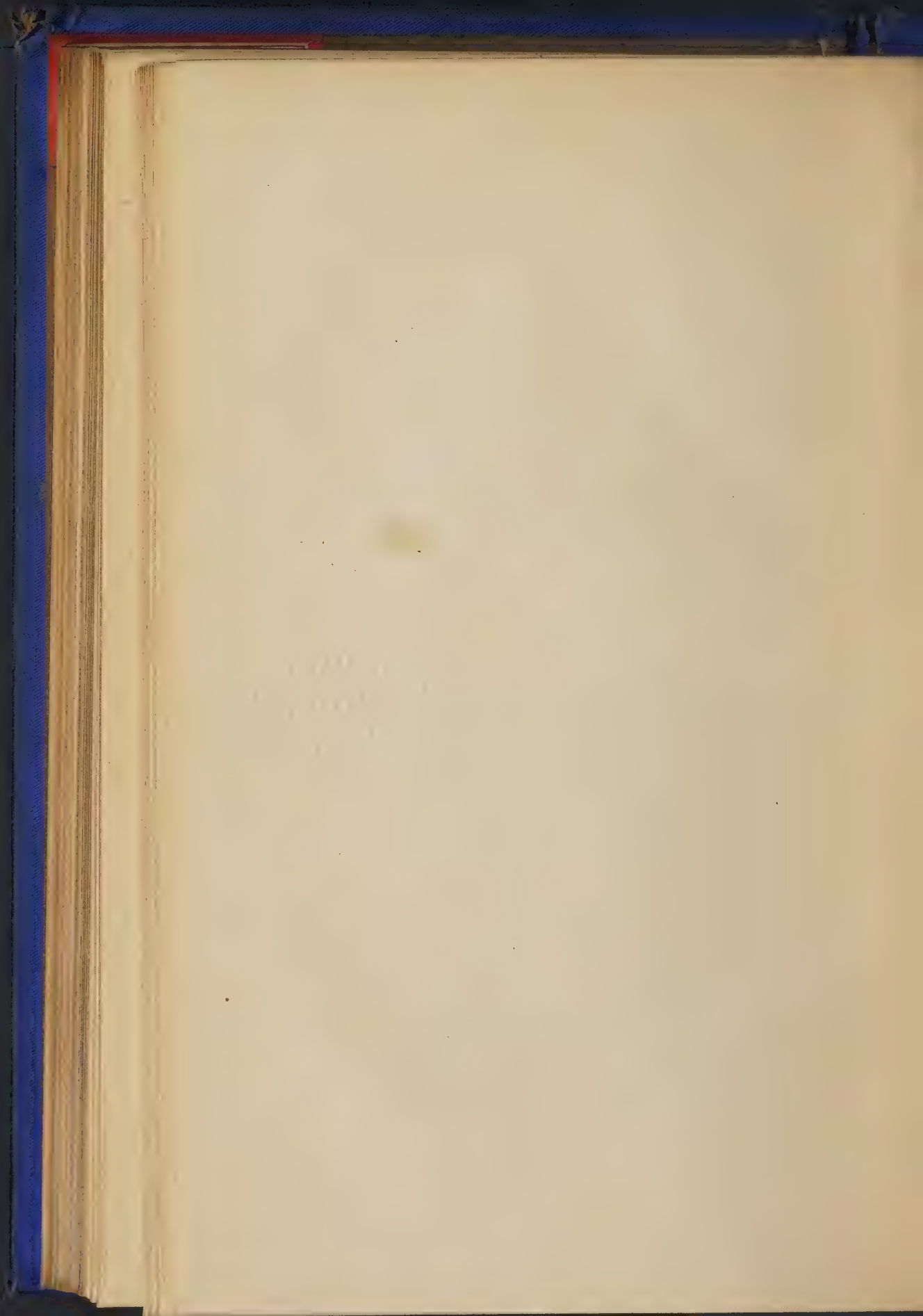
\* This elegant building, which stands behind a projecting point of the shore, is now called *Tempio di Venere*. It measures ninety feet in diameter, and is in excellent preservation. Adjoining the temple, which appears at one time to have been used as a bath, are several small rooms, the walls of which display stucco reliefs, illustrative of passages from the Greek and Roman poets who have written on love.

† Pompeii and Herculaneum, according to Strabo, owe their origin to the Pelasgi, a people of Greece. In all probability, however,





Engraving of the Temple of the Sun, P. 204.



But Death and Quiet spread their pinions here,  
And faintest whispers strangely strike the ear;  
Halls for long ages shut from cheerful day,  
Temple and bath, and narrow tomb-lined way,  
Sleep in the Summer sun, while softly spread  
Cerulean skies o'er calm Vesuvius' head.  
Not such that day of fear, whose records still  
Wake in the musing bosom terror's thrill,  
When from the shaken mountain's labouring throes,  
Havoc was born, and Ruin darkly rose,  
While, like another Sodom, shore and plain  
Were swept by flames, and whelmed by fiery rain.  
Here, with doomed Pliny, let our eye survey  
The mount's first wrath—the herald of dismay.\*  
High shoots to heaven a sable sulphurous cloud,  
Then spreads and stoops, like pine by tempests bowed;  
Anon, a sound, like whir of bickering wheels,  
On noonday's stifling air portentous steals;  
Then louder rumblings wake the echoes round,  
While quick and ceaseless tremors rock the ground.  
Gradual heaven's depths the volumed vapour fills,  
The sun grows dark above the Western hills;  
On thunder, drear eclipse, waits no such gloom,  
E'en shrinking brutes expect some fearful doom.  
See! o'er the steep now fires of varied dye,  
Green, azure, crimson, glance and dart on high,

these towns were built after Cumæ and Parthenope, or about seven centuries before Christ.

\* In the afternoon of the 24th of August, A. D. 79, Pliny the Elder, in order to obtain a nearer view of the eruption, which had just commenced, rowed from Misenum to Stabiæ, and there, not many hours after he had landed, perished from suffocation.



Light up far towns, the shadowy wood and cave,  
Turn, as to blood, the toss'd and troubled wave,  
And give man's upraised face a hue that well  
Might seem reflected, less from heaven than hell.

Day lingers still, but, struggling, cannot shed  
Its farewell beams through rolling clouds o'erhead.  
Hark! from the mount that long its wrath has nursed  
Shaking the shore, volcanic thunders burst!  
While from the maddening crater's centre driven,  
Ashes and red-hot rocks are hurled to heaven;  
The rocks fall crashing on the coast and plain,  
The ashes borne by winds across the main—  
Borne e'en to Afric's wastes and Nile's far shores,\*  
Where, as the kneeling priest the sun adores,  
He starts to see his worshipped god grow dim,  
And fiery vapours skirt the horizon's brim.†

How fare the cities at Vesuvius' feet?  
Unscathed as yet each soft voluptuous seat;  
Mirth at his board, and Beauty in her bower,  
Still deem them safe, and brave the dreadful hour.  
Around the circus fly the racing steeds,  
The actor plays, the gladiator bleeds,  
And woman smiles applause, and gallants lie,  
Bless'd in that light—the sunshine of her eye.

\* During this great eruption not only were the ashes carried across the Mediterranean to Africa, but we are told some fell in Greece, and even on the plains of Syria.

† Sabaism, or the adoration of the host of heaven, appears at different periods to have had many votaries in Egypt, more especially at Heliopolis, where there was a grand temple dedicated to the sun.

Too reckless race! an hour, and many there  
Shall flee in vain, and perish in despair.\*  
E'en as they sit, and deem that black array  
Of clouds will pass, like storms of former day,  
Earth shakes, and pillars fall, and showers of fire  
Pour on their heads, as from some funeral pyre.  
But now the mountain yawns, and swift out gush  
Bright lava-streams, that on with deadly rush  
O'er rock and tree, o'er cot and vineyard sweep,  
Burn as they roll, and hiss into the deep;  
And one wide stream, that every heart appals,  
Glides, dread and slow, tow'rd Herculaneum's walls:  
The startled dwellers flee, ere that red wave  
Turns their fair city to a fiery grave.†  
But loud at last from doomed Pompeii rise  
The strong man's yell, and woman's wilder cries;  
From pleasure's haunts forth pours a maddening throng;  
Through glimmering streets they blindly haste along;  
The warrior's arm, the sage's soaring mind,  
Rank, meanness, virtue, vice, one level find.

\* Most historians agree that the terrible catastrophe came upon the inhabitants both of Herculaneum and Pompeii by surprise. On the day of its occurrence all the places of public amusement were open. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in his beautiful romance, has taken due advantage of this circumstance.

† Herculaneum, being situated nearer to Vesuvius than Pompeii, perished before the latter city. It was overswept by a stream of burning lava, whereas Pompeii appears to have been buried by showers of ashes, volumes of mud, and fragments of heated rock. The greater portion of the inhabitants of each city escaped with their most valuable effects. One thousand three hundred, however, are supposed to have fallen victims in Pompeii and its immediate neighbourhood.

Their only thought to fly from death and doom,  
Some seek the temple, some the sheltering tomb;  
These howl to heaven, or stand in stony woe,  
And those, pale tremblers! hide in vaults below.  
Mothers their babes to shrinking bosoms fold,  
Priests seize their gods, and misers clutch their gold.  
The felon, stifling in the dungeon cell,  
Clanks his strong chain with many a frantic yell.  
The old and sick, too weak to rise and fly,  
Turn on their couch, and feebly gasp and die.  
Beauty, so dainty, now must face the storm,  
Lightnings gleam round, and ashes scorch her form;  
Her limbs that totter, and her feet that bleed,  
Scarce bear her forwards in that hour of need.  
They seek the shore, and trembling crowd the caves,  
But earthquakes reach them there, and tossing waves.  
It seems as demons, envying human joy,  
Had sought this spot to wither and destroy,  
And turn to hell Campania's flowery shore,  
Where Peace and each good angel smiled before.

Time sped his course, for ne'er, in joy or ill,  
Was Time's revolving wheel one moment still.  
Two cities lay entombed, but o'er their grave  
No thought, no tear, the new-born ages gave:  
Young Spring with verdure decked the outward ground,  
And Summer-flowers breathed wonted fragrance round:  
There did the peasant train the leafy vine,  
And teach rich fruits o'er lava-streams to shine;  
There sang the bird at peep of dewy morn,  
O'er thymy beds the wild bee blew her horn;



While laughed the maiden, weaving in her hair  
The crimson rose-bud and the lily fair;  
And man—the ant that toils, come weal or woe—  
Raised other domes, nor thought of those below,  
The marble dwellings that in silence slept,  
Like earth-embosomed halls by genii kept.\*

Thus age on age swept on, when chance revealed  
What Fame forgot, and Nature's veil concealed: (80)  
Now free to heav'n Pompeii's dwellings stand,  
Ranged as of old, in classic order plann'd,  
Save that crushed arches, pillars worn and bare,  
And roofless halls, a spectral aspect wear.  
Pause we, half spell-bound, near the Northern gate,  
To view the scene, so sweet, yet desolate!  
Lo! on our right, where paintings lustre shed,  
The gorgeous home of wealthy Diomed!  
He, in his garden bowers, outstretched was found,  
Gold by his side, and vases strewn around:  
White skeletons, a piteous ghastly row,  
His slaves were seen in half-choked vaults below;  
Here, too, adorned with rings and bracelets gay—  
Mock'ry of woman's love of rich display—  
One form appeared, the stamp of her soft breast  
E'en on the hardened ashes still impressed;  
And tiny bones were mouldering by her side—  
The wife, the babe, had hid them here, and died.†

\* Portici and Resina are built over the site of Herculaneum, the mass of hard, semi-vitreous matter which covers the ancient city being about seventy feet thick.

† The suburban villa of Diomed stands on the road beyond the gate of Herculaneum. Seventeen skeletons were discovered here

Oh! on that night of darkness, Fancy sees  
A scene of fear, which makes the heart's blood freeze:  
Still as the burning load above was piled,  
The young fair mother clasped her helpless child,  
Hushed its last sobs, and drank its gasping breath,  
Kissed its white cheek, fast icing into death;  
Then, when its fluttering bosom beat no more,  
She knelt on earth, her raven tresses tore,  
Prayed to the gods that swift her soul might fly  
And join her babe, beyond the star-gemmed sky,  
Or sink to Hades' gloom—she cared not where,  
So it were near to brighten her despair.  
The earthquake raged, and poured the sulph'rous flame,  
That scene unheeding, still she called its name!  
Scorching and deep the ashes round her lay,  
Still in her arms she strained the senseless clay.  
O'erpowered at last, and sinking by degrees,  
She placed her lifeless treasure on her knees;  
Her long locks, falling, e'en would shield it now,  
Her last tears dropped like diamonds on its brow;  
Faint as the sea-shell's voice, her pale lip sighed  
Its name once more—and thus the mother died.

The Street of Tombs!—Oh! pace with reverent tread  
O'er hushed Pompeii's long-forgotten dead!\*

in a vaulted chamber, and to one of them, that of a female, were attached costly ornaments, as described in the text, while the impression of her bosom was left on the volcanic mud which had gradually hardened around her. The bones of an infant also were found in this cellar.—*Vide Gell's "Pompeii."*

\* The avenue, called the Street of Tombs, extends nearly to the entrance of the city at the Herculaneum gate. Some of the monu-

We view the spot ere, stealing Taste's fair name,  
To seize his prey the modern spoiler came;  
Gloom o'er the graves no dark-winged angel throws,  
But calm as lovely seems their deep repose.  
What though no more the sacred cypress weeps,  
Love, that ne'er dies, each frail memorial keeps.  
Still in its niche the urn of ashes stands;  
The vase for flowers once twined by friendship's hands,  
The pictured glass that held affection's tear,\*  
The lyre, the death-god's statue†—all are here!  
It seems as mourners just had passed away,  
And o'er the lost ones wept but yesterday.

See! near the city-gate, his cuirass on,  
And cap of steel, yon glist'ning skeleton!  
'Tis he, the sentry, who disdained to fly,  
And there with Roman firmness stood to die.‡  
Move down the streets where traffic hummed of yore,  
And "Salve!" || read o'er many a lowly door:  
The causeway bears the track of chariots still,  
The empty wine-flask stands upon the sill.  
So true the scene, ye scarce would start to greet  
Jove's own adorers winding through the street,

mental edifices present mere masses of ruin, but others are in a state of good preservation. Many interesting relics were found in the sepulchral chambers, giving evidence that the friends of the deceased, in accordance with the Roman custom, paid frequent visits there.

\* The lachrymatory.

† Hermes.

‡ Within a stone recess, just beyond the gate, the skeleton of a Roman soldier was found; his arms were in his hands, and he had evidently died at his post!

|| Welcome.



The sage within his porch, the man of war  
Guiding in haste his trophied iron car.  
Pass the fair fount, which never more shall shower  
Its living diamonds round at noontide's hour;  
Enter gay Sallust's house—its beauties trace—  
Model, in those far times, of Roman grace. (81)  
On arch and wall its seal hath ruin set,  
But luxury breathes from many a chamber yet.  
Here stately pillars, carved by Grecian rule,  
Guard the once-thronged and lofty vestibule;  
Tread the grand hall, approach th' Impluvium's brim,\*  
Mark its fair marble bed and sculptured rim,  
The sumptuous floor with bright mosaics rich,  
Statues of gods once placed in many a niche;  
For here were kept the Lares, they who shield  
Men's homes from harm, and peace and concord yield.  
Beyond, where silken screens were wont to fall,  
Art heaped her stores, and gleamed the pictured wall;  
In mortal hues the gods were shown to men,  
And Homer's heroes fought, and died again.†  
Sweeping across, where many a column rears  
Its fluted shaft, an airy walk appears,  
Opening to cabinets and chambers gay,  
And Beauty's bowers long pass'd to dark decay;

\* The Atrium, which in Sallust's house succeeds to the vestibule, was the distinguishing feature of all large Roman houses, and it was never without its central basin for holding water, termed the *Impluvium*. The Atrium was the most spacious as well as most sumptuous room, being furnished with couches of rare workmanship, and frequently lined with statues.

† The *Tablinum*, situated behind the Atrium, contained the family paintings and objects of taste, together with the vellum scrolls and papyri, which constituted the library of a Roman gentleman.

Close by, the fair *Triclinium* blazed with gold,  
Where *Ceres* reigned, and *Bacchus* laughed of old ;  
And, crowned with garlands, leaned the happy  
    guest,  
Feasting till suns went down the crimsoned West,  
While songs of gay *Anacreon* fired each soul,  
Or softer music o'er their senses stole.\*

Fronting the hall of Feast, in Summer's heat,  
The bowery garden lent a cool retreat ;  
There choicest statues stood, and sweetly grew  
Balm-breathing shrubs, and flowers of gayest hue ;  
Founts leaped on high, then purled in rills along,  
And birds in cages murmured plaintive song.  
Here to calm thought the master might resign  
His fevered soul, and, lapped in dreams divine,  
Muse with *Pythagoras*, with *Plato* soar,  
Quaff the rich stream of Greek and Roman lore,  
Despite gross sense, confess the spirit's spell,  
And half renounce a world he loved so well.†

Such was the home of *Sallust* ; well may sigh  
The gazer now to muse on days gone by,

\* The *Triclinium*, usually richly ornamented, was an apartment entirely dedicated to the pleasures of the table; in the house we are describing it is on the left of the *Tablinum*, close by the portico.

† The garden behind *Sallust's* house is limited in extent; the wall at the back is fantastically painted, somewhat resembling the drop of a modern theatre. Trees and fountains are represented, evidently with a view of giving to the garden a magnitude which it did not possess. A little pavilion, or summer-house, still stands—a highly-pleasing relic, which speaks, we think, more than columns or temples, for it speaks of the domestic pleasures and mental re-

To see unroofed those gorgeous, classic halls,  
Rain stain the pavements, ivy clasp the walls;  
While he, the lord, long past the Stygian shore,  
Can feast, admire—can gaze, return no more.  
Unlike his lettered namesake,\* nought shall save  
His frail, poor memory, from Oblivion's grave:  
He who would hope to live beyond his kind—  
Not through vain wealth or pride—must live by *mind*.

Pile! frowning near the Forum, sternly fair,  
Where hearts now dust have broken in despair—  
House of the spirit's pangs, the body's pain!  
In yon deep vaults what means that rusty chain?  
Two ghastly forms lie stretched upon the ground,  
Their hands still manacled, their ancles bound:  
Thus have those prisoners lain a thousand years,  
Unknown their crimes, their struggles, and their tears,  
If slaves or freedmen, friends or bitter foes;  
Fancy alone can paint them and their woes.†  
Methinks two patriot brothers they might be,  
Who, hating tyrants, scorned to bend the knee:  
Long had they chafed and pined in dungeon gloom,  
But cheered with friendship's light their living tomb;  
And when the fiery showers and earthquake came,  
They trembled not, erect each stalwart frame,

creations of a people as extraordinary as they were interesting in all their relations of public and private life.

\* We need scarcely observe, perhaps, that the historian Sallust flourished more than a century before the destruction of Pompeii.

† In one of the cells of the Basilica, or Court of Justice, which was used also as a public prison, two skeletons were found; the irons were still upon their limbs—they had perished in their chains.



But only shook their chains, and raised their eyes,  
Deeming the gods spoke thunder from the skies,  
Called on great Jove to lay all tyrants low,  
And chase the fiends of slavery, wrong, and woe.  
Then yielding to mild thoughts, they slowly crept  
Each to the other's breast, and sighed and wept,  
Recalled past hours, when in their native vale  
Fond twins they roved, and heard the stock-dove's tale.  
Thus gasping, falling, in that last embrace,  
This cell became the patriots' burial-place;  
And now we find them, as they sank and died,  
Linked in their iron fetters, side by side!

The rich-roofed baths, fair courts without a name,  
The house where burned the Vestal's sacred flame;  
Love's pictured shrine, each circling Thespian pile  
Where soul-moved thousands wont to weep or smile;  
The columned Forum, boast of Cæsar's age,  
Where spoke the statesman, and where taught the  
sage,—

These still attract, to tasteful spirits dear,  
And charm the eye of him who wanders here.\*  
Strange are the spells on each old object cast;  
Starts at each step some image of the past;

\* The number of Pompeiian buildings now disinterred is nearly as follow:—two theatres, two Basilicæ, the half-ruined Forum, the prison, the baths, the amphitheatre, eight temples, some triumphal arches in ruins, and about 130 houses, including private residences and shops. As regards Herculaneum, owing to the depth and hardness of the superincumbent mass, and the houses erected upon it, very little progress has been made in the excavations. Yet Herculaneum has yielded many relics of interest and objects of taste which have served to enrich the Museum of Naples.

But when day yields to midnight's solemn noon,  
And o'er Vesuvius hangs the yellow moon,  
Column and arch, beneath the softening beam,  
Less grey with years, less bowed by ruin seem;  
More richly glow the marbles in the hall,  
More life-like spread the paintings on the wall:  
Proud forms, on couch of stone and spangled floor,  
Appear to lean, or softly glide once more;  
While streets, here bathed in light, there wrapped  
in shade,  
Seem to pour forth—not phantoms shroud-arrayed,  
But ancient citizens, a living throng,  
Who sweep in robes, or urge the car along.  
World of the past, these visions crowd the  
brain—

But brief the stay of Fancy's radiant train,  
For e'en as forms that charm the slumbering eye  
Of sorrow's child, flit past, and smile and die,  
The moon goes down o'er fair Pompeii's site,  
And all our gay illusions take to flight.

City! where busy life no more hath part,  
With touching power thou speakest to the heart;  
On thee, Pompeii! long our eyes would dwell,  
Again, and yet again, to look farewell.  
Thy calm sad scene more deeply charms the view  
Than living marts, where all is gay and new.  
So when in silence lies some lovely frame,  
To heaven returned the bright ethereal flame,  
We gaze, and still admire that marble cheek,  
Across whose pallor smiles no more shall break,

See beauty wave in every falling tress,  
Kiss the fringed eyes while sealed in lifelessness,  
Hang o'er that form, and sigh our souls away,  
Though nought is there but cold unconscious clay.

Pilgrim! who wander'st down Campania's shore,  
Where sun-bright waves speak music in their roar,  
Turn thee aside to Pæstum, though the gales  
So oft waft death along those beauteous vales.  
Pass old Amalfi, whitening on the steep,  
And where blue Sele's\* moss-marged wavelets creep;  
Climb wooded knoll, through tangled thickets press,  
Still as the grave that leafy wilderness,  
Save when at times some hermit bird awakes,  
Whirs on swift wing, or warbles in the brakes.  
What see'st thou now?—a circling belt of stone,  
Blackened by age, by shrubs and weeds o'ergrown.  
Sweeps on for miles that strange and massive wall,  
Though towerless, gateless, scorning yet to fall.  
Where bowmen shot, and sentries raised their cries,  
The owl sits now, with large and glistening eyes.  
Within that round, where once the palace bright,  
And art and luxury charmed the Sybarite,  
And dark-haired Beauty pressed her bed of down,  
The rough black bramble lifts its prickly crown,  
Henbane and nightshade dew of poison weep,  
And shining vipers coil them up to sleep. (82)

Yet here, e'en here, despite the savage scene,  
Gracing the wild, lo! Pæstum's garden queen!

\* The ancient Silarus.



Thou soft red rose! so famed in poet's lay,  
Races have died, and empires shrunk away,  
But thou, fair flower! above the wreck and doom  
Springing in pride, still breath'st thy rich perfume.\*  
Like some sweet nun, who sheds her heaven-bright  
smile

In convent cells, unprized, unseen the while,  
So thou, young child of fragrance! laughest here,  
While drops, unmarked, thy bright ambrosial tear.  
How softly pure, how beautifully meek,  
Laid on those ruins, gleams thy virgin cheek!  
The nightingale, to court thee, hither wings,  
And o'er thy lovely form enamoured sings.  
Thine odorous bosom half-unfolded glows,  
Like some young bashful bride's, sweet Pæstan rose!  
Ah! fear thou not—no touch shall mar thy grace,  
No rude hand pluck thee from thy hiding-place;  
But guardian sylphs shall seek thy ruined bower,  
Watch thy frail charms at noontide's withering hour,  
And weave at midnight many a mystic spell,  
To soothe the slumbering rose they love so well.

But Pæstum's giant temples—lift thine eyes—  
In all their stern and columned grandeur rise.  
Pause! trav'ller, pause! say, doth not wonder thrill  
Thy creeping veins, and awe thy bosom fill?

\* The roses of Pæstum—*biferi rosaria Pæsti*—have been celebrated by Virgil, Ovid, Ausonius, and other classic poets, for their sweet scent and extraordinary beauty. These roses are still found among the ruins of the deserted city, and, as described of old, bloom twice a year, in May and December.

Wrestling with Time, the hoary brethren stand,  
Superbly graceful and severely grand;  
Their style of rival countries seems to speak,  
In strength Egyptian, and in beauty Greek;  
Built ere Minerva's shrine on Athens gazed,  
Or, Glory's nursling, infant Rome was raised.  
Three thousand years these structures fail to bow,  
Massive when Christ was born, and massive now.  
Gaze on the architrave's majestic length,  
The deep-ranged fluted pillars' Titan strength,  
The low wide pediment, the strong-walled cell,  
Where altars burned, and gods once deigned to dwell;  
And say no more, in poor and narrow pride,  
Art lives to-day, but rather Art hath died;  
Confess that Taste beholds on Pæstum's plain,  
What modern skill might strive to match in vain. (83)

He who up Adria's waters turns his sail,  
Many a wild tract, yet lovely scene shall hail:  
There, bare and stern, above the eastern foam  
Albania heaves her hills, the eagle's home;  
Here sweet Italia paints her shores with flowers,  
Hangs her green woods, and spreads her bird-filled  
bowers:

But leave we blooming isle and cloud-robed peak,  
Ruins, dark ruins still, 'tis ours to seek,  
Between the "now" and past, those links sublime,  
Those ghosts which stand above the grave of Time!

Where the blue bounding waves with sullen roar  
Race with the winds, and break on Istria's shore,

A relic greets us now in dreary pride,  
Gracing the rocky hill's unsheltered side;  
Yes, Pola there her far-famed ruin rears,  
Half veiled in mist, and grey with circling years;  
Stately it looks, though Time hath writ its doom,  
Grand though a wreck, magnificent in gloom.  
Deserted monument! when storms are high,  
And o'er thy dark walls sounds the sea-bird's cry,  
When lashed to foam the midnight billows rave,  
And the pale moon just lights the crested wave,  
How turns the pilot tow'rd the rugged steep  
Where frowns thy form, the beacon of the deep!  
And as the lightning's forked lines of blue,  
High arch and mouldering wall, reveal to view,  
And thunders, pealing from the hovering cloud,  
Echo around thy area, long and loud,  
Haply he deems, in superstition nursed,  
The souls of ancients from their graves have burst,  
Or fiery fiends, along the troubled air  
On lightnings borne, have come to revel there. (84)

Cross Adria's gulf, and land where softly glide  
A stream's crisp waves,\* to join blue Ocean's tide;  
Still westward hold thy way, till Alps look down  
On old Verona's walled and classic town.  
Fair is the prospect; palace, tower, and spire,  
And blossomed grove, the eye might well admire:  
Heaven-scaling mountains, browed with endless  
snow,

Where shivering Winter envies earth below;

\* The river Adige, the Athesis of the Romans.



Old castles gracing many a craggy steep,  
From which, in silver, sounding torrents leap;  
Southward the plain where Summer builds her bowers,  
And floats on downy gales the soul of flowers;  
And orange-blossoms glad the truant bee,  
And vines in festoons wave from tree to tree;  
While, like a streak of sky from heaven let fall,  
The stream's soft sapphire, glittering, winds through  
all;

The woods that whisper to the zephyr's kiss,  
Where nymphs might taste again Arcadian bliss;  
The sun-bright hills that bound the distant view,  
And melt like mists in skies of tenderest blue,—  
All charm the ravished sense, and dull is he  
Who, cold, unmoved, such glorious scene can see.

Here did the famed Catullus rove and dream,  
And godlike Pliny drink of Wisdom's stream: \*  
Wronged by his friends, and exiled by his foes,  
Amid these valleys Dante breathed his woes,  
Raised demons up, called seraphs from the sky,  
And framed the dazzling verse that ne'er shall die. †  
Here, too, hath Fiction thrown her loveliest spell,  
Visions of beauty float o'er crag and dell;  
But chief we seem to hear, at evening hour,  
The sigh of Juliet in her star-lit bower,

\* The poet Catullus and Pliny the Elder were natives of Verona.

† In 1302, Dante, proscribed by his enemies at Florence, and under sentence of banishment, commenced his wanderings. He repaired first to Verona, governed then by the Scala family, and he is said to have composed there part of his "Purgatorio."

Follow her form slow gliding through the gloom,  
And drop a tear above her mouldered tomb.\*

Sweet are these thoughts, and in such favoured scene  
Methinks life's stormiest skies might grow serene,  
Care smooth her brow, the troubled heart find rest,  
And, spite of crime and passion, man be blest.  
But vain our rainbow pictures; we must trace  
Verona's ruins, not bright Nature's face;  
Be still, chase lightsome fancies, ere thou dare  
Approach yon pile, so grand yet softly fair:  
The mighty circle, breathing beauty, seems  
The work of genii in immortal dreams.  
So firm the mass, it looks as built to vie  
With Alps' eternal ramparts towering nigh.  
Its graceful strength each lofty portal keeps,  
Unbroken round the first great cincture sweeps;†  
The marble benches, tier on tier, ascend,  
Wind long arcades, o'er arches arches bend:  
Glist'ning and pure, the summer sunbeams fall,  
Softening each rugged pier, and time-stained wall.  
We tread the arena; blood no longer flows,  
But in the sand the pale-eyed violet blows,  
While ivy, covering many a bench, is seen,  
Staining its white with lines of liveliest green—  
Age-honouring plant! that weds not buildings gay,  
But clings with faithful love to stern decay. (85)

\* The tomb of Shakspeare's Juliet is still shown at Verona to the credulous traveller.

† Of the second, or outer encircling wall, only a fragment remains.  
—See Note at the end of the volume.

How calm the lonely scene! distinct is heard  
From loftiest gallery e'en a whispered word :  
Lured by the wall-flower's breath, the bee has come,  
And hark! ye catch her faint and drowsy hum!  
Along this bench our weary form reclined,  
How many an image fills the busy mind!—  
Rome's Colosseum calls up thoughts of gloom,  
Pola's stern ruin looks a giant's tomb,  
But grace so lingers o'er Verona's pile,  
Skies are so blue, woods, plains, so sweetly smile,  
That nothing chills us, nothing dark appears,  
As thought sails up the stream of other years.  
I see yon seats with fluttering thousands gay,  
The warrior's pride, the senator's display,  
Rich-robed patrician, beauty's kindling eyes,  
In whose sweet depths, all armed, young Cupid lies.  
Fast speed the games; their strength the wrestlers show,  
In mimic hunt the archer bends his bow,  
And stags and wolves around the arena fly,  
Rush on their foes, or wounded sink and die.  
Now hostile squadrons form in lengthened line,  
And bucklers clash, and swift-whirled falchions shine:  
They charge—they fall—in dust half hid from sight,  
And shouts attest each gazer's keen delight. (86)

Ah! would these walls no other scenes had known  
Than harmless sports, which Mercy e'en might own!  
The Greek indulged in pastimes chaste, refined;  
The Roman pleased gross sense, and banished mind,  
Hung with fierce rapture o'er the tiger's throes,  
Turned to a "show" the tortured felon's woes;



While on the scene in smiles fair woman dwelt,  
Saw human life-blood poured, nor pity felt.

'Tis noon: They clear the arena—fluttering rise  
Awnings aloft to screen from sultry skies;  
The umpires take their stand—and now around  
Dart eager looks, and anxious voices sound.  
Two death-doomed culprits meet in mortal strife,  
But he who conquers wins the prize of life!—  
The trumpet peals, and turns each straining glance  
Where o'er the sand the fated men advance.  
He like a Samnite armed, with brazen shield,  
And ponderous sword no untrained hand might wield,  
Greaves on his leg, and casque upon his head,  
Hath oft the blood of peaceful traveller shed.\*  
The light-armed man, with straight and slender glaive,  
Etrurian cap, no plate his limbs to save,  
With small round targe, long tried in fields of fame,  
Bears, doubtful word, a traitor's tainted name.  
The robber glows with youth, his mien is gay—  
The rebel's scanty hairs are mixed with grey,  
Yet hath his aged limb both strength and grace,  
And a stern bravery lights his mournful face.

Ten thousand eyes upon the champions gaze,  
Some for the youthful murderer plaudits raise,

\* The combatants were frequently named from the kind of arms which they assumed: thus, the *Dimachæri*, because they fought with two swords; the *Samnites*, because armed after the old fashion of the Samnite people. They usually wore greaves, or plates of iron, on the left leg.

And some the wronged, the man of sorrow cheer,  
But who the arena's barrier rushes near?  
Her pale lips quivering, and her dark blue eyes  
Weeping bright tears, like rain from April's skies,  
She looks, in fear so wild, in woe so fair,  
A Pythia wrought to frenzy and despair.  
The veteran sees—his iron pride droops now,  
A deeper cloud o'ercasts his down-bent brow;  
Well may the firmness of his soul depart,  
Ah! well may bleed his anguish-stricken heart,  
For she, the beauteous one, whose shriek so wild  
Thrills the bright summer air, is Galba's child!

They bear her off, despite his forced embrace,  
And on a marble bench the maiden place;  
There with clasped hands, and strained uplifted gaze—  
'Tis all she now can do—she weeps and prays.  
Again the stirring trumpets echo round;  
The guards\* fall back, the champions take their  
ground.

His brazen shield the Samnite lifts on high,  
And, like a viper's, gleams his fierce keen eye;  
Above his head he waves the shining steel,  
Ready the thrust, or downward stroke to deal.  
Galba erect, nor shrinks nor turns aside;  
His look less fierceness shows, than thoughtful pride;  
With head thrown back, and raised his slender blade,  
His foot firm set, his burnished targe display'd,

\* The *Editor* and his assistants, whose office was to superintend the exhibitions in the arena, while the *Designatores* assigned to the spectators their proper places.

He stands in attitude to meet the foe,  
Or, calm and steady, ward the threatened blow.  
It falls—the old man's dinted buckler rings,  
And round again his sword the Samnite swings:  
Galba in spite of skill recoils, gives way,  
His foes exult, his patrons look dismay;  
See! on his knee he sinks, while blows are still  
Showered on his head by him who burns to kill:  
Blood stains his tunic—Pity well might sigh  
For Age thus forced to fight, thus doomed to die!

Hushed is the crowd, each gazer holds his breath—  
The moment now has come for life or death.  
But hark! on yonder bench half-stifled shrieks!  
One soul is there that thrills, one heart that breaks!  
Those sounds gay prince or noble nothing heeds,  
But strange they stir the heart of him who bleeds.  
To die and leave his child, the heavenly beams  
Of those meek eyes no more to light his dreams—  
Yield past delight and love to Lethe's wave,  
Deaf to her voice of music in the grave—  
The thought each heart-string rends, e'en madness brings,  
From his bowed posture wildly up he springs,  
With nerves re-strung confronts his savage foe,  
Parries no more, but deals himself the blow.  
With fury's heat already breathless worn,  
The Samnite wavers—yields—is backward borne:  
No longer Galba's eye is drooping dim,  
How vigorous now that gaunt and iron limb!  
His sword, fire-striking, round like lightning gleams,  
His silvery hair behind him wildly streams,



And on he presses; murmurs, cheers arise,  
That grow to shouts—on earth the Samnite lies!  
And o'er him Galba stands—his task is done,  
The victory his, and freedom, life, are won!

In Portia's ears as sweet these plaudits swell,  
As Orphean strains once breathed to souls in hell.  
Her starry eye is lit with rapture's flame:  
What reck's she men's harsh word, or woman's  
shame?

Her robes unbound, her dark locks floating wide,  
Forward she springs, and gains her father's side,  
Sinks on his breast, her arms around him thrown,  
And looks a language all to lips unknown,  
While joy, but rivalled in Elysian spheres,  
Speaks in her bursting sobs, and gushing tears.

Verona's ruins fade; our path we bend  
Tow'rd Northern wilds, where Alpine heights ascend;  
Still as we climb we seem shut out from life,  
And all its busy scenes, its joys, its strife.  
Ye mountains! with your feet in earth's deep caves,  
Where burns the central fire, the earthquake raves,  
While your hoar brows are reared above the cloud,  
As if for this poor world too vast and proud!  
Shrinking we view the wild stupendous scene,  
Rude as first chaos—dread, yet how serene!  
Strength here has calmness like a giant's sleep,  
Awful repose on each eternal steep.  
There is a charm in terror, and we feel,  
When dumb with awe, a pleasure o'er us steal.

'Mid rocks, and shaggy caves, and aged trees,  
That sigh like restless spirits to the breeze;  
'Mid torrents, dashed from heights with echoing roar,  
While far above wild eagles shriek and soar;  
'Mid sounds and scenes, to peopled tracts unknown,  
It is not lonely e'en to be alone:  
The soul, absorbed, forgets her cumbering clod,  
Holding high converse with great Nature's God.  
See where the Jungfrau lifts its peaks on high,  
Pillars of heaven, and ramparts of the sky!  
Seasons may change, and summer suns may glow,  
Bernard still wears his crown of endless snow;  
What heeds Mont Blanc the thunder or the storm?  
Eternity is imaged in his form;  
Earthquakes wreck human cities, but they bring  
No change, no fear, to that dread mountain-king;  
Clouds spread beneath his stainless, dazzling crest,  
Which, as Eve's burning pencil paints the West,  
Catches pale rose-hues, and deep burnished gold,  
Till mists, rocks, snow, in fire seem round him roll'd—  
A mighty altar flaming to the skies,  
A stepping-stone to God's great Paradise.

Yet not alone in calm, or when the moon  
Rides o'er the heights in soft and tranquil June,  
And star-beams sleep in beauty on the snow,  
And cascades fall in showers of pearl below,  
Climb ye the Alps, but view the giants there,  
When storms let loose the demons of the air,  
And darkness, like a pall, descends on earth,  
And the sky-cleaving lightning hath its birth.

Here let us stand, where floods have worn the rock;  
Clouds roll on clouds—it comes, the tempest's shock!  
The wolves for shelter flee, their long, deep yell,  
In ghostly chorus, echoing from the dell;  
The tall black pines that lately towered on high,  
Like ebon pillars carved against the sky,  
Bend low and lower to the rising blast,  
Their murmur like a trumpet wailing past.  
Where the dense clouds embrace yon rocky spire,  
Quick from their blackness shoots a lance of fire;  
Away, across the sky, across each height,  
Zigzag and blinding, darts that line of light;  
The oak is crashing, and the rock is rent,  
So swift thy work, mysterious element!  
Then rolls th' unprisoned thunder on the air,  
Now muttering like some demon in despair,  
Now bursting forth like dread artillery's sound,  
From peak to peak the echoes doubling round;  
Still are those peals renewed, when peals expire,  
As if the Almighty spoke in tones of ire,  
While sheets of flame, that fill heaven's lighted space,  
Seem the fierce anger on His awful face.

Hear, too, that rushing terror, where the ball  
Of loosened snow begins its fearful fall!  
Scarce seen at first, but gathering strength and size,  
Down, down it rolls! on, crashing on, it flies!  
Till the huge av'lanche, scattering wide dismay,  
Levels strong oaks, and tall rocks bears away,  
Bounds o'er deep openings, thundering downward still,  
Chafed snow, like smoke, arising from the hill.



Woe to the hamlet nestling in the vale!  
The peasants lift their eyes, aghast and pale;  
It comes! they strive to fly a dreadful fate:  
The av'lanche comes!—they shriek, but 'tis too late;  
Swift o'er their homes the mountain load is borne,  
Alas! that once fair scene when breaks the morn!  
One huge wide tomb of snow is spreading there,  
And all is stillness—all is blank despair.

But Alps are passed, and Western skies we greet,  
Gaul's lovely plains are smiling at our feet;  
For mist-wrapped peaks, the purple vineyard blooms,  
For trackless snows, warm gardens breathe perfumes,  
For wolves' wild yell, floats laughter from afar,  
And, for hoarse thunder, melts the soft guitar.  
Blue arrowy Rhône! renowned and storied stream!  
Pure as first love, yet changing as a dream;  
Here laving banks all crowned with fruits and flowers,  
There glassing in thy depths tall feudal towers,  
And churches clad with ivy, old as they,  
And Pagan ruins, stately in decay:  
The varied scenes, swift Rhône! thou windest through,  
Speak of the past, but charm the present too.  
Though Romans stalk, Greek sages\* muse no more,  
A classic spirit hallows all thy shore;  
Gods seem to hover round each beauteous spot,  
And Naiads haunt bright fount and sparry grot.

\* On the banks and in the vicinity of the Rhône, the Phocæans, a people of Ionia, and originally from Greece, planted some colonies long before the rise of the Roman power in Gaul; Massilia, the modern Marseilles, was the chief of these settlements, and became very famous for its learning.

Fresh as of old their fruit green olives hang,  
And flows red wine as when gay Martial sang.\*  
Thrice happy they whose halcyon hours may glide,  
In lettered ease, beside thy deep blue tide!  
Sure learning here might plume its eagle wing,  
Fond genius glow at calm Vaclusia's spring,  
And hearts be taught to love, beneath those skies  
That lent their light to Laura's witching eyes.

Vienne, that stood when Cæsar's blood-stained sword  
Mowed down the Gaul, and many a Celtic horde,  
Still boasts her wreck of Rome's departed power,  
A crumbling theatre, a granite tower—  
Walls where Judæa's king a captive sighed,  
And many a Christian martyr groaned and died.†  
With foliaged columns graced, yon shrine behold!  
There priests knelt round, and altars blazed of old,  
But now the curious heap their little stores,  
Shell, bird, and fish, quaint scrolls, and sparkling ores.‡

\* The Roman poet Martial alludes to Vienne on the Rhône in several of his epigrams; he styles the neighbourhood of this town *vitifera*, or vine-bearing; and one of the finest red wines in France is still made here, called Côte Rôtie.

† Archelaus, son of Herod the Great, when deposed from the throne of Judæa was banished to Vienne.—*Vide Josephus*. A great number of the primitive Christians suffered martyrdom at this place.

‡ The Corinthian temple called, like the finer edifice at Nîmes, *La Maison Carrée* (the Square House), is now used as a museum. Vienne, the Vienna of the Romans, situated on the east bank of the Rhône, is one of the oldest towns in the South of France; Cæsar names it in his "Commentaries," for at the time of his invasion of Gaul it was the chief town of the Allobroges. It afterwards became a Roman colony, and was the great rival of its neighbour, Lugdunum (Lyons). Roman antiquities are abundant at Vienne, the

From these we turn, a darker pile to view,  
Fraught with an interest years must still renew;  
Mark yon square basement with the tall arcade,  
That casts at evening hour a solemn shade;  
The pillars grey with years, the carvings worn,  
No name, no sculptured form, the sides adorn,  
But o'er those mouldering arches, once so fair,  
A pyramid high lifts its peak in air;  
How shrinks the spirit, palled by dreams of gloom,  
To know that hoary structure Pilate's tomb!  
Yes, here sleeps he who doomed that One to die,  
Whom nations hail the Lord of earth and sky:  
Perchance he walked this spot with tortured  
brain,

And moody brow—the clouded brow of Cain,  
Remorse and anguish, never to depart,  
Feeding like vultures on his withering heart.  
Here might he lean, by dreary thought oppressed,  
Fearing the grave, yet sighing for its rest;  
The pains of body reckless could he bear,  
His pains had fixed in mind—and hell was there.  
Come, Lethe-born Forgetfulness! and throw  
Your veil of shadows o'er that man of woe!  
Root from his heart compunction's poisoned fang,  
Cheat baleful Memory of her bitter pang!  
To live, and not to think of other years,  
To brave his fate, not shed repentant tears,

principal being the remains of a theatre and amphitheatre; a triumphal arch; a square Roman tower called Fort Pipet; but Fort Solomon is of Gothic origin; the Corinthian temple named above; and the tomb of Pontius Pilate.



Renounce each feeling—dead to joy and pain—  
Was all perchance he asked, but asked in vain. (87)

There stands an arch at Orange—pause awhile,  
And let fond Taste admire that gorgeous pile,  
Whose massive strength, whose front that towers sublime,

Have stood unscathed the thunderbolts of time.  
Behold that sweeping vault, those mouldings fair,  
The pillars crowned with foliage rich and rare,  
The classic sculptures glowing down each side,  
The high-raised attic graced with shields of pride—  
You gaze, and ask whose skilful hand could rear  
This beauteous mass, and wherefore stands it here?  
Rare hath the builder honour—all in vain  
The task of those who toil, no name they gain;  
Ay, others reap the glory; chiefs and kings,  
Who framed them not, thus claim earth's grandest things;

Rome's Colosseum lives with Titus' fame,  
The mightiest pyramid bears Cheops' name.  
But rose this arch in honour of some sage?  
Some opener of great Nature's dazzling page?  
Some bard heaven-fired?—some noble heart who strove  
To make men bless'd, and spread a heaven of love?  
Ah! no; as wont, the man of blood alone  
Is deemed deserving Glory's laurelled throne;  
He who sent most to Hades—he who hurled  
Red Ruin's shaft the furthest o'er the world,  
Trampled in dust, not raised, his fellow man,  
Hath won the chief applause since time began.

The patriot let us crown with deathless bays,  
But not on ruthless conquerors waste our praise. (88)

We pass Vacluse, where Petrarch's pensive shade  
Still seems to haunt the grot, and shadowy glade,  
And, nursed by Love, that laurel still appears,  
The enamoured poet watered with his tears.  
Yonder bright Durance trails its silver line,  
And here rich gardens bloom, and turrets shine,  
Where Avignon o'erlooks the Elysian scene,  
Gay as a bride, yet stately as a queen.  
The olived walks, the vines, and myrtle bowers,  
The gliding Rhône thick-fringed with trees and  
flowers,  
Soft bells whose murmurs steep the rosy air,  
Ravish each sense, and make an Eden there.

City of Laura! though yon tree of gloom,  
Shadowing but ruins, marks a doubtful tomb,\*  
Doth not each wind, as if an angel came  
Whispering Heaven's music, breathe her gentle name?  
But where sweet Remy nestles 'neath the hill,  
And mulberry groves the deep green valley fill,  
A beauteous monument of filial love,  
Yet spared by ages, peers the boughs above:  
Carved pedestal, rotunda, column, rise,  
Graceful and light, and charm the coldest eyes;

\* The church of the Cordeliers, at Avignon, in which Petrarch's Laura was buried, is destroyed, and her tomb has disappeared, a cypress alone standing now on the spot which it is said to have occupied.

Each side displays the sculptor's glowing art,  
Life-like the varied figures seem to start;  
Here horse and horseman charge in furious fight,  
Triumph the brave, the vanquished take to flight;  
And here a sadder scene—the field of death,  
Where pride lies low, and warriors yield their breath,  
Though Glory hangs her laurel, not in vain,  
O'er the drooped head, and soothes their dying pain.  
Above, two statues, mouldering wrecks, are shown,  
A mother, sire,—their story all unknown,  
Save that for them fond children raised this pile;  
Gently sweep by, ye years!—ye seasons! smile,  
Slow-wasting winds! this hallowed fabric spare,  
Guard it, ye sylphs! ye spirits of the air!  
Long let it rise of olden love to tell,  
Gentle as touching—love which breathes a spell,  
Fraught with bright instincts pure from Nature's God,  
For children's tears have sanctified this sod. (89)

In tottering Arles, where all things speak of age,  
Past days alone the thoughtful heart engage;  
The squalid homes, the narrow winding way,  
The traveller heeds not, stops not to survey,  
But sees in fancy Rome's proud emperors walk  
Those mouldered stones, or Gothic heroes stalk:  
Still by the Rhône white fluted columns shine,  
Where stood thy palace, far-famed Constantine!  
And frequent statues, urns, and costly things,  
From grass-grown mounds, to light the searcher brings.  
Though doomed to uses vile, not yet shall fall  
The mighty circle with its arch-pierced wall;



And high that ob'lisk towers which Romans bore,  
Ere Christ bless'd Earth, from Egypt's templed shore.  
But deeper, holier thoughts the bosom fill,  
As now we thread those trees, and climb the hill:  
The Elysian Fields—Ah! yes, the ancients sought  
The loveliest spots to rest, as though they thought  
The soul would feel delight to know her clay,  
'Mid scenes of beauty, dreamed its term away.  
Around us whiten tombs, the homes of those  
Who once swayed earth—how still their last repose!  
The small sunk pillar, quaintly-sculptured stone,  
Where Charon's boat, and Hades' gods are shown,  
Mingle with crosses raised to saints of yore,  
For Pagans, Christians, here are foes no more:  
Fancy might deem the soft pervading calm  
Of earth and heaven steals o'er their graves like balm;  
The fragrant airs that kiss the flowers to rest,  
The golden day that dies along the West,  
The mourner-willow bending as in sleep,  
The viewless dews that skies of twilight weep—  
How flits the notion through the musing brain!  
E'en for the dead can these exist in vain? (90)

But lo! famed Nîmes, that second Rome, is near,\*  
The hum of busy thousands greets the ear.  
Ay, life goes on—its chains of mystery link  
Age unto age, these rise while others sink;

\* Nîmes, for its striking remains of architectural grandeur, and the number of its monuments, takes the precedence of all other towns in the south of France, and has been called "a second Rome."

Man just as active, full of schemes is found,  
Courts Joy's bright form, and runs his giddy round,  
Now, as a thousand buried years before—  
So will his days sweep on till time be o'er.  
City! where classic Beauty deigns awhile,  
Watching the past, to hover and to smile,  
As standing by thy temple, whose excess  
Of rich adornment, and light loveliness,  
Might clothe full many a pile with beaming grace,  
We view it e'en as some rare beauty's face;  
The mouldings chaste, the marbles smooth and white,  
The deep rich frieze, the columns' graceful height—  
Each part is true to the sweet faultless whole,  
Which, like harmonious music, charms the soul;  
E'en spell-bound, very Ruin seems to stand,  
And fain would smite, but dares not lift his hand. (91)

Another huge ellipsis framed of stone,  
Whose every block might form a Titan's throne—  
Nîmes boasts her amphitheatre, where flowed  
The life-stream once, young Joy's yet Death's abode.  
We lean above the wall—the low winds creep,  
Whispering through stones, where ivies droop and weep;  
We pluck the wild-flower blooming at our side,  
Queen of the scene, grim Ruin's fairy bride;  
Yet scarce we mourn that yon stupendous mass  
To silence and decay should slowly pass;  
We feel no sorrow that the scenes of yore,  
Which shocked the human heart, are known no more.  
Years, as aside their clouds of darkness roll,  
Pour light on man, and say he hath a soul:

What! shall he joy to see God's creatures slain,  
Exult in butchery, riot in their pain?  
Joy to behold his fellow rend away  
His comrade's life for fame, or meaner pay?  
Ah! sad the sight where, bleeding on the sand,  
With head bowed down, and resting on his hand,  
Yon gladiator sternly meets his fate;  
It is not pride supports him, 'tis not hate,  
But sullen apathy, for nought he knows  
Of heaven or hell, or where his spirit goes:  
Though Fancy draws some picture, vague and dim,  
Of fair Elysium's field, 'tis not for him;  
Death only seems the end of action here,  
With nought beyond the grave to hope or fear;  
His soul is night, Truth's star hath never beamed—  
And this was valour, ancient Romans deemed.(92)

Where is Diana's fount, in whose bright wave  
Their radiant limbs young nymphs were wont to lave;  
While, like a house of pearl, or mound of snow,  
Her spotless temple, mirrored, shone below?  
Here gleamed that spring, and gleams exhaustless still,  
A friend that fails not, gushing 'neath the hill;  
Pure as the sky the liquid crystal glides,  
Bright as a star each frothy bubble rides;  
Flowers, too, along the banks are taught to twine,  
And graceful willows bend, and statues shine.  
But see those columns whitening through the leaves,  
Round which green moss some pitying spirit weaves;  
And rich-carved marble wrecks at random thrown,  
The pictured frieze, the fretted cornice stone—



'Tis fair Diana's shrine—that treasure keep,  
And o'er the beauteous ruin, Naiads! weep. (93)

Linked with that temple's fate, a tale is told;  
Love still is young, though man's proud works grow old.  
'Twas night's calm hour, the priests had breathed their  
prayer,  
And left the shrine, one nymph alone was there,  
Her task the sacred altar to adorn  
With gems and flowers, against the festive morn,  
With careful hand to string her sweetest lyre,  
And feed the fragrant lamp's undying fire.  
The beauteous priestess, in her robes of white,  
With arms of snow, and eyes of softened light,  
With step that air, not marble, seemed to press,  
Looked scarce a mortal in her loveliness,  
But some sweet creature of celestial birth,  
Dropped by mischance upon our lower earth.  
Who breathes, who sighs behind yon pillar's base,  
The daring lover's darkened hiding-place?  
And now he fronts her, while the conscious blush  
Springs to her cheek, thrice beauteous for that flush;  
Backward she draws, in timid, sweet surprise,  
Fear in her mien, but love within her eyes;  
For oh! though sworn a priestess, wed to Heaven,  
Her young warm heart to one of earth is given.

Her hand was in his own, her head was bow'd,  
Her heart-breathed sobs came frequent, but not loud;  
The tears, that lay like diamonds on her cheek,  
Spoke of a soul too fond, a faith too weak.

“Fly with thee!—break my vow?” she softly said,  
Then, shuddering, starting, raised her drooping head;  
“False to my goddess prove!—resign the bliss  
Of other worlds, for guilty joy in this?  
Avaunt! thou tempter—nay, those frowns will kill,  
In spite of vows, faith, heaven, I love thee still;  
Thy words, though fraught with poison, charm my ear,  
Thy looks, that lure to ruin, seem so dear,  
That for one smile, methinks, I’d bear the pain  
Of Pluto’s endless fires, and ne’er complain.  
Goddess! look down! give strength unto thy slave;  
Help me to conquer!—come, my soul to save!  
No more fond woman, let me priestess be,  
Forget my love, yield heart, life, all to thee!  
Farewell! sweet joys of earth to others known,  
And thou, too blindly loved—I’m Heaven’s alone;  
No human passion must my soul avow,  
Life’s once warm tide a frozen river now.  
And yet to see thee kneel—to hear thee plead,  
My heart grows weakness, stern resolve a reed;  
While e’en religion, and each joy above,  
Are half despised, seem dim beside thy love!”

Such were that maiden’s words, and still she kept  
Her eyes on that dear form, and sighed and wept.  
Now from his arms she shrank, returned, and then  
Clung to the altar’s side, and sobbed again.  
Strong were the links which superstition cast  
Round her poor soul, but love prevailed at last;  
She fled, renouncing fear, forgetting crime—  
So woman’s heart was won in olden time.

But vain their flight—swift hurrying on their track,  
The raging priests o’ertake, and drag them back:  
“Dark was his deed, but thine more dark;” they cry—  
To soothe Heaven’s wrath, they doom the maid to  
die.\*

Far in the shrine, obscured, not veiled from sight,  
Lamps shedding round a pale and quivering light,  
The victim waits her fate; she drops no tear,  
But her strained eye bespeaks a mortal fear;  
Her neck is bare, her raven locks, unbound,  
Fall o’er her arms, and sweep the marble ground;  
White are those robes drawn round her whiter feet,  
Robes soon to be her blood-stained winding-sheet.  
What sees she now, ’mid Nature’s fearful strife?  
The priests, the altar, or the fatal knife?  
No; looking love and truth, she casts her eyes,  
Where, bound with thongs, her warrior-lover lies,  
His cruel fate to view her perish there,  
No power to save, or soothe her last despair.

But Floria moves not, resignation now  
Calms her drooped eye, and smooths her ivory brow,  
Each tear is checked, each murmur is repressed,  
And the sad sob is stifled in her breast;

\* The Vestal Virgins, when they violated their oaths of celibacy or chastity, were condemned to a cruel death—starvation in a tomb. The priestesses of the virgin goddess Diana appear, in different establishments and at different periods, to have been treated more or less rigorously for similar delinquencies; the pontiffs, when judging the crimes of those in the sacerdotal office, had the power of life and death in their hands; their sentence being in some cases merely ratified by the prætor or civil magistrate.



By showing wild distress, she would not give  
One fruitless pang to him who still might live.  
But see! the priests approach—a ruthless hand  
Hath seized the knife—they tie the blinding band;  
She gropes with feeble arms, support to gain,  
And near the altar-stone—where oft have lain  
Her own sweet offering-flowers, herself more fair—  
Folds her white hands, and breathes a whispered prayer.  
Otho beholds, and strives his limbs to free,  
Curses his foes and yells in agony:  
But Floria bids him ne'er lament her fate,  
This bitter death her crime will expiate:  
'Twas sin to love, yet doats her heart the same,  
She dies in peace, and blessing Otho's name.

“Now let them strike;” she cried; “the blood may  
flow,  
Thinking of thee, I shall not feel the blow.  
I haste before, to pray the gods will send  
Peace to thy soul, and joys that shall not end;  
Elysium's flowers, dear love, I'll twine for thee,  
And there thy sinless bride I yet may be.”

And so she perished; o'er her crimson tomb  
No dirge was sung, to mourn her cruel doom,  
But a red sword of vengeance flickered there,  
Wielded by love, and sharpened by despair;  
Otho, with Christian zealots, madd'ning came,  
And gave that shrine to slaughter and to flame;  
The beauteous fabric, wrapt in ruin's night,  
Saw from that hour no more the Pagan's rite,

But, sad as its poor priestess' hapless fate,  
Lay bare to heaven, lorn, crushed, and desolate.

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Here pause we in our lay; howbeit not yet  
The closing seal upon our task is set;  
Ruins of varied years, of sacred times,  
Invite our wanderings still to other climes.  
Yes, we must mourn where Tyre's rude stones are piled,  
And Baalbec's gorgeous fabrics strew the wild;  
Yes, we must weep by Kedron's hallowed rill,  
And where the night-owl hoots on Zion's hill:  
While awe must wrap our souls on Persia's plain,  
Graced with the relics of her ancient reign,  
Those columns towering heavenward, sad yet fair,  
As fixed by some dread spell for ever there.\*

Sweep on! sweep on! mysterious as sublime,  
Ye never-resting waves of Change and Time!  
Ye heed not human toil, or tears or groans,  
O'erwhelming races, dynasties, and thrones;  
What was, what is, and what, alas! shall be,  
Must sink alike in one eternal sea.  
Sweep on! nought dares oppose your rushing sway,  
Upbearing on your bosom stern Decay;  
She, your wild ocean-queen, all earth transforms,  
More dread than lightnings, and more strong than storms.  
Hope? Can we hope, while thus, insatiate waves!  
Ye bury kingdoms, blot out e'en our graves,

\* The pillars of Persepolis.

Engulf in night the hero's, sage's name?  
For what are present glory, future fame?  
Man's soul—that wondrous germ—alone is made  
Of elements that ne'er can change or fade;  
Bright spark of God, of that ethereal flame,  
Which must through endless ages burn the same:  
Yes, thou, oh, soul! when all deemed glories now,  
Shrines, pyramids, and towers, to dust shall bow,  
When the last empire shall receive its doom,  
And the "last man" is gathered to his tomb;  
When earth shall rock, the sun shall quench its ray,  
And every distant star-world melt away,  
Thou, on calm pinion, and with eye serene,  
Wilt view the wreck, and mount above the scene,  
Rove through the fields where Time's dark rule is o'er,  
In light, and life, and joy, for evermore.

END OF PART III.



# RUINS OF MANY LANDS.

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## BOOK III.

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### MISCELLANEOUS AGES.

#### PART I.

I STAND in Carthage; Dido's city here  
Sprang into power, and waved her wand of fear;  
The seaman hailed her tall, white towers afar,  
Each gilded palace glittering like a star;  
Armies obeyed her nod, vast fleets her boast,  
And bee-like Commerce hummed along the coast;  
Gems, gold—all wealth within her walls was seen,  
And tawny Afric bowed, and owned her queen.  
City of Hannibal! who not in vain  
Swore hate to Rome, and crossed the heaving main,  
Climbed with his dauntless bands yon Alpine height,  
And southward poured, an av'lanche in his might,  
While Rome confessed the terror of his name,  
Drooped her bright eye, and hung her head in shame,  
For those who sank by Thrasymene's side,  
And those whose blood the flowers of Cannæ dyed.\*

\* The passage of Hannibal with his army across the Alps took

I stand in Carthage: What! no humble town,  
No village left, to speak her old renown?  
Not e'en a shrine, a wall?—Oh! ruthless years!  
To spare not these to pride, and pity's tears!  
Well was avenging Scipio's task performed,  
The flames announced it, and the towers he stormed;  
But ye bring heavier doom; deserted land,  
Where scarce a palm-tree crowns the heaps of sand,  
Old mouldering cisterns, rude unshapen stones—  
For e'en the graves are gone, and leave no bones—  
A half-choked stream, amid whose sedge is heard  
The mournful cry of Afric's desert bird,—  
These, Carthage, terror once of earth and sea,  
Are all dark time hath left to tell of thee. (94)

And here mourned Marius, Rome's ambitious  
son,  
When his bright fortune-star its course had run;  
Ay, ruined Marius felt that Carthage' fate  
Likened his own, so drear and desolate.†  
On yon wild rocks we see him—twilight's ray  
From cape and mountain slowly fades away;  
The last faint purple dies from Ocean's breast,  
And each small billow trembles into rest;  
A voice seems rising from the solemn deep,  
“For Afric's fallen queen, for Carthage weep!”—

place in the autumn of the year 218 B.C.; and his celebrated victories over the Romans at the lake of Thrasymene and at Cannæ, made him master for the time of a great portion of Italy.

† It was after his flight from prison at Minturnæ that Marius, the renowned opponent of Sylla, took refuge on the African coast, and has been described as “mourning over the ruins of Carthage.”

His hand supports his head, to breezes low  
The musing warrior breathes his words of woe.  
Oh! 'mid that scene with coming darkness clad,  
So wildly lone, and yet so softly sad,  
Linked with historic spells, the gorgeous past  
Like music hushed, or hues that could not last,  
What marvel for a moment sorrow stole,  
In softening trance, upon that hardened soul?  
Or moral light across his path should break,  
And tears bedew the iron soldier's cheek?

Away from Afric's shores! bland Zephyr brings  
From Sicily rich fragrance on his wings:  
There Admiration well might pause awhile,  
Muse o'er vast blocks, and many a fallen pile,  
Column on column crushed, and heap on heap,  
Where Agrigentum crowned the breezy steep; (95)  
But swift the bark glides on, our path must be  
By cape and isle, far up the mid-land sea.  
Though fair Improvement, scattering heavenly  
light,  
And star-eyed Science with her arm of might,  
Long, in their onward march, have sought the  
West,  
Raised and refined, and made barbarians blest,  
Still must we turn to Asia's storied shore,  
And love the land with age and ruin hoar,  
Revere the clime where Eden's glory spread,  
And saintly Ararat still lifts his head,  
And hail each valley as some holy place,  
Nurse of our faith, and cradle of our race.



Yes, once again we visit Asian bowers,  
And walk the plains, half desert and half flowers.  
Cool blow the breezes from the Ægean deep,  
Green wave the whispering pines on Latmus' steep,  
As when lay there the Carian's faultless frame,\*  
And fresh from heaven th' enamoured goddess came,  
With lip of roses and with brow of snow,  
To bless her love with all immortals know.  
Ah! must those shadowy dreams of olden day,  
Before the light of wisdom, melt away?  
No; reft of Fancy's fairy-peopling spell,  
Dim were the harsh cold world in which we dwell;  
Warmed by those tales man once could hold divine,  
Truth half forgives the poet's fabling line.

And where stands Ephesus, in years gone by  
Pride of the East, Ionia's radiant eye,  
Boasting the shrine to famed Diana reared,  
Earth's wonder called, that myriad hearts revered?  
There spreads Selinus' lake beneath the hill,  
And flows unchanged the Cayster's willow'd rill;†  
These speak the city near—through waving grass,  
O'er blackened ruins, labouring, slow, we pass;  
Across our way the timid leveret springs;  
Woke from his sleep, the snake uncoils his rings.  
No street we tread, but climb a grass-grown mound—  
What! is this Ephesus that moulders round?

\* Endymion.

† The lake Selinus, west of the hill called Lepre, is now little better than a stagnant pool or morass; the Cayster, after running near the ruins of Ephesus, and the modern Turkish village of Aiasalouk, falls into the bay below.

Th' embattled walls that swept o'er Lepre's side,  
To shapeless ruin crushed, have stooped their pride:\*  
Where stood that early church Paul loved so well,  
No cross, no tomb, no stone remains to tell.  
Diana's fane that, glassed in depths below,  
From bronze and silver cast a starry glow,  
With statues, colonnades, and courts apart,  
And porphyry pillars, each the pride of art—  
Have Time's stern scythe, man's rage, and flood and fire,  
Left nought for curious pilgrims to admire?  
A few poor footsteps now may cross the shrine,  
Cell, long arcade, high altar, all supine;  
Bound with thick ivy, broken columns lie,  
Through low rent arches winds of evening sigh,  
Rough brambles choke the vaults, where gold was  
stored,  
And toads spit venom forth, where priests adored. (96)

The shivering bolt of ruthless Ruin falls  
On Pleasure's haunts, as well as priestly walls:  
See! in the circus where, with hoof of speed,  
And flying mane, plunged on the racing steed,  
The lonely plover rears her callow brood,  
Queen of the gorgeous, marble solitude.†

\* Nothing can exceed the desolate appearance of the ruins of the once splendid Ionian capital. The walls, according to Pococke, four miles in circumference, are still easily traced: they pass over the hill of Lepre, and along the side of Mount Corresus, being ten feet thick, but in some places they are levelled to their foundations.

† The circus, which still exhibits massy ruins, is of great size, being 780 feet long, while the chariot-course is 130 feet wide: the seats on the north side are very singularly constructed upon arches.

Ten thousand voices rang from yonder hill,  
There, clothed with moss, sweep circling benches still,  
But e'en the peasant shuns that spot in fear,  
So deep the voiceless calm, its look so drear.  
Poor actors! Greek or Roman, where are they,  
That toiled and laughed to make their fellows gay?  
Down the long stream of sable Lethe tost,  
Their graves unknown, and e'en their memories lost.\*

Yet, Ephesus! while desolate and lorn,  
And though thy starless night shall know no morn,  
Cold is the breast of him who looks on thee,  
And feels no thrill of solemn ecstasy.  
As musing now we walk thy desert bound,  
The heart leaps up as at a trumpet's sound,  
For here, e'en here—name never to expire—  
Paul taught his Church, and breathed his words of fire;  
These very stones his foot, perchance, hath trod,  
These roofless walls have heard his prayers to God.  
There did Demetrius raise his heathen-cry,  
'Gainst him who led men's wandering thoughts on high,  
Showed the dark errors of their baseless dreams,  
Poured on the spirit's night celestial beams,  
And cheered us with the hope, when worms shall prey  
On this poor form consigned to slow decay,  
The soul, with added powers and new-fledged plume,  
Shall spring to life and joy, beyond the tomb.

\* The semicircular theatre, 330 feet in diameter, is in a ruinous condition; it is partly hollowed out of the hill Lepre, and has thirty rows of seats. This is the great theatre into which Demetrius and his companions rushed when they raised a tumult against St. Paul.



Ay, Paul's bright fame, above the fame of kings,  
On these sad ruins dazzling lustre flings.  
But chief tradition points to yon rude tower,  
Where passed in bonds the Apostle's lonely hour,  
And pious hands have reared, in later day,  
Encircling Gothic walls, and arches grey :\*  
Within this cell—hush, heart! thy fluttering fears—  
To Fancy's eye his godlike form appears :  
What solemn thought that lofty brow displays!  
What holy fervour in that lifted gaze!  
Monarchs! behold a greater far than ye;  
Conquerors! to Christ's brave champion bend the  
knee!

Earth only boasts one Paul, but many slaves  
Of mad ambition, hurrying men to graves;  
These, Glory's minions, bade peace, joy, farewell,  
Caused death and tears, and oped the gates of hell;  
But he, Mind's chief, drew Truth's bright sword in  
love,  
To vanquish crime, and lead the way above.

Ionia! clime of softness, long, oh! long  
Could linger here the pensive child of song,  
Mourn by the crumbling tombs of great ones gone,  
Where wild-flowers wave o'er perished Colophon,

\* One of the most interesting objects among the ruins of Ephesus, is a tower on the western wall, which has obtained the name of "St. Paul's Prison." The building raised around the original tower is Gothic, having narrow windows and pointed arches. St. Paul's imprisonment at Ephesus is a tradition, for no distinct allusion is made to it in the Acts of the Apostles; it is recorded, however, that he preached there for the space of two years.

Sit by the rocks of Mycale, and hear  
The Greek's wild shout, the Persian's cry of fear,\*  
And drink the gales still Passion seems to ride,  
Where famed Miletus moulders by the tide;  
For there Aspasia sprung, whose melting sighs,  
Whose lip of eloquence, and soul-bright eyes,  
Conquered the hero, and allured the sage—  
Alas! for Beauty's spell in every age!†

But South the pilgrim speeds; Ionia's hills  
Vanish in mists, like joys that yield to ills;  
Still seeking ruins, round his eye is cast;  
Now Bodroum's walls he wanders slowly past;  
The Turkish crescent gleams, the guns look down—  
How changed in all, that once-famed classic town!‡  
Yet mark yon fort; there marbles, rent and worn,  
Sculptured with forms that ancient robes adorn,  
Speak of a gorgeous tomb, and darkly tell  
Affection's tale, nought else could breathe so well.  
Here stood that pile an Eastern queen upreared,  
Tribute to one a husband's love endeared.  
To baffle crushing Time, and dazzle still,  
Wealth gave his splendour, Science plied her  
skill;  
It rose in air, its matchless sculptures done,  
Crowned with winged horses flashing in the sun; (97)

\* Mycale, famous for the defeat of the Persians by the Greeks, B.C. 479.

† Aspasia, who taught eloquence at Athens, numbering Socrates among her admirers, and gaining absolute sway over Pericles, was born at Miletus.

‡ Bodroum, the ancient Halicarnassus.

But ah! doth sounder now the monarch sleep?  
Doth she who mourned his doom forget to weep?  
Go, as pale evening calms the Western wave,  
See Artemisia near that fabric rave!  
Sadly and slow she treads the moonlight shore,  
Recalls his looks, his voice, to charm no more,  
Begs of the gods, in agonising prayer,  
His dear bless'd shade to see one moment there.  
Now through that door where lamps of silver  
gleam,

Behold her move, like some sad restless dream!  
Gemmed floors below, and golden roofs on high,  
No pleasure wake in that pale languid eye;  
She thought by this display to soothe her grief,  
But breaking hearts in pomp find no relief.

“Where art thou, my loved lord?” she faintly  
cries;

“Doomed to the dreary halls where misery sighs?  
Or roams thy shade through joy-bright fields above?  
And art thou happy there, without thy love?  
Lord of my soul! whate'er thy lot may be,  
Rapture or pain, I still would be with thee,  
Assuage each cruel pang, or share thy bliss,  
True in that world above, as true in this.  
Thou hear'st me not—thy dust I can but keep,  
Lament the past, and hide me here and weep:  
Yes, let me kneel, and thus my fond arms throw  
Around thy urn—there's pleasure yet in woe.  
Ah! why did love e'er fill my woman's heart?  
Why were we bound by vows, if thus to part?



Have gods no pity tow'rd their creatures here?  
Are sighs all fruitless?—fruitless every tear?  
One thought but soothes—the hour when death shall  
lay

Beside thine own, my frail consuming clay,  
Hush the wild throbs that rend my anguished breast,  
Give to this stricken frame eternal rest,  
And join our souls on bright Elysium's shore,  
To bask in love's sweet sun for evermore."

Where breaks the wave on wild Phœnicia's coast,  
Land in past days a marvel and a boast,  
There stands a humble village, lone and calm,  
Girt by old fig-trees, and the tufted palm.  
Along the heathy sand-banks children play,  
No stately vessel floats within the bay,  
But there the fisher's tiny sail is set,  
Or on the quiet shore he dries his net.

And this is Tyre—the mighty mart of old,  
City of Merchants! conquering kings with gold!  
Through whose long streets that knew no dull repose,  
Like stormy waves the voice of Commerce rose,  
While palaces, each worthy Ocean's queen,  
O'erlooked in dazzling pride the busy scene.  
Here Afric brought her ivory and rich plumes,  
Ophir her gems, Arabia her perfumes;  
The adventurous Tyrian sent his daring sail,  
Where'er might roll the waves, or sweep the gale;  
Spain's vine-clad hills, the spicy Indian isles,  
And where soft Spring on green Canary smiles,

E'en Britain's barbarous coast,\* and lands afar,  
Vast and untrod, beneath the Western star,—†  
All, all he sought, and home exulting bore  
Things new and strange, the wealth of every shore,  
Till that proud mart earth's envy well might be,  
Queen of the land, and goddess of the sea,  
Deeming within her wave-washed lofty wall,  
No hand could strike, no spoiler work her fall.

Strange that to power, states, kingdoms never grew,  
From age to age their glory to renew;  
But like the sun they gain meridian height,  
Blaze their appointed time, then sink in night;  
Yet, ah! not doomed, like heaven's untiring sphere,  
Bursting from gloom, again our world to cheer.  
Why should we marvel nations thus decay?  
One dread eternal law they but obey.  
The valley's flower its fragrant leaves must shed,  
The oak must fall upon the mountain's head;

\* The Tyrians were the earliest and best navigators recorded in history. Hiram, King of Tyre, who assisted Solomon in building the Temple of Jerusalem, performed the passage around Africa to India. About two centuries afterwards, they planted the colonies of Carthage, Utica, and Gades (Cadiz.) It is well known that these remarkable people made frequent visits to the western coast of Britain for tin. The writer has seen the remains of several of their old works or furnaces in Cornwall, where masses of metal smelted by them are sometimes found, having been left, probably, in haste, when they might have been attacked by the barbarians. These furnaces are called by the natives of the present day, "Jews' houses."

† We have elsewhere endeavoured to show the high probability that the Tyrians, in conjunction with the Egyptians, discovered South America; and that their colonies built those remarkable cities and pyramids the ruins of which now perplex the traveller.

Ocean upheaveth isles, and now his flood  
Rolls o'er the land where stately cities stood:  
Heav'n breathed its fiat—change! and dost thou dare  
Raise thy frail voice, and Heav'n unjust declare?  
Man works his destiny, from seeming ill  
Gathering some truth, some good educing still.

And so Tyre fell—her riches could not save,  
The city of the proud is now a grave,  
Swept, like her daughter Carthage, by the wings  
Of ages, from the list of living things.  
And so Tyre fell—where rose her granite towers,  
And shone her palaced streets, and jewelled bowers,  
The goatherd heedless roves, nor asks her name,  
Nor recks her glories past, nor ancient fame.  
He sees bowed arch, an aqueduct, and well,  
But who their builders were he cannot tell.  
The wave, unsympathising, beats the strand,  
Moss clothes black fragments buried deep in sand,  
And seabirds, stooping in their ocean flight,  
Pass with wild shrieks the vanished city's site. (98)

Day blushes: Forward moves the camel train;  
Tyre sinks behind; we tread the Eastern plain:  
How fresh the air, the earth, ere burning skies  
Flash down their fire, and Nature panting lies!  
The East just softens with uncertain beams,  
Like Beauty slowly waking from her dreams;  
The wind, faint creeping, stirs the whispering palm,  
And cools the brow, and soothes each sense with  
balm.



Bocat's sequestered vale we wind along,  
Glorious with countless flowers, and famed in song,  
The Arab's haunt when Winter spreads its gloom,  
Home of the Peri living on perfume.\*  
Clear as the conscience of a saintly bride,  
Soft flows Litani's heaven-reflecting tide:†  
The lily stoops her graces to behold,  
The melon shows through moss his globe of gold:  
Shook by the breeze, its flowers of odorous snow  
The jasmine sheds upon that wave below,  
Which bears them off, and drinks their luscious dew,  
Thus by the theft adorned, and sweetened too.  
And now that flower which courts the sun uprears  
Her yellow crest, and gleams through night's soft tears;  
See! how, fond worshipper! with diamond eye  
She looks from earth, and finds the Eastern sky,  
Breathing to Heav'n prayer-incense from the sod—  
Ah! would that man did so adore his God!‡  
Gradual as mists roll off the bounding hills,  
A rosier light the widening prospect fills,

\* The beautiful Valley of Bocat, sometimes called Beka, commences near the sea, not far from the site of Tyre, and extends in a north-eastern direction for about thirty miles to Baalbec. The mountains of Libanus bound it on the one side, and those of Anti-Libanus on the other. "This valley," says Wood (in his "Journey to Palmyra,") "is more fertile than the celebrated vale of Damascus, and better watered than the rich plains of Esdraelon and Rama."

† The river Litani runs through the valley of Bocat, having taken its rise a little to the west of Baalbec in the chain of Anti-Libanus.

‡ There is a small flower of a bright yellow colour, not much larger than our daisy, which always turns to the sun; the Arabs call it "Werd el Shems," or the flower of the sun.—See *Buckingham's Travels*.

And graceful planes that skirt the vale are seen,  
And mulberry groves extend their living green.  
From yon high rock looks down the shy gazelle,  
And bright-winged birds flit oft across the dell:  
The eagle mounts like some dark ghoul above,  
The thrush 'mid flowers begins his lay of love.

\* But see! Day's king, with robes of glory on,  
The sun hath climbed sky-piercing Lebanon!  
Like thousand arrows dipped in ruby light,  
Beams dart from rock to rock—all heaven is bright;  
The hanging pines shake off their sombre sleep,  
With freshened breath the mountain breezes sweep;  
The cascades, dashing joyous, catch the ray,  
And leap from crag to crag in feathery spray.  
Nestling in dells, the hamlet hides from view,  
Smoke o'er the deep green foliage curling blue,  
But high above, on rocks exposed and bare,  
Grey convents hang, as poised in upper air: \*  
The matin bell with music loads the gale,  
And listening Echo answers from the vale.  
O'er all, the mountains lift their crests of snow,  
Nature's grand crown where stainless jewels glow;  
E'en the huge cedars, standing dark and lone,  
That years and storms have bowed, but not o'erthrown,  
Whose shade might hallow priest's or prophet's tomb,  
Hail morning's smile, and half forget their gloom.†

\* There are among the mountains of Lebanon nearly two hundred convents of Maronite Christians.

† Of the renowned cedars of Lebanon seven remain standing, which, from their immense size, favour the opinion that they are the

Beyond those mountains dwelt one known to fame,  
Who from far shores a willing exile came:  
Lady of Albion! didst thou shed no tear,  
Bursting the bonds to Nature ever dear?  
Thy home forgot, around thee darkly stood  
The savage Druse, the desert's robber brood;  
And midst them passed thy years—thy life had grown  
Orient, calm, sad—thy heart seemed turned to stone.  
E'en when death came, no home-born friend was nigh  
To soothe thy pangs, or catch thy parting sigh;  
Strangers alone grouped near thy silent bed,  
Nor spoke of Heav'n, nor propp'd thy dying head;  
And if, when faded life's last beams from thee,  
One thought was given to lands beyond the sea,  
Unshared it pierced thy soul—around thee fell  
The night of death, and no one breathed farewell:  
The mountain-vulture shrieked, the wild wind sighed,  
And wilder eyes gleamed near, as Stanhope died.\*

But mid-day comes, and eve descends at last,  
And Bocat's green and watered vale is passed.  
Lo! o'er the trees, on platform vast and high,  
What graceful pillars stand against the sky!†

identical trees celebrated by Ezekiel and Solomon.—*Vide Lamar-  
tine's Travels.*

\* Lady Hester Stanhope, whose story is so well known, after she had quitted Sidon, resided in a house situated on a high hill near Beyrout. The Druses of Mount Lebanon and the Arabs were her only friends, if such they might be termed. She died in June, 1839; no person of her own country was near her, and she was buried in the garden attached to her house.

† On approaching Baalbec from the south, you descry the ruins over groups of large walnut trees.—*Volney's "Travels in Syria."*



They look on ruin calm as in their prime,  
Meeting with smiles the strokes of envious Time;  
Lovely in desolation, as the eyes  
Of Beauty gazing heavenward as she dies;  
Fair as white spirits ranged by music's tone,  
In shining rows, round Allah's wondrous throne.

Baalbec! thou glorious city! where the sun,  
Long ages back, mysterious worship won;\*  
Where, turning eastward, myriads bent the knee,  
Well might Day's burning god be proud of thee.  
As now he seeks the ancient cedar'd hills,  
Bathing with gold the rocks and falling rills,  
Doth he not view, with sad regretful eye,  
The beauteous wreck of glories long gone by?  
And teach the desert wind to creep and moan  
Around each prostrate shaft, and ivied stone?  
And call Eve's genii forth, along the maze  
Of pillar'd walks to spread his dying rays,  
And hang their dewy tears on shrubs and flowers,  
That deck with mournful grace Love's ruined  
bowers?

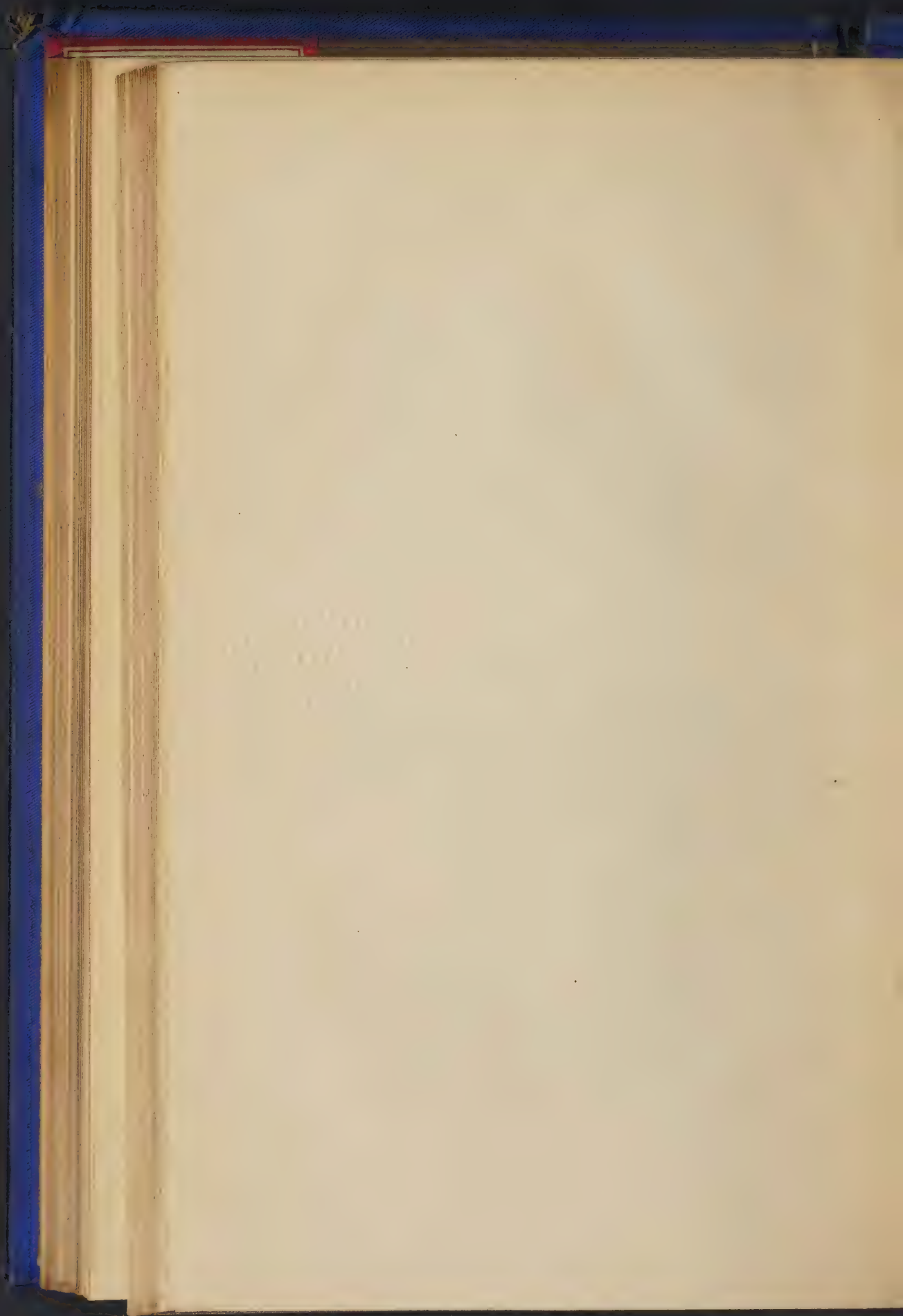
City of mystery! by whose hands were piled  
These gorgeous fanes on Syria's lonely wild?

\* Baalbec—the city of Baal or the sun, called by the Greeks Heliopolis, which is but a translation of the Syrian name Baal, signifying also lord or master. Baal and Moloch have been supposed to be names of the same god, who with Astarté, or the moon, was worshipped with peculiar splendour at Baalbec. Astarté is found sculptured on the Nimroud marbles standing on the back of a lion.



THE RUINS OF BAALBEK.

THE INSTITUTION OF THE LANCET, LONDON. P. 204.





No record tells, but Roman art is here,  
More rich than chaste, more splendid than severe.\*  
Who reared yon stones?—or were they upward hurled,  
The huge foundations of a granite world?  
A hundred giants could not lift them there—  
Did Eblis build their mass, or powers of air?  
We ask in vain, and only marvelling stand,  
And scarce believe that work by human hand.  
And yet, perchance, far back in history's night,  
These blocks were heaved by old Phœnician might,  
And here, since Abraham walked the world, have lain,  
The elder Baalbec's dark and sole remain. (99)

The stately shrines on this grand platform rise,  
And e'en in ruin charm the wondering eyes.  
Pass we the lonely pillar tow'rd the west,  
High on whose top the stork hath built her nest,  
Calm standing now, with white and folded wing,  
Watching the sun, like some carved lifeless thing.†  
Pass we the temple, beautiful as strange,  
Round which rich-wrought Corinthian columns range,

\* History maintains a singular silence regarding the magnificent buildings both at Baalbec and Palmyra. Yet, notwithstanding the great antiquity of each city, the Corinthian order generally adopted in the temples, and the florid style, plainly indicate that the erection of these edifices cannot date back, at the farthest, more than two centuries before Christ, while they were undeniably the work of Greeks or Romans. With respect to Baalbec, we are led to believe from certain Roman coins, and on the testimony of John of Antioch, that the Temple of the Sun was built by the Emperor Antoninus Pius.

† A single Doric pillar, sixty feet high, with a large stone basin on the summit, stands at some distance south-west of the great platform; it is supposed to have been a water-dial.

With bending architrave and circling cell,  
Where Christian priests now ring their holy bell;\*  
We mount the platform, and approach with awe  
The mightiest shrine the kneeling Syrian saw:  
No columns rise in front, the porch o'erthrown,  
And spacious gateway heaped with many a stone;  
Rude towers, by Moslems raised, o'erhang the wall,  
And, built on ruins, fast to ruin fall.†  
Slow we advance; arcades once swept around,  
Now shattered frieze, bust, cornice, strew the ground;  
And still beyond, a noble area sweeps,  
And here fond Taste the wreck of beauty weeps.  
As bursts that glorious picture on the sight,  
The spirit thrills, yet feels a sad delight;  
We look and ponder, doubt and look again,  
With dazzled eye, intoxicated brain:  
The marble chambers opening round the court,  
In ancient days the white-stoled priests' resort;  
The frieze, with sculptured fruit and foliage rich,  
The quaint-carved arch, and decorated niche;

\* The circular temple, near that part of Baalbec still inhabited, is a very singular and elegant construction. Twelve Corinthian columns surround the exterior of the cella, and Ionic columns adorn the interior. The roof was a dome, open, perhaps, at the top, like that of the Pantheon at Rome. The effect of the whole is airy and graceful in the extreme. Wild shrubs now grow out of the curved entablature, and the cella has been converted into a Christian church.

† Twelve bases only remain of the fallen columns which formed the portico of the great Temple of the Sun. This portico faced the east. The gate is half choked with rubbish, and the ancient wall is disfigured by ruinous towers built by the Turks many ages ago.—*See Wood's "Journey to Palmyra."*

The fine relief, where gods frown out in stone,  
The fluted shaft, the pavement moss-o'ergrown;  
And high o'er all, soft bathed in rosy air,  
Yon columns of the sun so grand, so fair—  
The wondrous scene enchants, o'erpowers the gaze,  
Nor sighs the soul for Glory's brighter days;  
For Ruin lends a charm, and hoary Time,  
While darkening beauty, makes it half sublime;  
And scenes like these send thought o'er backward  
years,  
Speak to the heart, and wake the fount of tears. (100)

We lean upon this column's fallen mass;  
The fitful breeze just bends the whispering grass;  
On yon tall arch the yellow wall-flower blows,  
And eve around a pulseless silence throws.  
The present here is lost; the busy train  
Of worldly schemes no longer racks the brain:  
We live with ages gone; events long o'er  
Seem to come back; the dead exist once more:  
Yes, on this spot, where Ruin now is king,  
And Life folds up her silent, listless wing,  
Time was when priests were hurrying to and fro,  
And women knelt, and princes bowed them low,  
When altars blazed, and music pealed on high  
To greet the sun slow mounting in the sky;  
The cruel rites, which stern Phœnicia taught,  
Were practised here, and babes to Moloch  
brought—  
Moloch, Astarté, names that chill with dread,  
E'en when their living terrors all have fled.



A vision of the past: That friend of Death,  
The Plague through Baalbec sends her blasting breath;  
In desperate revelry, or wailing loud,  
Men meet their doom, and fast to Hades crowd;  
The warrior's mail-clothed arm avails no more,  
The proud lie low, the statesman's dreams are o'er.  
Beauty, who smiles this hour with sparkling eyes,  
And sweeps her lyre, to-morrow droops and dies:  
The viewless hand still smites, and thousands there  
Quail 'neath the scourge, and tremble in despair.

And what the Plague-fiend's deadly course may  
stay?  
"No blood of beasts," red Moloch's votaries say;  
"A high-born infant cast ye to the fire,  
And then will cease the god's afflicting ire." (101)  
She comes—the mother comes—a heart is found  
To offer all it loves—your trumpets sound!  
And shout Astarté, and dread Moloch's name!  
Prepare the furnace, and make fierce the flame!  
Oh! beautiful that daughter of high zeal!  
Struggling with woe, yet seeming not to feel:  
Resolve sits stately on her radiant brow,  
With heaven's own light her eye seems flashing now;  
A robe of Sidon's purple wraps her form,  
She the fair halcyon, calm in terror's storm:  
Her raven hair falls cloud-like o'er her breast,  
And there, with smiling lip, her babe is prest.

Eternal Nature! must thy ties give way,  
And Truth and Love black Error's law obey?

Can she, the mother, view yon rising blaze  
With heart unharrowed, and unshrinking gaze?  
She gives her babe to dark Phœnicia's god,  
To soothe his wrath, and stay his withering rod.  
The priests approach, with slow and solemn pace,  
To rend that nestler from its hiding-place;  
She stands with firm, and calmly-rigid air,  
Looks at her first-born child—'tis smiling there,  
Gay eye, and rosy lip, like flowers which bloom  
Decking some dread volcano's edge of doom;  
That reckless gleesome look—it reached her heart;  
Religion fades, heroic dreams depart;  
Soft o'er her soul the dew of Nature steals,  
A mother's love, and all her woes she feels.  
Oh! now her arms around the babe are cast,  
In wild caresses—must they be her last?  
Back from the priests she shrinks, her youthful frame  
Recoiling, shuddering at that hissing flame,  
And fear grows frenzy, as they still advance,  
While beauteous horror lightens in her glance.

“No, no!” she cries, “I dreamed—some blinding spell  
Was thrown around me by the fiends of hell;  
Heaven's laws I rev'rence, but I cannot part  
With this dear thing, the life-blood of my heart!  
What! give to fire—oh! hear me, gods above!—  
My own, my beautiful, my cherub love?  
No, I repent; my infant shall not brave  
Those raging flames a million lives to save!  
Ah! will ye, priests! my treasure from me tear,  
Nor heed my pangs, nor pity my despair?”

My husband! father! shield me—snatch away  
From fiery death, the helpless, sinless prey!  
Hold! ruthless murderers! on my knees I fall;  
Could my blood turn to tears, I'd shed it all:  
A moment pause—this boon ye'll not deny—  
If one must perish—let the mother die!  
I'll bear your fires, and think your tortures mild,  
So you forget the past, and spare my child."

Thus spoke a mother's love, each age the same,  
Bright burned in darkest years that sacred flame;  
But Moloch's priests affection's prayer deride,  
Fiends steel their hearts, and fill their souls with pride.  
Poised o'er the flames the brazen image stands;  
The babe is placed upon those giant hands;  
They bend—it drops—behold that frenzied eye!  
Hark! through the shrine that wild and startling  
cry!

It reaches furthest courts and vaults below,  
Each pillar seems to echo shrieks of woe,  
Then all is hushed—she sinks upon the floor—  
Her heart is still—the mother's griefs are o'er.\*

Baalbec we leave; still East our course we urge.  
Each ruin fading on the horizon's verge.

\* Diodorus states that the image of Moloch was of brass; the fire was placed beneath the extended hands, which, when they received the victim, turned downwards, thus permitting it to fall into the furnace. The worship of the sun, as observed by the Phœnicians, has now perished from the earth, for very different indeed are the rites of the fire-worshippers in Persia and at Bombay, those gentle followers of Zoroaster.



No streams run gurgling now, no flower is seen,  
Heaven hath no cloud, and earth no spot of green.  
Vast as a sea, the desert round us sweeps,  
Where Desolation tomb-like silence keeps,  
And dull-eyed Melancholy broods alone,  
And Death triumphant sits on Nature's throne.  
The scene with solemn thought the heart may fill,  
Expand the soul, and passion's tumult still.  
Ah! let the city-dweller leave his sphere  
Of narrow toil and care, and wander here:  
Yon sapphire vault down-stooping to the plain,  
The sands that shift like waves along the main,  
No sign of life save where the ostrich stalks,  
Or lurks the hyena on his stealthy walks,  
While that blank wearying waste, so wide and lone,  
Since earth threw off its flood, no change has known —  
Placed on this spot, he feels his vauntings o'er,  
Lord of the soil, and of the world no more!  
His busy marts, their torture, strife, and sound,  
Seem lost, e'en nothing, 'mid that hush profound:  
He looks to heaven, and casts his straining eye  
O'er the dread wild, and whispers—"What am I?  
But as the grain of sand beneath my feet,  
My hours, than yonder sun-flash, e'en more fleet."

Day's parting spirit burns, not smiles, farewell;  
The tents are pitched around the desert well;  
Cooling the air, the moss-fringed waters glide,  
Irem's bless'd rills less grateful than that tide.  
The weary camel yields to slumbers calm,  
The travellers group beneath the spreading palm,

And odours of the fragrant weed inhale,  
While some swart Arab tells his fabling tale.  
Slow sails the moon, a silver bark through heav'n,  
The foam of fleecy clouds around her driv'n,  
And myriad star-eyes, through their veil of blue,  
Glance sparkling out, our lower world to view—  
Immortal watchers, from their heavenly height,  
Gazing so purely calm, divinely bright!  
Just as they shone when old Chaldæa's sage  
Scanned all their lights, and read their mystic page,  
And sad, and slow, beneath their glimmering ray,  
The bond-maid Hagar trod her lonely way,  
Clasped to her bursting heart her outcast child,  
And breathed her sighs along the distant wild.

Again 'tis day: We quit the palmy stream,  
Winds pant, and faint, while glares the scorching beam;  
White as hot steel the broad sun mounts the skies,  
The burning vapours quivering as they rise.  
No beast, no wandering bird doth hither come,  
Not e'en an insect wakes her drowsy hum.  
But lo! the hills on which some dark curse rests,  
Barren their sides, all rocks their withered crests,  
Approach with frowns, and form a savage dell,  
Where snakes retreat, and vultures love to dwell.\*

\* Unlike the neighbourhood of Baalbec, nothing can be more desolate than the country in the vicinity of Palmyra. The ruins are situated in a complete desert of sand, about one hundred and thirty miles east of the first-named place, and sixty west of the Euphrates. Yet we have every reason to believe, from the remains of aqueducts, and the accounts left us of the large population of the city, that the locality was once well supplied with water and extremely fertile.

Silent and strange along this craggy way,  
Rise countless towers that brave thy hand, Decay!  
Did busy men once live, and flourish here,  
Their palaces yon piles so old and drear?  
Draw nearer—scan each building's dark recess,  
What mean those crumbling bones—that mouldered  
dress?

Yes, these are tombs, as many a mummy shows,  
Where man in distant ages found repose;\*  
The street of graves! where kings laid down their pride,  
And many a restless phantom yet may glide:  
Murdered Longinus here may wander still,†  
And she, whose dust was laid by Tibur's hill,  
Far-famed Zenobia, for her kingdom wail,  
Mounting with viewless form the desert gale.

We pass the tombs; beneath heaven's arching blue,  
A startling scene now meets the ravished view;  
Baalbec's huge group of columns charmed the eyes,  
But here, like some vast wood, the pillars rise:

\* On each side of the barren valley by which the traveller approaches Palmyra from the west, are to be seen very singular square towers, from three to five stories high. The chambers are divided into compartments, the ceilings of some of which are richly painted, and the walls stuccoed. The remains of mummies, resembling those of Egypt, have been found in these recesses, at once explaining the design and nature of the buildings. These tomb-towers of the old inhabitants, unlike any structures raised by the Romans or Greeks, must have been built prior to the conquest of Palmyra by Aurelian, or even the era of the Seleucidæ.

† Longinus, the eloquent author of *A Treatise on the Sublime*, and the secretary of Zenobia, was cruelly put to death by order of Aurelian.



There, trees cast shade, and herbage decked the plain,  
Here, all is sand, death's still and drear domain.  
Deserted Tadmor! queen of Syria's wild!  
Well may'st thou fill with rapture Fancy's child;\*  
Yet not by day—too glaring, harsh, and rude—  
The eye should scan thy fairy solitude;  
But when the still moon pours her hallowing beam,  
And crumbling wall and palace whitely gleam,  
Then mark the lofty arch, shrines moss-o'ergrown,  
All Time hath left of poetry in stone;  
See how like spectral giants columns stand,  
And cast long shadows o'er the yellow sand;  
How the soft light on marble tracery plays,  
And sculptures life-like look through silvery haze!  
Tread the broad colonnade, where Traffic's throng,  
And chief and sage were wont to sweep along;  
Ruin on ruin mouldering, calm and lone,  
Arch following arch, fane, massy wall o'erthrown,  
And still some noble line of columns grey,  
In dim perspective, stretching far away,—  
These will the stars in desolation show,  
Shedding o'er all a soft ethereal glow,

\* Tadmor, or Palmyra—each word signifies a palm-tree, indicating that this tree once flourished where now all is sterility. The first view of Palmyra is overwhelmingly grand. The pillars at Baalbec, though of great size, are very limited in number, but here the columns seem to defy every attempt to count them. Unobstructed by other buildings, and of the purest white marble, they extend in one direction nearly a mile and a-half. "There," writes Volney, in his travels, "we see them (the pillars) ranged in rows of such length, that, similar to rows of trees, they deceive the sight, and assume the appearance of continued walls."







Till beauty scarce of earth around us beams,  
And like the home of spirits Tadmor seems;  
Or half we think that Eastern story true—  
His plastic spell the strong enchanter threw,  
And built by genii, in one glorious night,  
Those shrines of pride, and palaces of light. (102)

And are no dwellers here?—no beings found  
Within Palmyra's wide and haunted bound?  
Yes, come and see—where Beauty, in old days,  
Touched her sweet harp, and blushed at her own  
praise,

There jackalls lurk, 'mid hollow stones up-piled,  
And send their savage yell across the wild.

Yes, come and see—where kings in council sate  
On ivory thrones, 'mid all the pomp of state,  
There mopes the owl, with shining sleepless eye,  
And growls the panther, stealing slowly by.

Commerce in Tadmor fixed her gorgeous seat;  
Her voice was heard through every busy street:  
The caravan brought gems from Persia's shore,  
Tyre sent her cloths, and Ind her golden store;  
And this long ages saw, till Syria's mart  
Drew and poured forth wealth's streams—a mighty  
heart!\*

Now come and see—within yon pillared walls,  
'Mid tottering shafts and broken capitals,

\* That Palmyra was a place of much trade at a very early epoch cannot be doubted. Lying in the route from Mesopotamia to the Mediterranean, it became the great emporium of merchandise from Persia and India.

Squalid and lorn, cut off from all mankind,  
In tattered garbs, to want and woe consigned,  
A few poor Arabs crouch—with senseless stare  
They view the pomp and beauty lingering there,  
Tend their lean goats, to Mecca idly bow,  
The only merchants, only princes, now! (103)

Yet lovely, 'mid these ruins, 'tis to see  
What yet survives, all bounding, fresh, and free.  
Sweet brook! that lift'st thy small and happy voice,  
And, like some sportive child, dost here rejoice,  
Untired by wearying ages, from thy spring,  
Up, up thou bubblest, like some fairy thing:  
Cool is thy grot, and smooth thy basin's rim;  
Wild vines and flowers o'erhang the water's brim;  
Hard by, an altar's sculptured fragments lean,  
There, carved in stone, thy patron's name is seen.\*  
Sure Naiads watch thee with unceasing care,  
Lest aught pollute a thing so chaste and fair,  
Defend thy low stone font from crushing years,  
And on thy limpid bosom drop their tears;  
Yet, pitying maids, they will not scare away  
The desert wanderer, fainting 'neath the ray,  
But, smiling, view him stoop his thirsty lips,  
And turn to nectar every drop he sips.  
Thy playful bounding stream then quits the cave,  
Palmyra's ruined walls and shrines to lave;

\* A spring rises at the foot of the hills west of Palmyra, in a fine grotto, whence the water issues into a stone basin; an inscription on a ruined altar near, says it was dedicated to Jupiter, and called Ephea.—*Vide Wood.*

And now it chafes with columns prostrate thrown,  
Its tiny rage in froth and murmurs shown;  
Now, calm as holy dreams, it wanders by,  
Gives back each ruin, and reflects the sky,  
Till, tombed like some bless'd saint, its course is o'er,  
And, lost 'mid sands below, is seen no more.\*

City of Solomon! whose fame and power,  
And wondrous wealth, began in earth's young hour;  
How, 'mid her fallen pomp, thought wanders back  
O'er vanished days—a sad, yet dazzling track.  
Arabia's fierce and desolating horde,  
Rome's conquering eagle, Babylonia's sword,  
All we behold, but chief one form appears,  
Rising all radiant from the gulf of years:  
Proud is her step, her dark eye varying oft,  
Now flashing fire—now languishingly soft;  
Well suited to that brow the crown is seen—  
'Tis great Zenobia, Tadmor's glorious Queen.  
Beauty hath oft put War's dread helmet on,  
And, leading armies, honour, victory won;  
Yet not Semiramis, who boasts her bays,  
Nor Gaul's bold maid, who graced these later days,  
Swayed the rough hearts of men with wilder power,  
Or met more bravely battle's dreadful hour,  
Than she on whom pleased fame and fortune smiled,  
The dark-haired mistress of the Syrian wild.†

\* This stream, after running part of its course in an artificial stone channel, about three feet wide, is absorbed in the desert east of the ruins.—*Vide Wood.*

† Zenobia, wife of Odenatus, who perished amidst his victories, was the last independent sovereign of Palmyra. Under her sway



But now the conqueror's brighter hour hath passed,  
And fair Zenobia's star goes down at last.  
The Roman comes—his legions file around  
Doomed Tadmor's walls, to deafening trumpets' sound.  
Aurelian bids the desert princess yield,  
But hark! her answer—clashing sword and shield!\*  
Girt by her chiefs, her proud plumed head she rears,  
Defies the foe, and each faint spirit cheers;  
Her milk-white courser prances round the wall,  
Her gestures, looks, and words, inspiring all.  
Through opened gates her troops are sallying now,  
Still in their front appears that dauntless brow;  
Where'er her silver wand is seen to wave,  
There rush the boldest, and there fall the brave,  
And when borne back by Rome's immense array,  
She fights retreating, pauses still to slay.

But ceaseless war, and famine's tortures slow,  
Wear bravery out, and bring Palmyra low.  
'Twas then the Queen, not yet quenched Hope's sweet  
light,  
Passed from the gates beneath the veil of night,  
At that last hour from Persia aid to call,  
Save her loved land, and stay Palmyra's fall.†

the city of the desert reached a height of power and magnificence known, perhaps, at no former period. Zenobia, by her general, Zabdas, conquered part of Egypt, and a considerable portion of Asia Minor.

\* After the defeat of Zenobia's troops at the battles of Antioch and Emesa, the Queen retired to Palmyra, where she was closely besieged by Aurelian, A. D. 273.

† Zenobia, when reduced to extremity in her capital, set out in

With fluttering heart, but calm and fearless eye,  
Across the trackless desert see her fly!  
On swept the camel with unflagging speed,  
As though he knew that time of deadly need;  
Her Syrian guards o'er Arab steeds might lean,  
But not keep pace with her, their flying Queen.  
What recked she drifting sand, or scorching sun?  
What recked she pain or toil, that mission done?  
Come hunger, thirst—on, on her course must be,  
Each swift-winged hour brought, Tadmor, doom to  
thee!

Gleaming afar, through clouds of rising sand,  
Bright helms were seen, now bickering spear and brand;  
Then horsemen forward dashed—a long-drawn row—  
'Twas Rome's dread troops, the fierce pursuing foe!  
They saw, and hailed—across the waste was borne  
The hoarse, deep note of many a trumpet-horn;  
And on they came, like winds careering fast,  
Not half so fearful sweeps the simoom-blast;  
They brought for her who scoured those desert plains,  
Woe and disgrace—captivity and chains.

But still Zenobia flew; the steeds that bore  
Her guards had sunk—those chiefs could aid no more;  
And now that camel shaped his course alone,—  
He reared his head as louder blasts were blown,  
And strained each nerve, his soft black drooping eye  
Telling of suffering, fear, and agony;

person on her fleetest dromedary, to beg assistance of the Persians  
on the other side of the Euphrates.

Unhappy, faithful thing! that still would brave  
Toil, peril, death, his royal charge to save.

'Twas vain: as hounds at length chase down the deer,  
Those horsemen, breathing terror, drew more near;  
Though some fell back, or sank upon the way,  
Yet others, slowly gaining, reached the prey.  
They halted, wheeled—their armour's dazzling sheen  
Formed a dread wall round Syria's fated Queen;  
Hope fled her breast—she yielded—ruined now,  
But still majestic shone that high-born brow.  
Ah! as they led their prisoner o'er the plain,  
No more to rule, but grace a tyrant's train,  
And, exiled, pine where wooded Anio sweeps,  
Far from her desert home and palmy steeps,  
The sun of Syria's power went down in night,  
On Freedom's tree there rained a withering blight,  
Glory to proud Palmyra sighed adieu,  
And o'er her shrines Destruction's angel flew. (104)

END OF PART I.



# RUINS OF MANY LANDS.

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## BOOK III.

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### MISCELLANEOUS AGES.

#### PART II.

PERSIA! time-honoured land! who looks on thee  
A desert, yet a Paradise, will see;  
Vast chains of hills where not a shrub appears,  
Wastes where no dews distil their diamond tears,  
The only living things foul birds of prey,  
Who whet their beaks, or court the solar ray,  
And wolves that fill with howlings midnight's vale,  
Turning the cheek of far-off traveller pale:—  
Anon, the ravished eye delighted dwells  
On chinar-groves, and brightly-watered dells;  
Blooming where man and art have nothing done,  
Pomegranates hang their rich fruit in the sun;  
Grapes turn to purple many a rock's tall brow,  
And globes of amber deck the citron's bough;  
'Mid rose-trees hid, or perched on some high palm,  
The bulbul sings through eve's delicious calm;

While girt by planes, or washed by cooling streams,  
On some green flat the stately city gleams.—  
'Tis as a demon there had cast his frown,  
And here an angel breathed a blessing down;  
As if in nature as the human soul,  
The god of darkness spurned heaven's bright control,  
Good struggling hard with Evil's withering spell,  
A smiling Eden on the marge of hell.\*

Immortal clime! where Zoroaster sprung,  
And light on Persia's earlier history flung;  
Let charity condemn not Iran's sage,  
Who taught, reformed, and humanised his age. (105)  
In him one great as Mecca's prophet see,  
But oh! more gentle, wise, and pure than he.  
And what the creed that man of ancient fame  
Gave Iran's sons, his worshippers of flame?  
He taught one Spirit dwells in light afar,  
Who framed the world, and each mysterious star,  
Ormuzd, the source of mercy, truth, and love,  
Who fain would see all bless'd—below, above;  
But still rebelling, darkening Nature's face,  
With ills afflicting man's unhappy race,  
Black Ariman ascends from shades below,  
Tempts us to crime, and triumphs in our woe.  
Through earth and air good Ormuzd's angels glide,  
Watching our steps, and turning harm aside;†

\* Ormuzd is the god of light, the beneficent deity, and Ariman, the god of darkness, in the ancient mythology of Persia, now called by the natives Iran.

† Guardian spirits, called Kherdars, are appointed, says the Zendavesta, to protect every being from his birth, for the malice of

But fiends oppose them and our souls ensnare,  
Lure on to death, and sink us in despair.  
Fire, that makes pure the earth, and lights the skies,  
Is Ormuzd's glorious type to mortal eyes—  
The stars his angels, and the sun his throne,  
Where with the great Zurwán\* he reigns alone:  
Thus on a myriad altars blazed the flame,  
That, watched from age to age, must burn the same;  
And thus each morn they climbed the tower-crowned  
height,  
To hail with rapture-hymns returning light.

Man ne'er shall die—his mortal parts obey  
The law of change, and blend with kindred clay;  
The *routh*, or soul, the angel of the tomb  
Bears to the bridge, where Justice reads its doom. (106)  
But time rolls on, and down heaven's star-paved  
road

Great Ormuzd comes from Glory's bright abode,  
Revives the slumbering dust that Genii keep;  
Atom joins atom—all awake from sleep:  
The world dissolves, the reign of ill is o'er,  
Crime will expire, and tears be known no more.  
E'en Ariman, repentant, now will fall,  
And fiends adore One father, lord of all.

Ariman is continually surrounding us with *deeves*, or ministers of evil.

\* Zurwán is to be considered the first great active principle, rather than a distinct being, and signifies time without beginning and without end. This Time summoned Ormuzd and Ariman themselves into existence, Ormuzd afterwards creating the universe.  
—See Du Perron's Translation.



The groans of those in torment, too, will rise,  
Nor plead in vain for mercy to the skies. (107)

So taught the Persian sage, and so to-day,  
Despite the Moslem's scorn and withering sway,  
Clings to that faith the hapless Gueber band,  
Driv'n to wild wastes, and India's hostile land.  
The sacred flame on Queda's holy hill  
Hath blazed three thousand years, and blazes still;\*  
Like sun-flowers there, when Morn unfolds her rays,  
Kneel white-robed crowds, and eastward turn their gaze;  
Still they believe that orb, which tireless rolls,  
Is God's bright throne, the home of happy souls;  
Still they believe good angels hover nigh,  
That Mythra† wafts each heart-breathed prayer on high;  
And calm they wait till death, with torch of fire,  
Waves them from earth to beams that ne'er expire.

No classic shrines like those in Greece that smile,  
No temples towering as by hoary Nile,  
Speak of the Gueber's creed on Persia's plains,  
But oft on rocks, where Desolation reigns,  
The awe-struck pilgrim marks a mouldering tower,  
Worn by long storms, or rent by lightning's power;

\* About four thousand families of Guebers are located at Yezd, an oasis in the great Persian desert. The sacred mountain of Ater Queda is near the city.—(*See Stephens' Persia.*) At Bombay the Fire-worshippers form a large and respectable community, and are known by the name of Parsees, from the Persian province of Pars or Fars.

† Mythra, one of the chief Angels of Fire, and benevolently inclined to all the creatures of Ormuzd.

There burned the flame 'twas bliss for man to see,  
There Magi prayed, and monarchs bent the knee:  
Bless'd walls! their builders deemed not other kings,  
And priests unborn, would hail them cursed things.

But westward see! swift Tigris rolls his tide,\*  
And shine afar old Baghdad's mosques of pride:  
A long, long desert tract before us lies,  
Where nought appears but rocky plains and skies,  
Save where some loose-robed Santon, bowed by age,  
With staff and scrip, pursues his pilgrimage,  
Hoping to kiss bless'd Selman's sacred tomb,  
Or breathe to Allah prayers in distant Koom.†  
What mean yon mounds, like long-forsaken graves,  
Where its coarse stems the desert wormwood waves?  
Hid in tall grass the snake and lizard play,  
And, roused from sleep, the jackall scours away.  
Now all is hushed save yon deep river's flow,  
Breathing like some lorn spirit's plaint of woe;  
Ah! Nature seems to mourn, so still and sad,  
But Death smiles here, and Ruin's heart is glad.

This heath once swarmed with myriads: gay and loud  
Rose the light laugh of Pleasure's reckless crowd:  
These mounds were palaces, and streets, and towers,  
Where wealth heaped gold, and luxury charmed the  
hours.

\* Nearly all the country through which the Tigris flows formed at one period part of the Persian empire.

† The sepulchre of Selman Pauk, a Mohammedan saint, is near Madain and the ruins of Ctesiphon. In Koom lie buried some of the descendants of Ali, and thither pilgrimages are made.

Two cities moulder here—and can it be,  
Seleucia!\* Ctesiphon! we gaze on ye?  
Boast of the Greek, and pride of Parthia's kings,  
How has your glory flown on eagle wings!  
The thrones of ivory, and the myrtle bowers,  
The harems, full of Beauty's choicest flowers,  
The burning censers of the Magian train,  
The bright-plumed hosts careering o'er the plain,—  
Where are they now? The lowly turf I tread,  
On which the daisy lifts its yellow head,  
Veils the past scene of splendour—Genii, come!  
From cave and dell, your green and haunted home,  
Shed memory's tear, put wreaths of cypress on,  
And mourn Selucia! weep for Ctesiphon! (108)

By ruin struck, yet wrestling hard with years,  
One noble relic on this waste appears:  
See! where yon lofty-raised, stupendous wall,  
Nods o'er the desert mounds, but will not fall;  
Beneath the mighty arch we wander slow, (109)  
On sand-heaped floors the thorn and thistle grow.  
And here dwelt Khosru, Persia's tasteful king,  
Lapped in each joy that power and splendour bring;  
Here blazed that throne, all formed of pearls and  
gold,  
Like sunset cloud round Mythra's chariot rolled;

\* Some prosodists, in accordance with the Greek, have accented this word on the penultimate, but Ainsworth, Milton, and some others, following the genius of our tongue, have placed the accent on the *u*.

“Of great Seleucia built by Grecian Kings.”

PARADISE LOST.



Here Indian slaves knelt down in glittering rows,  
And Tyrian couches wooed to cool repose ;  
Breathed from a thousand urns each choice perfume,  
Till fainting sweetness filled each dazzling room.  
Here Barbud's\* hand the harp-strings swept along,  
Till all the trembling air seemed steeped with song.  
The soul in dreams half thought her in the skies,  
Mistaking earth for star-bright Paradise.†

Yet, more than all, Love's spirit seems to dwell  
Within these walls, and haunt them with a spell ;  
His fragrant breath floats round yon pensile flower,  
That decks in loneliness his broken bower ;  
His tones of softness melt—a summer sigh—  
On every musky breeze that wanders by.  
Here Persia's prince, removed from War's dark  
scene,  
Passed years of rapture with his fair Shireen :  
They loved, as changeful mortals rarely love,  
Their highest joy below, their hope above,  
To hear each other's voice, and still to see  
Each other bless'd, and never parted be.  
Oh! from those eyes so darkly, softly bright,  
As from heaven's stars, did Khosru drink delight!

\* Khosru's chief musician was called Barbud.

† The magnificence of Khosru, of the Sassan Dynasty of Persian Kings, and who commenced his reign A. D. 531, has been the theme of Oriental poets and historians. He built palaces in all his principal cities, and after conquering Syria and Egypt gave himself up to a life of ease and pleasure. His thrones for their splendour have been very celebrated, one of which, named Tucht-dis, was made to represent the twelve signs of the Zodiac wrought in pearls and gold.

Her heart-born smiles a lustre shed for him,  
To which warm Kerman's summer suns were dim;  
And more he prized one shred of those rich curls,  
Than all Bokhara's gems, or Bahrein's pearls.  
To watch her every look, and only sigh  
When saddening thoughts a moment dimmed her eye;  
To share her calm delights, and shield from ill,  
To bow his every wish to her dear will;  
To pray the God of light, that yet might bloom  
Affection's flower beyond the chilling tomb,—  
This was his love—was e'er a truer seen?—  
And thus did Khosru worship sweet Shireen.\*

Spirit! whate'er thou art—a breath of heav'n,  
Or born of earth for man's chief rapture giv'n,  
Eternal Love! for thou art old, though fair,  
Old as the world, and all that liveth there—  
Here would our heart confess, to thee we owe  
The little bliss that lights our path below;  
'Mid dreams of fame, and hopes too fondly nursed,  
Doomed, like pale wandering stars, to shine and burst;  
'Mid scenes that chill the heart, and cloud the brain,  
Casting around the soul a wearying chain;  
'Mid friendships broken, and affliction's gloom  
For dear ones passed to silence and the tomb;  
Still, Love! thy starry eye hath sparkled through  
The clouds of fate, and chased their sombre hue;

\* Shireen is not a fictitious, but an historical character; and the incomparable beauty of this princess, and the deep unchanging affection manifested for her by Khosru, have been renowned throughout the East.

The voice, the look of one—oh! more than dear,  
Can call up light our darkest hour to cheer.  
Will not such union, tell me, be the bliss  
Of other worlds, as 'tis the joy of this?  
Hence, ye false hearts! cold sceptics! who would say  
Ties formed on earth but last life's fleeting day;  
That souls which meet on heaven's calm radiant shore  
Shall know not, reck not those they loved before,  
Memory's bright gleamings quenched within the grave,  
As lightnings flash, then die beneath the wave!

Far south of Ctesiphon, Ulai flows,  
That heard of old the song of Israel's woes,\*  
There meet ye a low building, shapeless, rude,  
Wild as the scene, where all is solitude;  
Who owned in other days this moss-clad cell?  
Here, Allah's child, did some bless'd dervish dwell,  
Hoping, by scorning pleasure, hating man,  
And dragging on in woe life's wretched span,  
To win his prophet's praises in the skies,  
Sit in bright bowers, and bask in houris' eyes?—  
No! yon small ruin marks the ancient dead;  
Hushed be thy voice, and walk with reverent tread;  
Towers near a mighty mound—'tis all ye see  
Of Persia's boast—of Susa's majesty;  
Wild fern and rue around thee whispering wave,  
Meet to adorn a perished people's grave.

\* The Ulai of Daniel, the Eulæus of the Greeks, now called Abi-Shapur, washes the western side of the great mound at Sus. The ruins at Sus, in the modern Persian province of Khuristan, it is now satisfactorily decided, cover the site of the once-famous city of Susa.



Now on that tomb sleep evening's mellow rays,  
Its dark sides softening in the golden haze;  
The heart throbs high, yet solemn feeling steeps  
The awe-struck soul, for here famed Daniel sleeps!\*

Mighty of eld! interpreter of dreams!  
Stern, mystic, awful, as his sacred themes!  
We pause, and doubt his very bones can rest  
Beneath this heathy turf, the wild-bird's nest;  
Yet here stood Susa—there those waters roll,  
Where heaven-born visions burst on Daniel's soul;†  
Yes, he, the favoured of Chaldæa's kings,  
Who swept the future's depths on prophet-wings,  
Hath oft, perchance, roamed here in thought sublime,  
Mused by these murmuring waves, unchanged by time,  
At night's deep hour yon lonely mountains trod,  
Mourned for his captive race, and called on God.

Bless'd be the hands that raised this dateless tomb!  
Yet o'er the ruin hangs a spectral gloom,  
Ideal terrors clothe it, like a pall,  
E'en flowers look scarcely Nature's on the wall:

\* The small ruinous building which native Persians as well as foreign travellers agree in calling the tomb of the Prophet Daniel, or at least in supposing that it stands over the place where his bones were interred, is situated at the foot of the great mound. That Daniel died and was buried at Susa, the scene of his prophetic visions, we are led by Jewish tradition to believe; but when, or by whom, the tomb was erected, we have no means of ascertaining. Colopel Macdonald, during his travels in this desolate region, passed a whole night in the sepulchre.

† See Daniel's vision on the banks of the Ulai at Shushan or Susa.—Daniel viii. 2, &c.

We dread, as blackened fragments creeping o'er,  
A shade may greet us at that darkening door,  
Some phantom-shape of dim unearthly mould,  
To thrill the heart and make the blood run cold;  
And in each wailing wind we seem to hear  
Tones as from heaven, the prophet's voice of fear.

Susa! that held the wealth of Persia's kings,  
Gold, silver, gems, and Art's most costly things;  
Susa! the pleasant city of delight,  
Begirt with groves so shady, streams so bright,  
Where sang the bulbul to his blushing rose,  
Half matched by Beauty's lyre at evening's close;  
While spread those lily-gardens far and near,\*  
Like carpets of soft snow through half the year,  
Save that they breathed perfumes as purely sweet  
As wreaths of angels, when the bless'd they meet;  
Save that their tall green stems hid frolic Love,  
Who laughed and played, and still would peep above,  
Crowning the maid he lured amid their flowers,  
With blooms all fresh as those in Eden's bowers.

Alas! for Susa! Climb we thoughtful, slow,  
The giant mound, the Hebrew's grave below.  
The eye looks east and west, but all is bare,  
A drear expanse, a savage desert there;  
And other mounds in wild confusion sweep,  
Like waves heaped high, then frozen on the deep.

\* Susa, which was one of the chief treasure cities of the ancient Persians, was renowned for the beautiful lilies in its vicinity: Shushan signifies, in the Hebrew language, a lily, the city being so named by the Jews.

The joyous city, and the murmuring crowd,  
The lily-garden, and the palace proud,  
The lutes of maids, the bulbul's melting song,  
The happy groups that danced the meads along,—  
All now have mingled with the eternal past,  
A lamp gone out, a dream that might not last,  
And o'er these heaps Oblivion waves her wing,  
And the poor grasshopper will scarce be king! (110)

Yet interest halos still fair Susa's name,  
And hearts unborn shall treasure up her fame,  
Shall thrill sweet Esther's varied tale to hear,  
And ask for Vashti's wrongs a pitying tear.  
Pilgrims, when we are dust, shall climb this mound,  
And gaze like us, and sink in thought profound.  
Here, too, when day dies slowly o'er the waste,  
And clouds, like burning waves, by clouds are chased,  
Will lean the dreamer, and in fancy see  
Gay sights of old, and pomp no more to be.  
High on yon pile where rays of violet fall,  
Will feast Darius, throned amidst his hall,  
In deeper shade sad Vashti wander by,  
Weep for her lord, and breathe her fruitless sigh.  
There Mordecai will watch the palace gate,  
And proud Hamán defy approaching fate;  
While, as the stars peep out, and trembling beams  
Fall, diamond points, on rocks and desert streams,  
And nun-like flowers their dewy eyelids close,  
And all but elves and peris seek repose,  
That group of chosen maids will seem to shine,  
Sweet as the flowers, and as the stars divine—



The maids from every country gathered there,  
The pale, the rosy-cheeked, the dark, the fair,  
The bright, the languid-eyed, the short, the tall,  
And Hebrew Esther—loveliest of them all!\*

When wandering slow, in weariness and pain,  
The sun-scorched desert, and unpeopled plain—  
Where nought hath met the gaze, for many a day,  
But dreary ruins and lone beasts of prey—  
How joys the way-worn man again to find  
The busy haunts of life, and greet his kind!  
The rising sun with roses strewed the sky,  
As Shiraz glittered on the pilgrim's eye:  
City of palaces! how sweet the sight,  
As there it spread, all steeped in golden light!  
Flashing as if some precious gem were set  
On each rich dome, and pointed minaret,  
The plane and cypress lofty as the towers,  
And homes still seen through intermingling bowers.  
Behold the stir of life! the turban'd throng  
Comes forth like bees, and pours the walks along:  
Hark! from his shrine the Muezzin calls to prayer,  
And far those sounds the wandering breezes bear:  
"Allah is great!" seems whispering through the sky;  
"Allah is great!" the cavern'd hills reply;  
The peasant hears, and kneeling on the sod  
With face tow'rd Mecca, breathes the name of God;

\* Whether the Ahasuerus of Scripture, who divorced the ill-used Vashti and married the Jewish maiden Esther, be Darius Hystaspes, Cambyses, or Artaxerxes, commentators are divided in opinion. Archbishop Usher argues in favour of Darius, and his view of the question has been adopted in the text.

And e'en the child, 'mid blossom'd groves at play,  
Stops in his pastime—"God is great!" to say!

City of dark-eyed woman! where the beam  
Ripens her beauty, as the fruits which gleam,  
Forced into lusciousness by Summer's sun—  
Such maids the prophet's homage might have  
won;

But what avail their charms, the loveliest flowers  
Soft Persia boasts still hid in harem-bowers?  
Woman is here man's slave, his sensual toy,  
Born only, he believes, to yield him joy:  
Nought recks the Moslem graces of the mind,  
To all but outward beauty ever blind.  
E'en now, methinks, where sad, with pining heart,  
The envied harem-favourite mourns apart,  
As free-born thoughts and hopes instinctive rise,  
In words like these she breathes regretful sighs:

"I've silken couches, fount-cooled gorgeous rooms,  
Around me glitters gold, and breathe perfumes;  
A turban rivalling heaven's gay bow I wear,  
Like star-lit cascade flows my gem-decked hair;  
My robes are softer, girdle gleams more bright,  
Than peris' garments, wove of morning's light.  
The rosy rubies in our land that shine,  
The diamonds brought from India's spangled mine,  
Glow on my bosom, striving to eclipse  
The eye's bright ray, the hue upon my lips:  
Slaves from far countries round my musnud stand,  
Kneel at my nod, and fly at my command;

When day-beams burn, the spreading plume they wave,  
To cool my cheek, while some my temples lave;  
Or soft as Summer breezes sigh o'er flowers,  
They tune their lutes to charm my dreamy hours.  
Yes, as the harem's queen I've this—all this,  
Yet hath my heart a void, my soul no bliss;  
Dear home-born joys these cold halls never gave,  
I govern slaves, yet bow myself a slave.  
The Frank may travel lands, and read, and see;  
A prisoner I—all knowledge veiled from me.  
Though now I claim my lord's fond kiss and smile,  
'Tis as a bauble charming for awhile;  
Let Time but brush the insect's painted wing,  
And dim the colours of the fragile thing,  
The fire that lights his passion-torch will die,  
And maids more fair and young my place supply.  
Not this, we learn, where justice rules the West,  
Is woman's doom—her lot how bright and blest!  
Man there weds one; his love but rarely cloys;  
She shares his fate—his sorrows and his joys,  
And when the bitter shaft of Azrael flies,  
Halves with him still the raptures of the skies.  
But we, alas! by heaven's bright streams must  
rove,  
Pale, lonely souls, unwarmed by hope or love,  
Doomed to behold with envious, fruitless tears,  
Our lords with houris bless'd for endless years."\*

\* Mohammed did not exclude women from Paradise, as it has been vulgarly supposed, but a place there is set apart for their reception; they will not (says the Koran) mingle with the men, since they are to be superseded by creatures more beautiful than themselves—the celestial houris; nevertheless when a man particularly



Shiraz! the proud! not yet her fame hath ceased,  
 Nurse of bright genius, Athens of the East!  
 Where, sage and poet, brilliant Sadi sprang,  
 And, crowned with Love's own garlands, Hafiz sang—  
 Hafiz, who shed Joy's charm on every theme,  
 And painted life one rapturous Summer dream.  
 With verdure still the poet's lawns are clad,  
 Still roses bend o'er crystal Roknabad;  
 And maidens, like young peris, fresh and gay,  
 Dance 'neath the shades of bowery Mossela;\*  
 Now to crisp gold, Morn turns the babbling waves  
 That murmur near the tuneful brothers' graves,  
 And yew-trees, softening, cast no shade of gloom,  
 Bending like calm bless'd watchers o'er each tomb.†

But not for us the gorgeous city smiles,  
 With couch of softness, and sweet woman's wiles;  
 'Tis ours to urge our lone untiring way  
 Through spoils of years, memorials of decay,  
 Striving, with curious aim, aside to cast  
 The veil which shrouds the Isis of the past.‡  
 Near Shiraz, giant groups of ruin stand,  
 The pride of taste, the boast of Persia's land:

wishes for one of his earthly wives, the general rule will sometimes be departed from, and his prayer granted.

\* The stream of Roknabad, and the "bowers of Mossela," so celebrated in the strains of Sadi and Hafiz, are still pointed out to the traveller; but masses of ruinous buildings in the vicinity have greatly impaired their ancient beauty.

† The tombs of Sadi and Hafiz are to be seen (at Shiraz) close to the spot which gave them birth.—*Frazer*.

‡ The Egyptian goddess Isis is represented as closely veiled.

The dark o'erhanging hills our footsteps gain,  
Wild and majestic sweeps that mountain-chain;  
No trees adorn the slopes, or corn, or flowers,  
But ruined shrines of fire, and mouldered towers.  
Ah! well the smile from azure skies hath gone,  
And Nature here put Terror's garment on:  
The clouds their inky pall have hung on high,  
The blast comes muttering like a spirit by;  
Those clouds now open—read ye Vengeance' name  
Writ there in fire? or see ye tongues of flame?  
Down dart the lightnings blinding from heaven's height,  
In zigzag lines of blue and living light;  
Crash breaks on crash, and peal succeeds to peal,  
The hero now might shrink, and terror feel,  
For what's man's strife, though raging fierce and far,  
To Heaven's artillery, and dread Nature's war?  
The spirit owns a higher Power is here,  
That wings the bolt, and speaks those sounds of fear.

But where the forked lightning fiercest plays,  
What shadowy columns meet the straining gaze?  
Now wrapped in gloom, and now in light they stand,  
As swift between them darts the fiery brand.  
It seems as Ruin, revelling in high mirth  
O'er fallen things, the beautiful of earth,  
Led to this spot the demons of the storm,  
To show and mock each lonely column's form:  
Yet tower they still, though fierce as now the skies  
Have launched their lightnings countless centuries,  
Gazing upon the mountains, and on heav'n,  
As endless years to them were also giv'n;

High raised above that wild and mournful plain,  
Where pomp and pageant ne'er must shine again,  
But the green turf wraps cities, and the waves  
Of winding Kur\* sweep past a million graves:  
Throned on their rock, they look like kings afar,  
The column'd pride of glorious Chil Minar! (111)  
Yes, storms! rage on!—at such an hour as this,  
Grand is the scene at dark Persepolis.

We leave far west the vanished city's site,  
And mount by marble steps the platform's height;  
Here frowns a massive gateway, such as Nile  
Sees on his banks, a strange and solemn pile, (112)  
And still another lifts its giant head,  
Titanic strength to gorgeous beauty wed.  
There figures stand, of earth that scarcely seem,  
Like those which filled the Apostle's wondrous dream—  
The bull, the unicorn, and beauteous things,  
Angels with starry wreaths, and high-spread wings;  
While on each sweeping terrace lofty face,  
A countless host of human forms ye trace;  
Kings, warriors, captives, from the marble start,  
But rude the genius, coarse the sculptor's art.  
Here, too, is carved that writing, Europe's sage  
But dimly reads in Wisdom's boasted age,  
Strange, mystic, as those words once seen to fall  
In spectral light on Babylonia's wall.†

\* The river Kur, the ancient Cyrus, flows by the ruins, and through the great plain of Merdusht below.

† The different fronts of the terraces are covered with sculptures in relief; Le Brun has calculated the number of figures of men and animals on the entire ruins and tombs at Persepolis to be 1,300. The



Whence came the Persian's dazzling dreams of  
yore,  
His worshipped forms, and wild mysterious lore?  
Go to dark Nimroud, there the source is found,  
See wonders sepulchred beneath the mound!  
In Nineveh those gods the Persian saw,  
Enthroned them with his own, and bowed in awe;  
The conqueror from the conquered knowledge won,  
So Iran rose, Assyria was undone.\*

Hewn from the rock, and near that towering door,  
A cistern spreads, but fountains play no more:  
Gone is the jasper brim which lustre gave,  
Gone the pink coral-bed beneath the wave;  
With golden backs the fish no longer glide,  
Following young Beauty's footstep round the tide;  
But rank weeds flourish there, and vipers lie,  
With forky tongue, and greenly-glistening eye—

cuneiform, or arrow-headed character, which is every where met with, after having perplexed so long the learned of Europe, is beginning slowly, perhaps satisfactorily, to be understood, thanks to the indefatigable labours of Grotefend, Rawlinson, and other Oriental scholars and antiquaries. One inscription, deciphered by Grotefend, goes to prove that Darius and Xerxes were the builders of Persepolis, and part of it has been translated thus—"Darius, the powerful king, king of kings, king of gods, &c." Such were the pompous titles assumed by the Persian monarchs.

\* The similarity between the remains at Persepolis and the winged bulls, lions, and other grotesque sculptures recently exhumed on the site of Nineveh, is very striking; but for a brief account of Mr. Layard's discoveries, and an intimation how largely the Medes and Persians borrowed from the Assyrians, whom they conquered, we refer the reader to the concluding Notes of Part I., Book I., at end of this volume.

That reptile tribe which worked man's earliest ill,  
And his dark home in ruin haunteth still.\*

But now the column-group before us stands,  
A once proud palace raised by tasteful hands.  
Though pictured walls have sunk beneath Time's frown,  
And every age hath cast some fragment down,  
Enough is here to dazzle, and impart  
Interest and wonder to the gazer's heart.  
Link between Greece and Egypt, rise the forms  
Of those pale pillars battling with the storms; (113)  
The giant pedestals round which we pass,  
The towering shaft's fine cut and fluted mass,  
The tombs in yonder cliff, where monarchs sleep,  
And once-famed chiefs, whose names no records keep,  
And, as the storm goes down, the deeply-still,  
Deserted scene—wide plain and voiceless hill,  
May well impress the heart, light thoughts control,  
And wake high dreams within the glowing soul.

What are the armaments of despot kings?  
They desolate the earth on locust-wings,  
They slaughter and cause tears, then melt away,  
Blent like their victims with the common clay:  
Here where I lean did Xerxes sit and plan  
To conquer earth, and crush his fellow man:†  
Around this platform drew his mighty host,  
Heaving like stormy waves on some wild coast;

\* This cistern is eighteen by sixteen feet, and is hollowed out of the solid marble of the platform.

† "From Persepolis all those mighty armies poured which had overflowed Greece."—*Rollin*.

Bright shone their spears, harsh jarr'd their armour's  
    clang,

With trump and shout the mountain echoes rang;  
And forth they went in glory and in pride,  
To pour on Europe's plains that living tide,  
To burn her cities, strew her fields with bones,  
And hear the music of men's dying groans.

Poor slaves! they fell themselves, War's victims  
    there,

And their own forms the eagles did not spare;  
Of all that host few saw these pillars more,  
And boastful Persia slept on Græcia's shore.

Here, too, came one who bartered all for power,  
The dread Napoleon of earth's younger hour;  
Ay, the same spot we calmly muse on now,  
Saw chiefs and kings to Alexander bow:  
A conqueror—yes, men praise and bend the knee,  
Who spreads most woe, the greatest hero he.  
But lo! that night of revelry and doom,  
Which turned this palace to a fiery tomb,  
When perished all things costly, bright, and fair,  
And left, as now, these pillars stern and bare.\*  
The feast is spread; around the monarch shine  
Those earth-born pomps weak mortals deem divine;  
High sits he on his throne of gems and gold,  
Bright starred and purple robes his limbs enfold;

\* It was after the battle of Arbela, and the occupation of Babylon and Susa, that Alexander entered Persepolis, where he found immense treasure. His banquet in the palace, and the wanton act to which he was incited by his mistress, the beautiful Thaïs, are facts known to all readers of h



No crown adorns his brow, for festive hours  
Have wreathed his head with Bacchus' bloomy flowers.  
Lamps, hung in silver chains, a softened glow  
Shed on the warrior chiefs that group below.  
There prince and noble round the board are met,  
Who fought those fights embalmed in history yet;  
But thoughts of slaughter past, and blood-stained  
fields,

Mar not the joys that gorgeous banquet yields;  
Sparkles in cups of gold rich Cyprian wine,  
Melts the Greek fig, the grapes of Ora shine;  
Pears from far Bactria vie with Kerman's peach,  
And fruit from climes e'en Greeks have failed to  
reach,

Hot Indian Isles, to Scythia's mountain snows—  
Each luscious orb on plates of crystal glows.  
Hark! in the gilded gallery flute and lyre!  
Strains soft as sighs of dreaming love respire;  
Then harp and sacbut bolder notes ring out,  
Like victory's pæan o'er some army's rout.  
And thus they revel; mirth and joy control  
The sterner thoughts, the high aspiring soul;  
And e'en the slaves, in sumptuous garments dress'd,  
Forget their toils to see their lords so bless'd.

But what young beauty leans beside the king,  
With form so graceful, air so languishing?  
While other maids are glittering down that hall,  
A moon 'mid earth's sweet stars, she dims them all.  
Her mask is off, unveiled her radiant head,  
A lovelier veil those flower-bound tresses spread;

A spangled zone her Grecian robe confines,  
Bright on her breast a costly diamond shines,  
But oh! more bright, that eye's entrancing ray  
Melts where it falls, and steals the soul away!  
Who looks must look again, and vanquished own  
Earth boasts, than tyrant Love's, no mightier throne;  
Woman was born to triumph—he, the brave,  
The nation-trampler, bowed her veriest slave;  
Yes, beauteous Thaïs, with Love's flag unfurled,  
Conquered the blood-stained conqueror of the world!\*

There sat the smiler, skilled all hearts to win,  
Light round her thrown, but darkness still within;  
That wanton dazzled for the passing hour,  
But lacked soul's charm, and virtue's lasting dower;  
Unlike those leaves autumnal roses shed,  
Which keep their scent when all their bloom is fled,  
She shone a tulip, whose brief season o'er,  
It boasts no worth, and glads the sense no more.  
But Thaïs now, the beautiful, the proud,  
Felt all her strength, and sternest warriors bowed.  
Each envied his young king, to whom were turned  
Those large dark eyes where melting fondness burned.  
But see! she moves—she speaks with witching grace,  
A Pythia's ardour brightening in her face:  
How boldly proud her lovely arm is raised!  
By those sweet lips the monarch's deeds are praised—

\* Thaïs was born at Athens, and while one of the most vicious, has been described as the most lovely woman of her time. She accompanied Alexander in his Persian campaign, but her unenviable fame mainly rests on the part which she took at the memorable banquet, in the destruction of the Persian palace.

Dire lips, which urge him to an act that well  
Destruction's fiend might prompt—an act of hell.

“Fire Xerxes' palace! fire these royal halls!  
His soul 'twill torture—vengeance on us calls;  
What! dost thou waver, conqueror! man of might?  
And ye, his chiefs?—then I the torch will light,  
And Greece avenge, though none the deed may share,  
Woman shall do what heroes could not dare!”

Galled by the Beauty's bold and taunting words,  
The monarch and his bacchants grasp their swords;  
The quick-drawn blades a moment flash on high—  
“The Greek saith well—we'll follow!” was the cry.  
Up rose the king, and seized a burning brand,  
And swiftly torches gleamed in many a hand.  
Heated with wine, and shouting fiercely loud,  
Forth from the palace rushed that frantic crowd.  
But she, bold Thaïs, moves the foremost there,  
With waving arm, and unbound streaming hair;  
Shines on her face the torches' flickering light,  
But her wild eye with passion gleams more bright;  
Lovely she looks, and in that frenzy seems  
Like Wrath's pale angel bursting on our dreams,  
When vengeance takes some fair and heavenly form,  
Or comes like beauteous lightning in a storm.

But countless brands now burn around the pile;  
A moment yet its orient splendours smile—  
Its purple hangings, and its pictured walls,  
Its thrones, its statues, and its cedar'd halls!



Xerxes' great work, each Persian monarch's pride—  
And must its virgin pomp be Ruin's bride?

Away!—'tis fired!—the bacchants' shouts arise,  
The smoke rolls out, the flames ascend the skies;  
Far o'er the city, and the plain below,  
Those blood-red fires a ghastly radiance throw;  
Like molten brass, the deep-dyed river sweeps;  
The Greek exults, the hapless Persian weeps.  
So sank the palace, and from that far day  
Have these lone pillars stood in dark decay,  
Telling of perished pomp, and vanished bliss,  
The last sad wreck of proud Persepolis. (114)

END OF PART II.

# RUINS OF MANY LANDS.

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## BOOK III.

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### MISCELLANEOUS AGES.

#### PART III.

HAIL to the hills where Desolation weeps,  
Yet holy watch untiring Memory keeps!  
Hail to the vales where Plenty laughs no more,  
Or mantling vines display their purple store,  
But every rock with history's wreath is crowned,  
And every barren glen is hallowed ground!  
Hail to the streams that flow not now along  
Bless'd by the saint, or charmed by holy song,  
Yet seem the haunt of angels, that still glide  
By tree and cave, and skim the silent tide!  
Hail to the spot Heaven favoured, land divine,  
Revered, long-suffering, beauteous Palestine!

Ah! who so cold, can gaze and wander here,  
Nor feel his bosom thrill, nor shed a tear?  
Thrill, when he thinks of glorious times of yore,  
And weep to know that glory ever o'er.

The ground he treads a thousand saints have trod,  
Prophets, far-visioned bards, and seers of God.  
The ruined tower, the once green olived hill,  
The stony waste, the half-choked fount and rill,  
Each tells its tale that prompts a hope or sigh,  
Linked with celestial memories ne'er to die.  
The harp of Judah sounds o'er Sharon's vale,  
Though there no more the roses scent the gale:  
Despite the Roman's plough, and Moslem's shrine,\*  
Fancy beholds the Temple's splendours shine;  
High stands on Olivet that sacred form,  
Bright in our world, as rainbow in a storm;  
By Kedron's tomb-lined brook he wanders slow,  
Teaches his followers 'mid those caves below,†  
Sheds tears loved Salem's bitter fate to tell,  
Or leans and talks by bless'd Samaria's well:  
Yes, those far ages flash a heavenly ray,  
That hallows every scene we here survey.

Ruins?—the land is one vast ruin—glooms  
The pall of death o'er cities as o'er tombs;  
Through towns once peopled see the jackall steal!  
A stone marks some, and some no trace reveal.  
On doomed Judæa rests the Almighty's ban,  
Withering like lightning all the works of man.  
We stand before that lake whose waves are rolled  
Above two cities vengeance whelmed of old;

\* The Mosque of Omar covers the site of the Temple on Mount Moriah.

† The Kedron runs through the valley of Jehoshaphat, which is full of sepulchres. The grotto or cave is still shown, near the tomb of Zechariah, where Christ is said to have taught his Disciples.



How dead, how heavy, those dark waters sleep,  
No foam that murmurs, and no winds that creep :\*  
Flowers bloom not here ; no palms yon mountains crown,  
Whose naked blasted forms, like fiends, look down :  
Through the salt depths no finny darters swim,  
No bright-winged birds the poisonous surface skim.†  
All things of life, instinctive, shrink away ;  
Spring, Summer, come, but nothing here is gay.  
That scene resembleth well the dreary fate  
Of hopeless hearts, forlorn and desolate ;  
That fixed eternal calm, that cold repose,  
Are like the gloom his brooding spirit knows  
Whose passions sleep in death, who joy and pain  
Can hold alike, who bears the curse of Cain,  
Hath nought to cling to, owns no human tie,  
And recks not if he live, or when he die.

Where are thy walls, proud Jericho?—the blast  
Of Israel's horn to earth thy towers might cast,  
But Time more surely lays thy bulwarks low ;  
Yonder the Jordan sweeps with tireless flow,  
And Pishgah rears his earth-o'ergazing brow,  
Defying storm and thunder—where art thou?

\* Owing to the great specific gravity of the waters of the Dead Sea, they very rarely rise in waves ; this general calm is also in part produced by the lofty hills, which prevent the action of winds on the surface of the lake. The Dead Sea lies in a complete hollow, being by the measurement of Russegger 1,400 feet below the Mediterranean.

† The old belief that owing to noxious vapours no birds haunt the Asphaltic lake may, to a certain extent, be correct ; the rule, however, admits of exceptions, for gulls have occasionally been seen to cross it ; but fish have never yet been found.

No tower hath left a stone; not e'en a palm  
Waves on thy site amidst the burning calm:  
A few green turf-clad mounds alone remain,  
Like those which mark famed Troy's deserted plain. (115)  
Gone is that costly plant, a queen's fair hand  
To Salem brought from Sheba's spicy land,  
The weeping balsam, whose nectareous dew,  
More prized than silver, well the trader knew:\*  
Yet still one flower above its flinty bed,  
Renowned by minstrels, lifts its lowly head;  
White rose of Jericho! so small yet sweet,  
That oft the way-worn traveller stoops to greet,  
What dost thou in this desert? vain thy bloom  
As the lamp's light that gilds the cheerless tomb;  
Vain opes thy bosom to the thankless air,  
No painted insect flies to nestle there;  
Thy scents embalm the ground, but useless shed  
As gifts of good upon the ungrateful head.  
Alas! fair rose, the barren plain we see,  
How can it warm to life, have charms for thee?  
Yet here exhaling sweets, thou dost remain,  
Like hope fond lingering in this world of pain,  
Whose bright and holy smile will ne'er depart,  
Though every joy beside may fly the heart.†

\* "This tree, which was peculiar to the vale of Jericho, was more like a vine than a myrtle; it (the balsam) was so dear that it sold for double its weight in silver."—*Pliny*. The Queen of Sheba (says Josephus) brought the balsam from Arabia as a present to Solomon. The gum is obtained by making an incision in the plant with a sharp stone.

† The rose of Jericho has been a famed flower in Palestine, but why it obtained the name it bears is not very apparent, for it little

Not yet we gaze on Salem's fallen pride,  
But eastward speed, and cross smooth Jordan's tide;  
Few ruins now those willowy banks disclose,  
But fresh as in old days the current flows;  
Here lofty reeds and palms shut out the beam,  
And there romantic rocks o'erhang the stream.  
Rare flowers, man trains not, deck the mossy ground,  
And each slight breeze wafts almond-blooms around:  
The bee secure along the liliated shore  
Winds her blithe horn, and steals her honeyed store;  
Blue skies look down on bluer waves, the air  
Is soft and fragrant, as some angel there,  
Just flown from Paradise, had spread his plume,  
Hushing the earth, and shaking round perfume.  
Sweet Jordan! surely here worn hearts might rest,  
And calm Religion love a scene so blest.

How famed this lonely tract in sacred lore!  
'Twas here the desert prophet\* roamed of yore;  
Far south dark Nebo lifts its hoary head,  
Whence Moses viewed the land he could not tread,  
Tow'rd Canaan cast his dim-beholding eye,  
And blessed the scene before he sank to die.  
Here, too, the mighty seer, Elijah came,  
And rose to heav'n, upborne by steeds of flame.  
In yon wild valley mouldered Ammon lowers,  
And weed-topped walls are seen, and fallen towers;

resembles the common rose, and is found in many parts of the Holy Land; the flower is white and small, and more remarkable for its durability than its appearance. Dr. Kitto describes this flower in his beautiful work, "The Pictorial Palestine."

\* John the Baptist.



There, reigned a king who swayed these palmy plains;  
No child of Lot, no subject now remains;  
Lone sits the stork in Ammon's royal halls,  
And from her reed-grown courts the bull-frog calls.\*

A gentler tale the heart with sorrow fills,  
Where Ramoth once adorned green Gilead's hills,  
But spreading oaks above that city wave,  
The Towers of Refuge now no more can save.(116)  
Lo! where the conquering Jephthah marches on,  
With laurels crowned, to lyre and tymbalon!  
Hailing him home, a lovely maid appears,  
With smiles of welcome, and soul-speaking tears;  
Trips dancing tow'rd him, whispering sweetly mild,  
And asks the wonted kiss—it is his child!  
Why doth that anguish cloud the father's brow?  
Why shakes his frame?—his vow, his fatal vow!  
Yes, her he loves, who now stands wondering by,  
The oath he cannot break has doomed to die.†

On Gilead's hills a voice of wail is heard,  
'Tis not the sighing wind, or plaining bird;

\* The Ammonites were the descendants of the younger daughter of Lot. The ruins of Rabbath-Ammon, afterwards called Philadelphia, are situated in a deep glen, about six hours' journey east of the Jordan, proceeding from Jericho. Some massy stone remains of the Roman period were found by Lord Lindsay on both sides of the stream, and part of the south gate was standing. The place was haunted by a great number of storks and frogs.—*Lord Lindsay's Travels*.

† The vow of Jephthah to sacrifice, if he should obtain a victory over the Ammonites, the first person who might meet him on his own threshold, will be familiar to all. It was to Ramoth-Mizpeh, we are given to understand, that he returned.

Where yon cool fountain flows, beneath the shade  
Of arching willows, sits the Hebrew maid:  
Young girls around her raise those cries of woe,  
But from sweet Miriam's lips no murmurs flow:  
Calm on that breast, which soon beneath the knife  
Must yield to heaven its gentle springs of life,  
Droops her fair head, her rich locks, once her pride,  
In unbound masses floating by her side.  
Like soft dark clouds which screen too brilliant skies,  
The silken fringe half veils those large black eyes,  
And as in that deep hush scarce comes her breath,  
She seems absorbed in thought, and dreams of death.\*

Though feeble shrinkings shake not Miriam's  
soul,  
Regret's sad pangs she may not all control;  
She feels how lovely Nature smiles around,  
Joy in each beam, and music in each sound;  
But soon for her the sun will quench its ray,  
And all that's bright and glorious fade away;  
No more for her will gush the bird's glad song,  
The lithe gazelle in beauty bound along!  
No more, oh! never more, the much-loved voice  
Of sire or friend will bid her soul rejoice:  
That young warm breast, now fond Affection's seat,  
In soft response to love must cease to beat;  
In Gilead's vales no bride shall Miriam smile,  
No mother's joys shall e'er her heart beguile,

\* The Daughter of Jephthah mourned on the mountains of Gilead, with her female companions, for the space of two months.— See Judges, xi.

Her nuptial wreath must be Death's plant of gloom,  
Hymen's sweet bower the cold undreaming tomb.  
Did fiends or angels prompt that fatal vow?  
Oh! Heaven, look down! support and pity now!  
Were ever woes so dark, and crushing, piled  
On one fair head?—alas! for Jephthah's child!

And there that maiden sat, but made no moan;  
Still drooped her beauteous brow, as turned to stone;  
The willow branches o'er her sighing spread,  
Its crystal tears the bubbling fountain shed:  
The bird, as carved in marble, on the spray  
Stood motionless, and hushed its wonted lay;  
Doth nature sympathize with human woe?  
For human pain may tears of angels flow?—  
Ages have past, poor ill-starred Hebrew maid!  
Thy heart is hushed, in long, long quiet laid,  
Yet pilgrims, drawing near this lonely spot,  
Will ever think of thee, and mourn thy lot.

Where Sihon reigned by Jabbok's osier'd tide,  
The Arabs pitch their tents in kingly pride;  
Cisterns we pass, and towers without a name,  
That tell of once fair towns, and ancient fame.\*  
But north, where spreads a land of wood and stream,  
Between the hills what stately ruins gleam?  
Not Bashan's might, nor Israel's skill could rear  
Such classic, gorgeous piles as moulder here.

\* The territory of Sihon, King of the Amorites (says Josephus), extended from the Arnon (now Modjeb) to the Jabbok, the Jordan bounding it on the west.



Rome! must we still thy giant footprints meet,  
Stamped on the soil of every land we greet?  
Sure earth ne'er bore, save one, a race like thine;  
Shivering 'mid snows, or panting 'neath the line,  
Still are we doomed to find some trace of thee,  
Floating above the wrecks on Time's vast sea;  
Such as thou wert, great Rome! in might and sway,  
Britain, thy Cæsar conquered, is to-day!

And this was Geraza, the grand, the proud,  
Where to the stranger trembling Israel bowed,  
And Roman victors passed a life of ease,  
'Mid all that could exalt, refine, or please.\*  
They melted from the scene—the Moslems came,  
Pillaged the palace, wrapped the shrines in flame,  
And searched the dead, and broke the coffin-lid,  
Lured by the wealth which Jew or Christian hid.†  
They in their turn departed; ploughing years  
Have swept the world; that city still appears,  
Queen-like and sad, on ruin gazing down,  
No foe but Time, no subjects and no crown,

\* The remarkable ruins of the Roman city of Geraza, the Gergashi of the Hebrews, and now called Jerash, are situated among the mountains of Gilead, about a day's journey east of the Jordan; they were discovered by Dr. Seetzen, thirty years ago, and have since been visited by Burckhardt, Buckingham, and a few other travellers.

† The followers of the Prophet of Mecca, ever impressed by the idea that treasures are concealed among the ruins of infidel cities, have ransacked all the tombs on the north and west of Geraza. Buckingham saw more than one hundred stone sarcophagi lying in heaps above the ground, being handsomely sculptured with shields and other devices in the Roman manner.

Her only guest Oblivion's shade, who keeps  
Watch o'er the scene, while Rome's pale genius weeps.

Behold this Arch of Triumph!—reared to whom?  
No line declares—'tis lonely as a tomb;  
Yet here the monarch passed, or man of war,  
While shouts rang round, and laurels decked his car;\*  
Hoar ruin follows ruin, far and near;  
Not harsh the scene, not gloomy or severe,  
But grandly beautiful, and softly mild—  
Another Tadmor mourns upon the wild.  
The broken statue, column worn and rent,  
The tottering tower, the grass-grown monument,  
Are mixed with fairer objects—classic shrines,  
Round which the row of rich-carved pillars shines,  
And lengthened colonnades, like vistas seen  
Narrowing to shadowy points in forests green.  
Here spreads the huge Naumachia, where of old  
Ships struck, in mimic fight, their beaks of gold;  
That marble lake is dry, and flowrets fair,  
And many a fragrant shrub, are blooming there.†  
The circus still displays its ample bound,  
Where glittering chariots ran their dizzy round:

\* Geraza is approached from the south by an isolated Gate of Triumph; it is composed of three arches, the central one being thirty feet high. The building is of the Corinthian order, and the summit is covered with grass and shrubs.

† On the left hand, after quitting the arch, the traveller sees an immense oblong basin formed of large stones, coated with fine masonry; this was evidently a Naumachia, or artificial lake, for the display of mock naval combats; the channels which supplied it with water are still seen. Wild plants grow at the bottom, and when Buckingham saw it, part of it was sown with corn.

The theatres, all open to the sky,  
In size and grace with those of Hellas vie;  
The broad deep orchestra, the circling seat,  
The shattered gallery, now the bat's retreat,  
Crushed porch, stage clothed with brambles—such the  
scene,  
The once fair haunt of Pleasure's bright-eyed queen.

Down where the winding streamlet frets and brawls,  
The gorgeous baths uprear their massy walls;  
Quaint mouldings, dome-shaped roofs, attract the sight,  
But fall'n the statues, gone the paintings bright;  
For no Pompeii here 'neath lava lay,  
Preserving art, arresting stern decay.  
Yet Time hath spared what well may show the grace,  
The soft delights, and luxuries of the place:  
Pillars, in squares and circles, mark the rooms  
Where waters gushed, and floated rich perfumes;  
Here did the Roman youth in crystal swim,  
And there coy Beauty lave her ivory limb.\*  
Sweet still the verdant scene, for springing near,  
Pure as the heaven-wed vestal's secret tear,  
Purls by the limpid stream, and holds a glass  
For wild gazelles to gaze in as they pass.  
Flowers, too, perchance the offspring e'en of those  
Planted by Roman maids, the banks disclose;

\* There are two large baths at Geraza, one on each side of the stream, which rising near a Corinthian temple flows south, and divides the city into two parts. These buildings consist of thick stone walls, portions of vaulted roofs, arches, and passages; broken columns show the dimensions of the ruined apartments, but no statues or other works of art have been found.



The rich-globed tulip trembles on the brink,  
The fair Narcissus, love-sick, stoops to drink;\*  
The brown bee hums, the insect spreads its wings,  
And, perched on ruins, many a small bird sings.  
Sure fauns might haunt this spot so lone and still,  
And *lares* dance at eve beside the rill;†  
Or, while the living fly this beauteous scene,  
The shades of Roman dead might walk serene,  
Hero and sage 'mid ruins pacing slow,  
And maids with eyes of light, and brows of snow,  
While Quiet folds her wing, and moonlight shines,  
A silvery sea o'er mouldering towers and shrines. (117)

But Gilead's mountains other wrecks display  
Of nameless cities—races passed away.  
Green grow the oaks in Bashan's watered dells,  
But there no more the steel-clad warrior dwells:  
The battled wall the timid hare o'erleaps,  
Where spread wide towns, his corn the peasant reaps;  
From grassy mounds near Hami's bulrush'd wave,  
See Arab hands uprear the marble grave!  
Ay, living man piles reckless o'er his head  
The sacred homes of Israel's glorious dead,  
Nor deems, within those sculptured massive things,  
Once slept the dust of prophets and of kings.‡

\* "There is here a beautiful carpet of green turf. Around this fountain are several finely-clustered trees and shrubs, and at the head of the spring are vestiges of altars probably erected to the deity of the stream."—*Buckingham's Account of Geraza*.

† The *lares rustici* of the Romans, as distinguished from the *lares familiares*, presided over the country, and may be considered, in certain respects, to resemble our fairies.

‡ Near the Hami, the ancient Hieromax, which falls into the

But now in beauty, and in light, we see  
The hills and vales of far-famed Galilee.\*  
Though man may walk no more, as in old time,  
With step of freedom, and with brow sublime;  
Though on the Jew the Moslem pours disdain,  
And thinks him less than reptile of the plain;  
Though Rapine, mocking law, may prowl the land,  
And Murder daily rear her blood-stained hand,  
Still Nature smiles, and Galilee appears  
Fair as a bride, although a bride in tears.  
In Jezreel's vale the corn is waving deep,  
Fir, larch, and myrtle, grace high Tabor's steep;  
In Sepphoris' warm beds the tulip's streak  
Rivals red Morn when soft her blushes break;†  
Ten thousand pansies breathe their odorous breath,  
And orchards bloom round holy Nazareth;  
While birds with song, as cooler eve comes on,  
Fill the green groves of bowery Zebulon.

Slow moves our skiff o'er still Tabaria's tide,  
Through whose clear azure fish are seen to glide;  
Abrupt and steep the girdling mountains frown,  
Gigantic shadows stealing darkly down.

Jordan, Buckingham found whole families living in houses formed of disinterred sarcophagi.

\* Galilee and Samaria are the best cultivated districts of the Holy Land; "these," says Lord Lindsay, "still smile like the Land of Promise." The valleys of Galilee are small, but well watered and finely wooded. The vale of Nazareth is surrounded by high hills, and abounds in gardens and orchards; Sepphoris and Zebulon are famous for their flowers and pasturage.

† In the valley of Sepphoris, Morison found tulips.



No murmuring crowds group busy on the shore,  
No shepherd sings, or fisher plies his oar;  
No voice in heaven, no whisper from the cave,  
Man seems unborn, and Nature here a grave.\*  
A quiet sadness fills the musing mind,  
We fain would speak, but language may not find.  
Yet, not like Sodom's waters, here we trace  
A holy beauty, and a solemn grace;  
Though man may now desert yon silent strand,  
Fancy will call up forms on wave and land;  
And countless memories treasured still shall be,  
Linked through all ages, hallowed lake, with thee.  
Here lowly Peter's youthful days were past,  
In yon green cove, perchance, his net was cast;  
Here, mingling blood with pure and sparkling foam,  
In her last throes Judæa fought with Rome;†  
On yon fair Mount‡ that bless'd discourse was given,  
By One who spoke, as angels speak in heaven.  
Lo! on the lake day's farewell smiles expire,  
And night's deep shadows wrap each rocky spire;

\* The sea of Galilee, or lake of Gennesareth, is now called Tabaria. This sheet of water is about fourteen miles long, and from six to nine miles wide, being very limpid and sweet. Mountains surround the lake on all sides, except at the ingress and egress of the Jordan, but they are without wood, and have a barren, gloomy aspect. The waters are usually very calm; a living object is seldom seen, except birds, on the margin of the lake, and a boat as rarely crosses it. The natural scenery may be the same as when Josephus described it 1800 years ago, but busy life has given place to solitude.

† During the last war between the Jews and the Romans, each party had ships on the sea of Galilee, and frequent battles took place.

‡ The Mount of Beatitudes, on which Christ is supposed to have delivered his sermon.



Struggling with winds, and toss'd on surges dark,  
The Hebrews urge in vain their labouring bark;  
No friendly moon—not e'en a star on high  
Casts on their course its mild celestial eye.  
See! near their ship that calm and awful form,  
Who walks the waves, unheeding night and storm;  
Far o'er the lake they see strange lustre gleam,  
And round his head a lambent glory beam;  
Shrinking in fear, with eyes that wildly stare,  
They deem that form a spectre gliding there;  
But soft as music, to the saint who dies,  
Floats o'er Time's gulf from opening Paradise,  
His voice now sounds along the troubled wave,  
And calms their fears—the bless'd One comes to  
save!

He who shall search for cities famed of yore,  
Few wrecks will find on lone Tabaria's shore:  
Where stood tower-crowned Chorazin, men forget;  
A palm-tree marks thy site, Gennesaret.  
Tiberias, Herod's pride, still flaunteth fair,  
But, not the cross, the crescent triumphs there;  
With zeal for Islam's creed men's bosoms burn,  
And brows to Mecca, not to Salem, turn.\*  
No more Bethsaida breasts the shining flood;  
An ancient watch-tower tells where Magdal stood.†

\* Tiberias, built by Herod, stands on the western edge of the lake, and contains at this day 2,000 inhabitants. It is surrounded by walls, and with its mosques and minarets, has a peculiarly Moorish appearance.

† The old city of Bethsaida, like Chorazin and Gennesaret, or Chinesareth, has left no trace. A ruinous square tower stands on

Clothed with green moss—Time's sad but fragrant  
pall—

Many a dark bath extends its tottering wall;  
They sink to dust, yet Health still spreads his wings  
O'er the warm fountain's life-reviving springs.\*

But near where Jordan, rippling, joins the lake,  
And towering hills a wilder aspect take,  
Dark groups of ruin draw the traveller's eye,  
And, while they prompt reflection, ask a sigh.  
Frieze, cornice, pillar, lie in shapeless heaps,  
Where in the sun the listless adder sleeps.  
With ivies hung by Ruin's mocking hand,  
A huge black pile o'erlooks the wave-kissed sand;  
Here frowns a building, pierced with arches grey,  
Temple or royal palace, who may say?  
Within those courts their tents wild Arabs spread,  
Or some fell robber hides his dastard head:  
Pleasure's bright town, where sorrow shed no tear,  
'Tis proud Capernaum, all that moulders here. (118)

Esdraelon's plain still boasts its myrtle bowers,  
Golden with corn, or carpeted with flowers:  
How like a sainted mind that seeks the skies,  
Crowned with a glory, Tabor's tops arise!  
From base to summit groves are waving green,  
While many a hoary ruin peeps between.

the site of Magdal or Magdala, where Christ landed after the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

\* On the shores of the lake of Galilee are many tepid medicinal springs. A Roman bath, a very picturesque ruin, stands on the Hieromax, south of the lake.



Here crumbling church, and dust-laid convent, show  
How warm was zeal a thousand years ago;  
In yon stone cell the hermit knelt to pray,  
And passed in dreams his martyr life away.  
Jasmine's white bells, and henna's yellow bloom,  
Breathe out their sweets till rocks e'en drink perfume;  
In viewless clouds those odours mount the air,  
And Tabor stands like some rich altar there.\*

How oft War's cry Esdraelon's breezes bore!  
How oft the virgin lily dripped with gore!  
Here, wild as waves, and countless as the sands,  
Ranged their dense ranks the fierce Crusader bands;  
Scorn not their deeds, nor Christian zeal deride,  
Though vain they brought their myriads—vain they died;  
Their bones may strew the land they came to save,  
Yet o'er their dust let Honour's trophies wave.†

\* Tabor is by far the most beautiful mountain in Palestine. It rises in the north-east extremity of Esdraelon to the height of a thousand feet, and from its circular form and isolated position is a very striking object. Almost every variety of shrub and flower known in the Holy Land, is said to flourish on this hill. The summit displays some old fortifications; on the east side are the ruins of a Christian church of the middle ages, and cells where ascetics once hid themselves from the world are very numerous. Here is supposed to have taken place the Configuration of Christ, and the friars of the neighbouring convent every year, in August, say mass on the mountain, and raise bonfires through the night.

† The plain of Esdraelon may be termed the great battle-ground of Palestine. The Philistines often engaged the Israelites here, and, during the memorable Crusades, the Christians on this fine field were accustomed to concentrate their forces.



What view we in yon rocks?—'tis many a tomb,  
But no Crusader there doth sleep in gloom;  
The large stone lid, by rains half worn away,  
The strange device, bespeak a distant day.  
Gaze down—no cross-legged knight that form can be,  
Straight lies the skeleton ye dimly see;  
What! have the mighty shrunk to this?—so still  
The head that planned, the arm that once could kill? \*  
Here haply sleep the chiefs whom Barak slew,  
When round yon mount their iron chariots drew, †  
And Heaven's bold maid ‡ urged Israel to the fight,  
And bade them spare no flying Canaanite.  
Yes, here he passed, the valiant, though o'erthrown,  
His warriors slain, himself escaped alone;  
And now he flies on foot, where Kishon's stream  
Runs red with blood, not evening's crimson beam:  
Alas! for Sisera,—no home, no rest,  
Like the poor stag by ruthless hunters prest.  
A dwelling now is near—a voice is heard—  
The chief is hailed with fair and courteous word;  
The fallen hero enters, faint and spent,  
And slakes his thirst beneath the Kenite's tent;  
Then, fearing nought, he drops in calm repose,  
That soon in sweet oblivion steeps his woes.  
But Jäel rises—Beauty's beaming eye  
Burns with dire rage and fiend-like cruelty;

\* Near Mount Tabor Buckingham discovered about twenty tombs cut perpendicularly into the rock; large stone slabs covered their mouths, and moving one he perceived a human skeleton.

† "And Sisera gathered together all his chariots, even nine hundred chariots of iron."—Judges iv. 13.

‡ The Prophetess Deborah.

Back o'er her shoulders streams her snaky hair,  
Her cheek is white—she looks hell's priestess there!  
Above the slumberer's couch the murderess bends,  
She grasps the pointed steel—her arm extends:  
And dares a woman deed so dark and dread?  
Oh honour!—pity!—whither had they fled?  
From Truth's stern book that leaf let Mercy take,  
And veil the fearful scene for woman's sake!

Southward of Tabor, nestling lone and still,  
An ancient village sleeps beneath the hill;  
Dark Endor! can'st thou now existent be?  
How creeps the blood, as thus we gaze on thee!  
Hath nothing changed? Time's wave rolled on unfelt?  
Is this the cave where Endor's Sorceress dwelt?  
Our fancy leaps past years,—we see her now  
Stand in the midst with scorched and withered  
brow;  
She shakes her wand of might, and speaks her spell,  
And calls on powers of air and fiends of hell.  
And there leaned he, in stern though calm dismay,  
Whom deep remorse and woe had made their prey—  
Who, wronged by men, and now cast off by God,  
Crime's fearful path in desperation trod,  
And came to bid the dead unfold his doom,  
And lift from future hours the veil of gloom.

She saw—the witch moved back in pale affright,  
And her bleared eyes shot forth a fiendish light:  
He comes! in mantle clad, austere and old,  
Around his brow the grave's white napkin rolled;

He comes, in ghastly stillness rising slow,  
Through opening earth, from Hades' mists below!  
For ah! not yet the soul hath winged away,  
Wrapped in deep rest, till dawns the judgment-day.

Could Saul confront that Prophet's risen shade  
With eye unblenching, spirit undismayed?  
He never quailed in fight, but now he grew  
Palsied with fear, his cheek of livid hue;  
The grave's cold atmosphere was round him cast,  
That silence thrilled beyond the trumpet-blast;  
Instinctive dread ran creeping to his heart—  
His hair stood up, his eye-balls seemed to start:  
Yet still he gazed, retreating—wildly stirred  
His heaving breast, though lips might speak no  
word;  
Each pale limb shook—he bowed—to earth he clung,  
And on his brow big drops of terror hung.

Then Samuel spoke: his words sepulchral came,  
And pierced like fire the wretched monarch's frame;  
And Saul can answer now—alas! his fate  
Is hopeless all, and more than desolate;  
The battle lost—his kingdom torn away—  
All clouds and darkness life's fast-closing day.  
Hark! 'tis the Shade declares—"Another sun,  
Thou man of woe and crime! thy race is run;  
To-morrow, Hades opes its gloom for thee,  
Thou and thy warrior sons shall be with me!"—  
And so it fell; the fierce unpitying foe  
Triumphed o'er Saul, and laid his followers low;



And yonder rise those hills in lonely pride,\*  
Where on his sword the King in anguish died,  
And gentle Jonathan's career was o'er,  
To shield his friend, and warm with love no more.

Pass we high Carmel, with his slopes of green,  
Where holy cell and moss-clad tower are seen;  
Pass we where shrieking sea-birds wing their flight,  
O'er Cæsarea's long-forsaken site,  
The booming waves, with far-resounding roar,  
Lashing the ruins mourning on that shore.†  
Samaria courts us with her streams and dells,  
Where, softening rugged grandeur, Beauty dwells,  
And Ruin loves the deep and grassy glen,  
And Meditation would retire from men.‡  
Gone is the race that ruled these hills of old,  
For priest and seer, the turban'd Turk behold!  
Long ages since, the tyrant seized his prey,  
And crushed the land, and bore the Tribes away;  
By Tigris' waves, on Median plains they wept,  
Forgot their God, and rites unholy kept.  
Then strangers ploughed Samaria's fruitful plains,  
And strangers mixed with Israel's small remains,

\* The mountains of Gilboa are situated south of the village of Endor, and there Saul, wounded by the Philistines, to escape falling into their hands, fell on his own sword; there, also, his three sons were slain.

† The ruins of Cæsarea, a city built by Herod twenty-two years before Christ, are close upon the sea; they consist principally of Roman arches, the remains of the forum, and a theatre. There Paul pleaded before Felix, and was imprisoned two years.

‡ Samaria, for its mountains interspersed with beautiful and fruitful valleys, has been called the Switzerland of Palestine.

Till lost and blent with Syrian, Persian, Greek,  
One Hebrew pure in blood 'twere vain to seek.  
Now sail each sea, and traverse every shore,  
The fated hapless "Ten" ye find no more;  
A triple vengeance on those Tribes was hurled,  
Their race, a sun-flash, vanished from the world! (119)

Yet hallowed be the land where Joseph sleeps,  
And Jacob's well Tradition guards and keeps.\*  
Though crushed the shrine which graced the holy hill,  
Green woods on Gerizim are waving still:  
Soft pipes the lonely bird at dying day  
Where incense rolled, and priests were wont to pray;  
And Ebal, towering north of Shechem's vale,  
Lifts its wild rocks, and echoes back the tale;  
Each knoll in emerald mantle seems arrayed,  
And countless rills make music through the shade.†

But seek ye ruins?—pilgrim, raise thine eye,  
On yon steep mount what whitening relics lie?  
'Tis Herod's city, built where Israel reared  
Samaria's walls, ere conquering Rome appeared,

\* Joseph was buried at Shechem, now Nablous. Jacob's well, at which Christ conversed with the woman of Samaria, is south-east of that town; the ruins of an edifice built by Helena stand above it.

† On the sacred mountain of Gerizim the Samaritans, 320 B. C., built a temple, which, being considered in a measure the rival of that at Jerusalem, served to embitter the feelings and widen the breach between the pure Hebrews and the spurious race. This temple stood no more than two centuries. Ebal, the Mount of Cursing, is situated north of Gerizim, the Turkish town of Nablous lying in the hollow between them; the fine vale of Shechem is said to be watered by 365 springs.



Royal Sebasta, crowning Shemer's brow,  
A spot of wildness and of silence now. (120)  
See yon fair pillars, threatening soon to fall!  
Once rich with gold, they graced a monarch's hall;  
Threading their shafts, the raven flaps his wing,  
And round their base long grass and thistles spring:  
And this was Herod's palace, luxury's slave,  
Who heart, soul, life, to 'wilderer riot gave;  
And here his goblets flowed, fair women sang,  
And, charming night, sweet harp and tabret rang:  
Yes, by these pillars, mourners of the wild,  
Once danced Herodias' beauty-beaming child;  
Here waved her locks, and pealed her laughter  
sweet,  
And, light as fairy's, gleamed her sandalled feet.  
The prince who gazed with rapture in his eye,  
Nought to that fair enchantress could deny:  
A mother's burning hate then sped the blow,  
Which smote a prophet in those cells below.

But holier relics yon mossed banks reveal;  
From fane so bless'd do seraph-harpings steal?  
The massy buttress, and the solid tower,  
Reluctant yield to Time's o'erwhelming power;  
No more shall sweep beneath those arches dim  
The priestly train, or sound the choral hymn;  
No more white-vestured youths rich censers swing,  
Or rapt Devotion mount on burning wing.  
Helena! peace to thee, whose pious hand,  
With Christian shrines, thus decked this sainted  
land;



Bright on thy memory Honour's beams be shed!  
As amaranths now adorn thine angel head.\*

There stands a tree at Hebron—huge its form,  
Oft seared by lightning, worn by many a storm;  
Ages that level thrones beneath their stroke,  
And sweep off races, spare that spreading oak.  
Pilgrims, when Rome was Pagan, came to see,  
And muse beneath this famed and hallowed tree.†  
Here oft did Abraham sit, when evening still  
Cooled the green vale, and crimsoned Hebron's hill;  
The musky breezes round his forehead played,  
He bless'd bright Nature's God, and bless'd that shade.  
Here stood those guests sent earthward from the  
skies,

Mortal their forms, but heaven within their eyes;‡  
And yonder glooms Machpelah's ancient cave,  
The bartering sons of Heth to Abraham gave.  
Vast stones protect the vault by millions blest,  
Where the great sire and Hebrew mother|| rest;  
Nor yet perchance the rock betrays its trust,  
Though forty ages brood above their dust.  
But sealed to Christian eyes that cell of gloom,  
The Turk's proud crescent glittering o'er the tomb;

\* The picturesque ruins of the church built by Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, about A. D. 326, form the most conspicuous object on the Hill of Samaria. Helena erected also the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and that at Bethlehem.

† Jerome and Eusebius say that this huge oak or terebinth tree, at Mamre, by Hebron, was a place of great resort for pilgrims before the time of Constantine.

‡ The three angels.

|| Sarah.

For Moslems guard the spot with jealous care,  
And burn their lamps, and read their Koran there,  
And pray to Allah in that worshipped place,  
E'en while they scorn and hate the Patriarch's  
race. (121)

What mouldering pile near Ephrath\* stands  
alone,  
With dome-shaped top, and base of massy stone?  
Rude is the chamber where her bones repose,  
Yet here, 'tis said, fair Rachel's pillar rose.  
Ah! sad her fate in Nature's pangs to die;  
To sorrowing friends I hear her parting sigh;  
I see her husband's woe, his streaming tear,  
His last fond kiss before he laid her here,  
His anguished brow, where smiles no more would be,  
For ne'er was wife, poor Rachel! loved like thee.†

But round us now Judæa's mountains spread,  
Rocky and bare, as Nature's life had fled;  
In vain may dews descend at evening hour,  
They cool no herb, refresh no grateful flower:

\* Ephrath or Bethlehem.

† The building erected over the spot where Rachel is said to have been buried, after having given birth to Benjamin, stands near the road, as the traveller proceeds from Bethlehem to Jerusalem. "And Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." The square ruinous building, of Turkish origin, is surmounted by a dome, and has an aperture on the south side. Within, a mass of masonry rises nearly to the roof, and this is said to enclose the pillar set up by Jacob as a memorial of his beloved wife. Most travellers are disposed to consider this spot the genuine place of Rachel's interment.







13  
 Pint in ruïn der we.  
 P. 331.

On all beneath that burning, brassy sky,  
A blight, a withering curse, appear to lie:  
No more through willowy banks flows Kedron's stream,  
Or grapes on slopes hang luscious in the beam.  
The Turk, the Hebrew, shun the barren plain;  
None plough or sow, for harvests here were vain;  
Oppression, Rapine, lording o'er the soil,  
Would snatch the fruits of earth from honest Toil;  
Wild Arabs wander, robbers lurk in caves,  
Throughout this land of ruin, rocks, and graves.\*

Awake! behold! within the mountain zone  
That, circling, girds her stern and desert throne,  
Immortal Salem sits, famed Zion's queen,  
Stretching her hands, and weeping o'er the scene.†  
Immortal?—yes, though ills have laid her low,  
Patient in ruin, deathless in her woe!—  
And do we gaze, our weary wanderings past,  
On Sheba's envy, David's pride, at last?  
The city prophets blessed, and kings revered,  
The saintly loved, and barbarous nations feared?  
What lips have kissed these stones! what holy sighs,  
And burning prayers, have mounted to those skies,

\* On quitting the more fruitful regions of Galilee and Samaria, the traveller will be oppressed by a painful sense caused by the utter desolation around him; all Judæa, with the exception of a few isolated spots, is a stony desert.— *See Lord Lindsay, Lamartine, and others.*

† Jerusalem is built on the three rocky hills of Moriah, Zion, and Acra; and, except towards the north, is surrounded by barren eminences, and deep ravines. Mount Olivet rises on the east, Mount Gihon on the west, and part of Zion, beyond the valley of Hinnom, on the south.



As zealous pilgrims, kneeling on the sod,  
Have hailed the towers so favoured once by God!  
Methinks we see those travellers from the West,  
With weary limb, and soiled and tattered vest,  
Just as they gain the last hill's stony brow,  
And glorious Salem bursts upon them now.  
The aged man whom peril, nought could daunt,  
With eager step still presses to the front,  
Throws back his locks, and spreads his hands on high,  
Light long unknown re-kindling in his eye,  
And blesses Heaven 'tis his that scene to view,  
Ere his bones rest beneath the funeral yew.  
The maiden, taught from earliest hour to deem  
That city holy as a seraph's dream,  
Half veils her face in awe, and, bending meek,  
Vents in deep sobs all, all she may not speak.  
E'en the small child, that ran beside his sire,  
Hath caught from those around the hallowed fire,  
Drops on his knees with calmed and solemn air,  
And lisps from cherub mouth the simple prayer,  
Raises his eyes, each orb a sapphire gem,  
And folds his hands, and cries—"Jerusalem!"

The heart may be forgiv'n the thoughts that burn,  
And feelings thus warm-gushing from their urn.  
Shall not our breast throb, too, our spirit glow,  
And trembling tears of speechless rapture flow?  
Oh! come, bright angels, haunting Kedron's rill!  
Heaven's starry forms o'er Zion hovering still!  
Warm and inspire, shed round me fervour's beams,  
And lap my soul in beatific dreams!



Where through the world shall traveller hope to tread  
Soil bless'd as this, though beauty long hath fled?  
With every scene we see is linked a spell,  
And every rock we climb a tale can tell.  
The ground is holy—sainted memories rise—  
Cities decay, but nought of spirit dies.  
Sure shapes ærial walk yon desert vale,  
Speak from the cave, or murmur on the gale;  
We seem to hear, Siloam's rocks among,  
David's sweet lyre, Isaiah's hallowed song;  
And glowing fancy hails that form divine,  
Where to the winds yon olive boughs repine—  
The form of Him, who came to teach and save,  
Unlock heaven's gates, and triumph o'er the grave.

Salem! since David stormed her craggy height,  
And dwelt where scoffed the vaunting Jebusite,  
What stern, what varied fortunes hath she known!  
Now conquering nations, now herself o'erthrown!\*  
To-day her temple glitters wide and far,  
Shining in glory like a new-born star;  
Tyre gives her arts, and Ophir sends her gold,  
And monarchs burn at all their eyes behold.

\* The name of Salem, signifying "peace," first occurs as that of the capital city of Melchizedek, who was contemporary with Abraham. The Jebusites, the descendants of Jebus, a son of Canaan, next occupied it, and when the Children of Israel seized the Lower City, it bore the name of Jebus. These Jebusites held the upper portion on the hill of Zion, until the time of David, who took their stronghold. The city then assumed the name of *Jerusalem*, the word being a compound, with the alteration of the letter *b* into *r* and the omission of one *s*, of *Jebus* and *Salem*. The Mohammedans call it *El-Kuds*, or the Holy.

Chaldæa comes—she darkens Salem's fame,  
Her walls are stormed, her temple sinks in flame,  
And distant far, where Babel's waters sweep,  
Her prophets pine, her captive children weep.  
Woe's midnight past, again dawn freedom's hours,  
And Salem smiles, the new-built temple towers;\*  
Once more the caravan from Yemen comes,  
The altar burns, and busy commerce hums;  
Once more his lion front stern Judah shows,  
And heroest† rise, to brave their country's foes.

But lo! o'er western hills that gathering cloud,  
Where muttering thunder peals more loud and  
loud,  
And forked lightning glitters down the sky—  
'Tis the dread flash of Rome's avenging eye!  
The Titan stalks—beneath his coming tread,  
Towns bow in dust, and Syria quakes with dread;  
Where'er he moves, the oldest empires fall,  
And Rome, wide-conquering Rome, seems lord of  
all.

Gihon's long hill sweeps out—a wood of spears,  
And filled with bucklers Kedron's vale appears;  
While north and south the bristling troops advance,  
And bear War's engines on, and shake the lance;

\* The temple destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, B. C. 588, was rebuilt after the return of the Jews from their seventy years' captivity, but with far less splendour. This edifice stood till within a short time of the birth of Christ, when Herod the Great, to please the Jews, re-erected it in all its original magnificence. It was Herod's temple that Christ denounced, and which fell before the Romans.

† The Maccabees.

Girt on all sides, doomed Salem sees her grave,  
Her cup of woe is full, and nought can save.\*

Oh! direst fruit of crime, and hate, and rage;  
Oh! bloodiest leaf in History's warning page!  
Was it too little Rome besieged her wall,  
But Salem's sons by Salem's sons must fall?  
See! Hebrew chiefs above yon mangled heap,  
Their kindred slain, exult when all should weep;  
In hearts once brave true valour ceased to glow,  
'Twas who should crush his fellow, not the foe. (122)

Dire sights, 'twas said, foreran the city's doom,  
Meteors, like swords, blazed fierce in skies of gloom;  
O'er Gihon's steep, as sank the sun's red rim,  
Chariots of fire raced round the horizon's brim,  
And mail-clad warriors, grasping spears of light,  
Spurred their fierce steeds, and climbed the zenith's height.  
Hark! to the dismal cry, that, night and day,  
Sounds from the wall, the street, and winding way!  
"Woe to the city!" thoughtful, pale, and sad,  
Wends the tall form, in mourning garments clad:  
"Woe to the city!"—mock'ry, scourgings given,  
Check not that voice—a voice which seems from heaven;  
Still 'mid the battle's roar, the murmurs low  
Of dying pain, is heard that cry of "Woe!"†

\* The Romans, under Titus, began closely to invest Jerusalem in April, A.D. 70.

† For an account of the portents said to have preceded the fall of Jerusalem, and of the extraordinary being who, without ceasing for years, proclaimed "Woe to the city!" the reader is referred to Josephus.



But Pestilence now rides the tainted air,  
And white-faced Famine smites its thousands there;  
Sons from their starving parents tear the food,  
Sisters cast lots that one may yield her blood.  
Harrowing the heart, a tale the Hebrews tell,  
Where Love to Nature's instincts bade farewell;  
She nursed her child, embraced its form so weak,  
And fondly, madly, kissed its paling cheek.  
Her worshipped star, her flowret in the wild,  
Her life of life, was that young cherub child!  
But hunger gnaws within—no food—no drink—  
She looks to start, and clasps it but to shrink,  
Then turns, and looks again with wolf-like eye,  
Sheds many a tear, heaves many a frantic sigh;  
The demon Hunger fills her veins with fire,  
Memory grows dim, and Love's last rays expire,  
With hands that tremble, and with lips that rave,  
She takes her infant's life, her own to save.\*

O, Titus! Titus! "darling of mankind!" (123)  
That saw his virtues, to his errors blind,  
Extolled his feeling heart, his justice praised,  
And busts and arches in his honour raised;  
But Salem's name in blood must written be,  
The leprous spot that blasts his memory!  
What though he rears his countless captives high,  
To crosses nailed, that friends may see them die,

\* The incident described in the text is not a poetic fiction; the woman who killed her own child to appease the cravings of hunger during the horrible famine, was of noble extraction—Mary, daughter of Eleazar.—See *Josephus*, BK. VI., ch. 3.

The Hebrews shed no tears, for woe has worn  
Their senses dull, and more may scarce be borne :\*  
Pangs, like old wounds, oft lull though will not heal,  
Excess of feeling makes us cease to feel.  
Some fight despairing, some in caverns hide,  
These moe in madness, and their God deride ;  
While others full of zeal, in frenzy strong,  
Still call on Heaven to avenge their country's wrong,  
And half expect, down stooping from above,  
Messiah's form will come in power and love,  
And with one wave of Glory's dazzling sword,  
Scare from their holy walls the Pagan horde.†

'Tis o'er—a deadlier struggle earth ne'er knew,  
E'en fiends might shrink those scenes of blood to view :  
'Tis o'er—a million hearts lie cold and still,  
And Rome's dread eagle soars on Zion's hill ;‡  
Salem, the home of prophets, helpless lies,  
The mean one's jest, the raging Heathen's prize.  
Fire wraps her towers, her blazing Temple falls,  
With all its golden spires, and cedar'd halls.  
Yes, that proud fane, as by an earthquake's shock,  
Is hurled to dust, and levelled with the rock ;

\* It is recorded that five hundred Jewish prisoners were sometimes crucified in a day, and exhibited in the agonies of death to their brethren on the walls.

† To the last many of the Jews entertained a hope that the long-expected Messiah would come and deliver them from their enemies.

‡ The number that perished through famine and by the sword during the siege has been stated to be one million three hundred thousand ; for, owing to the Feast of the Passover, when all Judæa, as well as distant colonies, sent representatives to Jerusalem, the city was full to overflowing.



And o'er its site must pass the Latian plough—\*  
Seraphs! look down from heaven, and pity now!  
And if in your bless'd eyes grief e'er appears,  
For lost and ruin'd Salem shed your tears!

Time soothes the sharpest pang, and pitying throws  
O'er harsh despair the softness of repose;  
There reigns a quiet in this land of grief,  
As if to Salem ages brought relief:  
But ah! still strong her injured children's woe,  
Though noiseless all, deep, deep the currents flow.  
Where are her hallowed ruins?—few remain,  
E'en for her ancient walls ye search in vain,  
Her buildings crushed, o'erturned by barbarous hands,  
Unchanged alone the hills on which she stands.†  
See! yon proud Mosque, its courts and crescents shine,  
Where stood great Solomon's far-blazing shrine! (124)  
The Turk on Zion, too, hath reared his pile,  
Master and judge, who deems all others vile,  
Scowls his disdain on Christian and on Jew,  
And scoffs their zeal to mark, their tears to view,  
Calls on his prophet, chants his Koran-prayer,  
The creed of Mecca all triumphant there.

\* The stones of the Temple, after the conflagration had ceased, were thrown down by the Roman soldiers into the valley of the Tyropæan, beneath; and, as a type of utter subjection, a plough was passed over the foundations.

† It has been supposed with good reason that the Fountain of Siloam, the Pool of Bethesda within the city, a portion of the foundation of the old wall at the south-east angle, with the caves and tombs in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, are the only objects and scenes which remain as they were a few centuries before Christ.



Yet 'midst the clouded night of ruined years,  
One lovely spot, like some sweet star, appears:  
Cross Hinnom's vale, good Hebrews view with shame,  
Where once to Moloch burned the idol-flame; \*  
Wend o'er the waste where now no flowret springs,  
But bloomed of yore the "Garden of the Kings;"  
Ye reach an opening pierced in Ophel's side,  
While, high beyond, the huge Mosque lifts its pride,—  
'Tis cool Siloam's fount; when palms grew round,  
Here Jewish minstrels woke their harps' sweet sound,  
And Hebrew sages, on these rocks reclined,  
Taught listening crowds, and scattered pearls of mind.  
This rugged path the bless'd Apostles trod,  
Beneath yon arch once stood their king—their God!  
Now, on these steps worn smooth by countless feet,  
Young Arab maids at dewy eve-tide meet,  
Their veiled heads bearing pitchers, and their hands  
Wreathing the well's dark sides with flowery bands.  
Thou blessed fount! whose bubbling waters still  
With sky-clear sapphire lave that holy hill,  
Fire, War, and Ruin, wasting on each side,  
Have left untouched thy pure and sparkling tide,  
A living coolness in that cell below,  
Health in thy dew, and music in thy flow.  
Sure angels, while deserting Salem's towers,  
And Zion's Mount, and David's perished bowers,  
Might hither come, and sorrowing vigil keep,  
Glide through the shade, above those waters weep,

\* The rocky Valley of Hinnom bounds Jerusalem on the south, and here Ahaz, and some other Hebrew kings, forgetting the religion of their forefathers, celebrated the rites of Moloch.

And fold their wings, resolving ne'er to flee—  
The lingering guardians, hallowed fount! of thee. (125)

But hath the Hebrew, 'neath Oppression's reign,  
Resigned all feelings save the thirst of gain?  
No! let those stones, down which green ivies fall—  
The sole poor remnant left of Salem's wall—  
Those stones attest how deeply Hebrews feel  
For that loved home, whose woes they cannot heal.  
"The Wailing-Place"—when Sabbath eve descends,  
And to their slavish toils a respite lends,  
Mark yon sad groups, who fix their mournful eyes  
On those rude stones their hearts so dearly prize;  
Here, kneeling on the flints, to heaven they pray,  
And bless their brethren, scattered far away;  
They ask for strength their weight of ills to bear,  
Hope brighter hours, and wrestle with despair:  
Then through the chinks they sigh, and pale lips keep  
Pressed to the wall, and spread their hands and weep.  
From broken hearts those bitter wailings rise,  
Craving kind help and pity of the skies:  
No sound more plaintive ever heavenward stole,  
Or woke the listener's tear, and touched his soul.\*

We enter Kedron's vale,—the stony height,  
Once crowned with olive-forests, bounds our right:

\* The spot called "The Wailing-Place" is at a short distance north-east of the Pool of Siloam; here large rugged stones are seen, some twenty-eight feet long, the only portion remaining of the old walls of Jerusalem. It has long been a custom with the Jews, on the eve of their Sabbath, to repair to this place, and lament over the ruins of their city.



Age after age men yielded up their breath,  
Till millions slumbered in this glen of death;  
And here, with those he loves, in peace to lie,  
Is still the hapless Hebrew's latest sigh.  
Ah! where so sadly sweet may scene be found?  
Though flowers no longer deck the shrunken mound,  
And plane and yew have ceased their shade to cast,  
They, voiceless mourners, dead themselves at last,  
Here, deep below sad Salem's eastern walls,  
The garish sunbeam mildly-tempered falls;  
Perched on some tomb, soft plains the hermit bird,  
And scarce the Pagan's Allah-cry is heard:  
Orphan of years, small Kedron pours its rill,  
Sweet Nature's child 'mid death surviving still,  
Its low-breathed voice like whispers from the graves,  
As their stone fronts its limpid wavelet laves.  
The rocks of Olivet are piled above,  
Whose shade steals down, as if in hallowing love.  
In such a spot the soul, till judgment-day,  
Might wish to leave her frail and cumbering clay,  
Revisiting, at moonlight's holy hour,  
That vale of peace, where Death has built his bower.

Stately are Kedron's tombs;\* in yon grey pile  
Strength seems to frown, yet grace to wear a smile;

\* The deep and narrow Valley of Kedron, or Jehoshaphat, commences near the Pool of Siloam, and runs northward between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives, for nearly a mile. This valley from an early epoch has been the great Jewish cemetery. The rocks at the foot of Mount Olivet are full of excavations, very similar to the tombs at Petra; monumental stones also abound everywhere.



Cornice and base are hewn from living rock,  
Its pointed summit braves Time's lengthened shock;  
The murdered rests within—those breezes bear,  
To Fancy's ear, his last and anguished prayer.\*  
Enter in pleasing awe this columned grot,  
Meet for calm musing seems the tranquil spot,  
For here, tradition tells, the Apostles came,  
To hear those words which touched their hearts with  
flame.

Still further, near yon bridge, whose arch of stone  
By modern hand across the stream is thrown,  
A pile more massive, and of statelier height,  
Like Petra's cliff-hewn temples, meets the sight.  
Strange towers its form, and well may wake surprise;  
Its top, like flame, is pointing to the skies;  
And yet no saint, a rebel slumbers here,  
But ah! to one fond heart how passing dear!  
The fair-haired Absalom, the gay of mien,  
Who proud and graceful as a god was seen:  
Hark to the royal father's heart-breathed sigh!  
See his rent robe, and sorrow-streaming eye!  
The traitor's, rebel's, crime, he all forgave,  
And only mourned in dust the lost, the brave! (126)

On evening's balmy air what voices swell,  
Soft as the tones which haunt the ocean's shell,  
Dying away, till scarce we catch the sound,  
Then rising while the rocks give answer round?

\* The tomb of Zechariah, who was stoned to death.—2 Chron.  
xxiv.

'Tis not the muezzin from the mosque's high wall,  
Crying, "to prayer!" as deepening shadows fall;  
'Tis not the sighs of saints who bend the knee,  
And crowd in awe, round mournful Calvary;  
Those voices float from yon deep sculptured cave,  
Where pale lamps gleam, and priests their censers  
    wave,  
And marbles shine, and altars blaze with gold,  
And costly offerings zealots' eyes behold;  
There kneels the Greek, the Armenian clasps his  
    hands,  
And many a form in snow-white vestment stands;  
They chant their "aves" to the dead, whom more  
Than saint, or seer, their trembling hearts adore;  
The vault beneath—if priestly tale we trust—  
Guarded for ages, holds the Virgin's dust. (127)

Close on the valley's edge, what giant trees  
Group like tried friends, and court the western breeze?  
Firm as a tower each huge brown trunk appears,  
The far-spread boughs the growth of countless years;  
Patriarchs in wintry ruin, there they rise,  
Their thin pale leaves all vocal as with sighs:  
Sure 'tis the voice of prayer that soothes the ear,  
Sure spirits of the just are hovering near;  
These very boughs their shadowy roof have spread,  
At night's dim hour, above Messiah's head;  
Fell on this very sod His tears of woe,  
Fraught with an anguish man might never know.  
While earth shall last, this spot revered must be,  
And hearts unborn shall bless Gethsemane. (128)



'Tis in this vale of tombs, the Hebrews say,  
The world's great Lord will hold the judgment-day;  
Kedron's wild rocks will hear the trumpet sound,  
And every ancient mountain answer round;  
Then will those caves give forth their treasured dead,  
Around, like leaves, earth's gathered myriads spread;  
Justice, to whom Heaven's withering bolts belong,  
Will speak in thunder to that trembling throng,  
But Mercy, gentle as green Hermon's dew,  
And soft as seraph-sighs, will whisper too.\*

Farewell!—on Olivet's famed mount we stand,  
And view once more this sad but glorious land;  
Here, lost in thought, the bard might linger long,  
But we must break our dream, and close our song.  
Eve stands, with finger raised, on western hills,  
And earth and heaven a holy quiet fills;  
Calm in her desolation Salem sleeps,  
Round Omar's mosque the tall green cypress weeps;†  
Soft gleam the rays on church and convent-spire,  
And each slight minaret is tipp'd with fire:  
Peace, like an angel, 'midst the coming gloom  
O'er Zion hangs, and wraps Messiah's tomb.‡

\* The Jews, through all ages, have been impressed with the idea that the valley of Jehoshaphat will be the scene of the final judgment of mankind: the Moslems believe the same, except that Mohammed is to be the judge; and these besotted men have placed a large stone in the eastern wall of the city, on which the prophet is to sit; the broad slab is called "Mohammed's stone."

† The mosque of Omar, which occupies a more imposing position than any other edifice in Jerusalem, is surrounded by cypress-trees.

‡ The church built over the Holy Sepulchre stands in the north-west part of the city, and is distinguished by its white and blue



A spell on that dim city seems to lie,  
And hush the vales around, and crimson sky;  
It is not age, or mystery, or despair,  
It is not death which casts a shadow there,  
But sadness for a blighted, fallen race—  
A once proud nation that has lost its place—  
A sorrow that invests each glorious spot,  
By feeling revered, memory ne'er forgot,  
And as we muse and think of brighter years,  
The eye still gazes on, and fills with tears.

Children of Judah! wandering long and far,  
From India's suns to moist Columbia's star, (129)  
Bearing the brand of scorn where'er ye go,  
Reviled, oppressed, but silent in your woe,  
Is it in vain you trust, in vain you dream,  
That Zion's darkened sun again will beam?  
That Israel's scattered race will come once more,  
Possess yon towers, and people hill and shore?  
Oh! no; a spirit now inspires mankind  
To raise the weak, and not in fetters bind,  
Grant rights to all, whate'er their land or name,  
And honour mind, and cherish ancient fame.  
Hark to Hope's whisper! soon will dawn the day,  
When black Oppression's night will melt away,  
From North and South, the exiles, wandering  
home,  
Shall claim their long-left hearths, no more to roam;

domes; Calvary is beneath the same edifice. In the time of Christ this spot was without the walls, but the modern city, increasing towards the north, entirely encloses it.

Then shall bowed Salem's towers more proudly rise,  
A brighter temple court Judæa's skies;  
Then corn and palms will clothe each mountain's side,  
And gardens smile by Jordan's winding tide;  
In Eshcol's vale rich clustering grapes will glow,  
Again the long-lost rose of Sharon blow;  
Justice and Peace shall ancient days restore,  
Love, Virtue, reign, and Israel mourn no more.

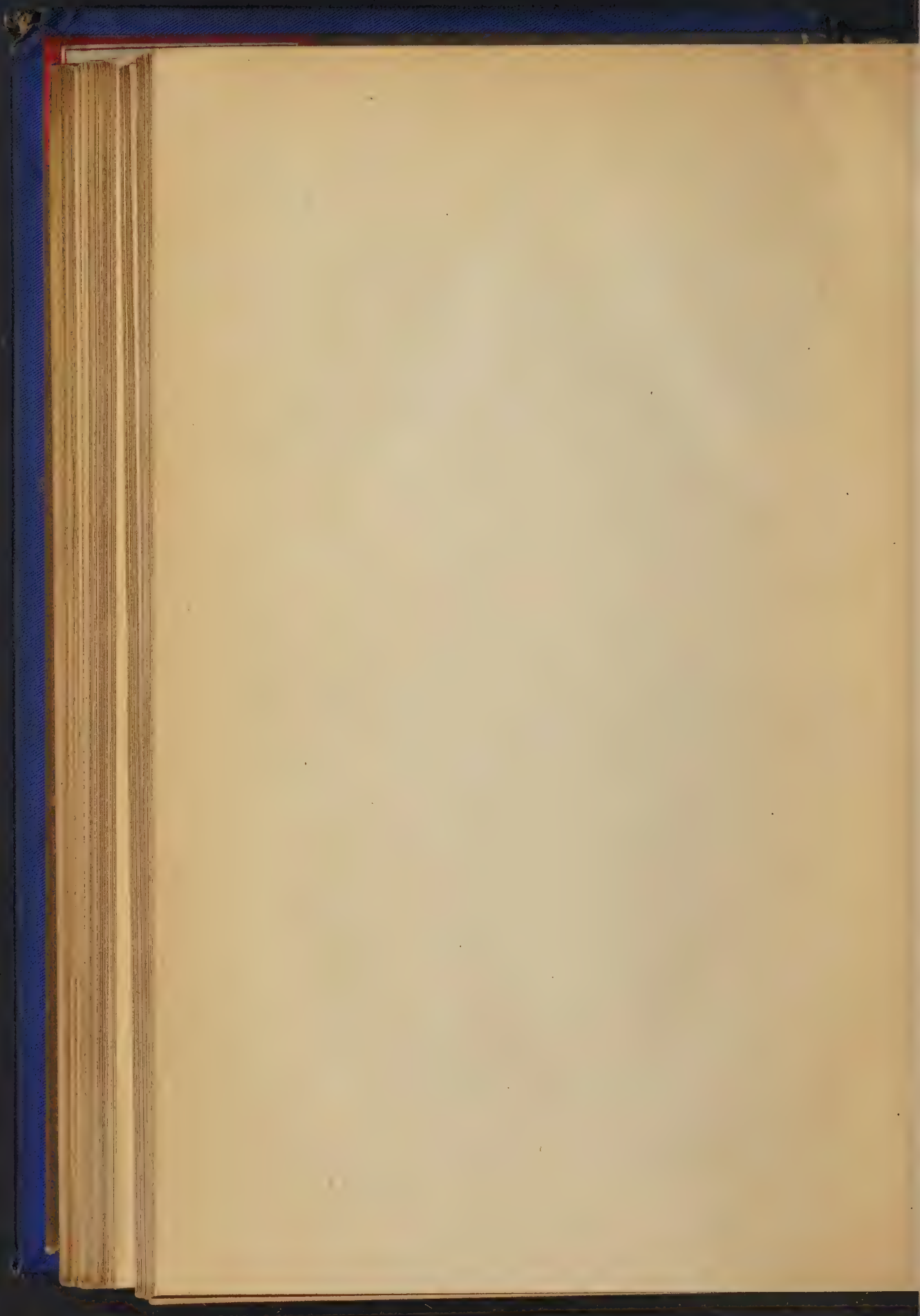
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The song is hushed—the Minstrel's task is done—  
The weary Pilgrim's course at length is run.  
Of earth's dark Ruins, relics of Time's Spring,  
Thus have we dared in feeble strain to sing;  
But while the trembling fingers woke the shell,  
That strove their dying grace and pomp to tell,  
We feel how frail the hand, how faint the lay,  
That language breathes not half the soul would say.  
There are who toil in vain, but pant for still  
The golden shrine on Fame's sky-piercing hill;  
The child that sees float by, on wings of light,  
O'er Summer meads, some insect passing bright,  
Pursues it long, and almost gains the prey,  
He opes his hand—but lo! it flits away;  
So, oft ambitious hearts a phantom chase  
In bright renown, and fail to win the race.  
To hope, to dream, and then forgotten die—  
Should this be ours, why breathe the sorrowing sigh?

Above our urn though no proud wreath may wave,  
Would Flattery's pæan charm us in the grave?  
Then, live or perish—'tis enough our strain  
Beguile an hour, or soothe an anxious pain,  
Wake in man's breast, for man, a throb of love,  
Or point from Earth's dim wrecks one hope above.

END OF PART III.





## HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE NOTES.

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### BOOK I.

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### THE DARK ERA.

#### PART I.

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#### (1) PAGE 14.

#### *The boast, the glory of the Eastern world.*

THE mass of ruins on the plains of Babylon, called by the Arabs Birs Nimroud, or the Tower of Nimrod, and by the Jews Nebuchadnezzar's prison, is situated in the Western Desert, ten miles from the great remain El Mujelibé, on the north. This pile affords another proof of the vast size of the ancient city, since the Temple of Belus, of which the Birs Nimroud, in the opinion of the majority of travellers, is the undoubted relic, together with the northern edifice, rose within the walls. Allowing for the exaggerated statements of Herodotus, Quintus Curtius, and Strabo—who, with slight variations, give a circumference to the walls of 480 stadia, or 60 miles—the position of these remains will show that Babylon occupied an area not less than ten miles on each side; for, unlike Nineveh, the city was an exact square, the Euphrates dividing it into two (though not equal) parts. Babylon contained fifty principal streets, cutting each other at right angles, and, it has been recorded, 676 squares. But while it occupied far more ground than London, we must not suppose it full of houses, and teeming with inhabitants. Large spaces were appropriated to the exercise of troops, and the planting of trees and flowers for pleasure-grounds, termed paradises.

Many arguments have been adduced to establish the identity of the gigantic ruin under consideration with the great Babylonian Temple: still, we must admit that the question is by no means decided, and some archæologists, whose opinions are entitled to much weight, imagine it to be the remain of a great fortress which stood in the town of Borsippa, the name of which very ancient place occurs in the inscription on the Obelisk found by Layard at Nimroud. The view we adopt is that supported by Rich, Niebuhr, Porter, and Buckingham; but we cannot for a moment contend that the mass of brickwork, now surmounting the Birs, forms a part of the original erection, which may be confined to the immense mound beneath. All the bricks yet examined here, as well as at the Mujelibé and Kasr, are inscribed with the name of Nebuchadnezzar; this is a remarkable fact; yet we submit it does not prove that Nebuchadnezzar actually erected all the palaces and temples in his great capital; he raised without doubt many new edifices, but he beautified and enlarged those already standing, heightened the city walls, strengthened the towers, and advanced the glory of Babylon to its culminating point. The bricks in the Birs Nimroud and other monuments, bearing the stamp of his name, may have been superadded, in the way of embellishment or repairs; or Nebuchadnezzar, from a motive of vanity, may have rebuilt the more conspicuous portions of such monuments, being anxious that posterity should imagine him the founder of edifices erected in reality by his ancestors; and thus in the pride of his spirit he exclaimed, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?"—Few remains of importance have yet been discovered at the Birs, nor up to this period has any trench been opened to the *centre* of the mound: a slab, however, of beautiful workmanship was some time since exhumed by Major Rawlinson, representing in relief a man and a dog, and which is admitted to belong to the early Babylonian Empire.

We have only to add that Bel or Belus, which signifies lord, was a term given to Nimrod after his apotheosis, and the famous tower of Babel was converted into a temple, in which he was to be worshipped. This temple, the oldest in the world—for no remains of any religious edifice now exist in Egypt prior to the reign of Osirtesen I., 1740 B.C.—has been minutely described by Herodotus; and the picture he gives answers precisely, in regard to its external form, to the ruin as it now appears. It was constructed in the pyramidal shape, and had eight galleries or platforms, four of which are still



distinctly traced: the ruin is 2,280 feet in circumference at base; the height of the temple was 500 feet; the blackened mass of wall that now stands on the great mound, and which is composed of solid vitrified brick, is thirty-seven feet high, by twenty-eight in breadth; the entire height of the whole above the plain, including the stupendous mound of decayed brick, being 235 feet.

(2) PAGE 14.

*Such as they are, Earth's mightiest kings shall be.*

The second great Babylonian relic is called El Mujelibé, or "the Overturned." It is situated five miles north of Hillah, and about 900 yards from the Euphrates. Like the Birs Nimroud, it presents a heap of confused ruins, the summit of the mound being crowned with a low wall of unburnt brick; the highest point, however, does not exceed 141 feet above the surrounding plain. Its sides, like those of the Egyptian pyramids—and, strange to say, of some of the pyramids in Mexico—face the cardinal points. Some travellers have imagined this remain to have been the Temple of Belus, others a strong fortified castle; but modern excavations have thrown more light on the subject, and led, we think, to the revelation of the truth. Mr. Rich, penetrating into the north face of the Mujelibé, discovered certain passages formed of brick; several Babylonian curiosities were the fruits of his labours; such as urns, metal ornaments, together with a wooden coffin that contained a skeleton in a state of good preservation. To the outside of the coffin was fixed a brass bird, and the same emblem of the soul's power of flight was found within. Other skeletons occupied the passages. These facts, coupled with the position and character of the mound, lead to the conjecture that the building was a vast pyramid designed for the interment of the Babylonian kings, though possibly it was afterwards used as a place of sepulture by the Greeks.—Mr. Layard also has caused several trenches to be opened in the Mujelibé, but owing to the loose nature of the decayed brick-work, little progress has been made. Like Mr. Rich, he has found coffins and skeletons, some slabs bearing the name and titles of Nebuchadnezzar, together with bowls, bronze arrow-heads, and other relics of a doubtful period. The Kasr, which, during many ages, has been a mine for bricks, has also been partially examined, but with very little result.

## (3) PAGE 15.

*Time-honoured tree! it marks the Hanging Bowers.*

That a tree existing now should have flourished in ancient Babylon, seems scarcely possible; but, extraordinary as it may appear, such is the opinion entertained, not only by the Arabs, but many enlightened travellers. This famous single tree, called Athelà, stands on the north side of the Kasr; it is about fifteen feet high, has no leaves except near the top, and these more resemble long drooping stems than ordinary foliage. Mr. Buckingham asserts that no other tree of its kind is to be found in all Mesopotamia, with the exception of one somewhat resembling it growing at Bas-sorah. It is a species of *lignum vitæ*, and being very hard in its fibre, the immense age it has attained—about 2,500 years—needs not altogether stagger belief. The great chestnut at Tortsworth, and the oak at Allouville, in Normandy, are above ten centuries old; the Banian-tree, in India, under which Alexander encamped part of his army, is said still to stand; and some Baobab trees of Africa, naturalists, by counting their rings, have conjectured to be even more aged than the renowned Athelà of Babylon.

## (4) PAGE 16.

*Birds, lutes, soft airs, half rivalled Paradise.*

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon were ranked among the wonders of the world. Ancient writers have ascribed their formation to different parties. It seems probable they were commenced at a very early date, but Queen Nitocris, wife of Evil-Merodach, and daughter-in-law of Nebuchadnezzar, is generally allowed to have enlarged and beautified them to an extent which entitled her almost to be called their founder. Strabo and Quintus Curtius describe these gardens as being attached to the palace, and close by the Euphrates. They were carried aloft into the air by means of solid piers, across which vast stones were laid, until they equalled the height of the city walls. The earth was kept in a state of perpetual fertility by engines which raised water from the river; and not only all descriptions of plants and flowers, but trees of considerable magnitude, flourished in this artificial garden. When Alexander took Babylon, three centuries before Christ, the Temple of Belus



had been overthrown; these gardens, also, were rapidly falling to decay; and they must, with the palace, have finally settled down into a mound—the mound, we have every reason to believe, over which the traveller now walks without seeing one flower or shrub, saving the solitary tree just described.

(5) PAGE 20.

*And Babylon, the mighty, was no more.*

Independently of Scripture, which everywhere speaks of the great power and splendour of the Babylonian empire, all profane historians agree, that during the height of its prosperity it had no equal on earth. It is a singular fact that the name of Babylon does not occur in the early inscriptions exhumed at Nimroud, while that of Borsippa in the neighbourhood is mentioned several times. An argument has thus been raised against its great antiquity, but it cannot be doubted that the city, afterwards named Babylon, was for many ages styled the city of Shinar, while envy may possibly have prompted the compiler of the Nimroud chronicles studiously to avoid alluding to the glory or even the name of Nineveh's great rival. Many of the reputed deeds of Semiramis and the earlier monarchs must be rejected as absolute fables; but the exploits of Nebuchodonosor II. (Nebuchadnezzar), Babylon's most powerful and glorious king, are established historical facts. Nebuchadnezzar was of the dynasty founded by Belesis, about B.C. 746; he conquered all Syria and Palestine, annexing them to his dominions; stormed Jerusalem, and carried the Jews captive to his capital; besieged the ancient and commercial city of Tyre, which, after a long resistance, yielded to his power. He then turned his arms against Egypt, and overran with his victorious troops the fertile land of the Pharaohs; so that his empire, B.C. 570, extended from the Caucasian mountains to the African desert. Nebuchadnezzar was, in every sense, a great king, and, notwithstanding his pride and adherence to the old religion of star-worship, seems on many occasions to have been impressed with the belief of the true God. Belshazzar (the Labynetus of Herodotus), possessing the defects and vices, without the virtues of Nebuchadnezzar, had reigned seventeen years when he was attacked by Cyrus. The Persian monarch, having long besieged Babylon, conceived the design of turning the Euphrates from its natural channel; and the generally received account is, that on the night



when Belshazzar gave a banquet to his nobles, in honour of their god Belus, he entered with his army the dry bed of the river, made himself master of the city, killed Belshazzar, and put an end to the second Chaldæo-Assyrian dynasty, 537 B.C.

The duration and prosperity of the Babylonian empire may, perhaps, be ascribed more to its commerce than to its military strength; for Babylon was the grand emporium of merchandise coming from India and the towns on the Persian Gulf, by way of the Euphrates. Thence, as from a centre, traffic passed into Persia, Media, and to the countries bordering on the Caspian and Euxine seas; into Syria, where flourished the commercial towns of Damascus and Palmyra; while the merchants of Tyre, Sidon, Petra in Idumea, and Pelusium in Egypt, received the fine carpets, dyed robes, spices, and emeralds of Babylon, in exchange for their own commodities. Including the two centuries which elapsed from the death of Sardanapalus, the last King of Babylon and Nineveh united, to the fall of Belshazzar, this empire, though obscure and limited at first, subsisted for no less a period than 1,600 years. How brief, compared with this, has been the duration of many kingdoms and republics which we are accustomed to believe had flourished for a great length of time, or to which, existing still, we apply the term "ancient!" Athens, dating from the Trojan war, when she first obtained anything like power and fame among the petty neighbouring states, to her final subjugation by the Romans, B.C. 146, will show a duration of 1,030 years. The monarchy of the Jews, from their first king, Saul, including the period of their captivity, and subsequent existence as a nation, to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus—1,165 years. Rome, from the foundation of the city, B.C. 753, to the irruption of the Germanic tribes under Odoacer, who dethroned the last Western Emperor Augustulus—1,229 years. Carthage, from its Tyrian colonisation, B.C. 850, to its destruction by Scipio, 704 years. The Saracen domination, usually called the Caliphate, from the immediate successors of Mohammed, to the overthrow of Mostasem, the last of the Caliphs of Baghdad, by the Tartars A.D. 1242,—610 years. Of the monarchies of Europe, France, Spain, and England boast the greatest antiquity; but neither of them has yet reached the term allotted to the kingdom of Babylon. France numbers from her Clovis, 1,300 years; Spain from her Gothic kings, about a similar period; and England, from her Egbert, only ten centuries. Three kingdoms alone have surpassed Babylon in the

duration of their existence, and these are Egypt, Persia, and China.

(6) PAGE 22.

*And well his dust those vaults of darkness keep.*

About eight miles from Baghdad, near Akkerkoof, stands an extraordinary monument, commonly called the Tower of Nimrod. Rich and Buckingham state its height to be 126 feet, being 300 feet in circumference at the base. It is built of burnt bricks, with alternate layers of reeds, resembling in this respect the brick masses on the plains of Babylon. The edifice appears to be of solid masonry, although an aperture visible on the north-east side would suggest the notion that, in former ages, access was given there to some internal chambers. The word Akkerkoof in Arabic signifies, "the place of him who rebelled against God." If this singular ruin, then, mark the site of Accad, and is the burial-place of the first potentate named in the Hebrew Scriptures—and many travellers have dared to conceive it probable—it is of greater antiquity than any pyramid of the kind now standing in Egypt. Some, however, not admitting its great age, have conjectured that it may have been the citadel of an early Babylonian town, whose name has now passed away.

(7) PAGE 29.

*That bear a language writ by man no more.*

The cuneiform or arrow-headed characters inscribed upon the remains at Nineveh, Babylon, on the tombs and terraces at Persepolis, and on slabs found at Susa and elsewhere, have presented more difficulties, with regard to their meaning, than even the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Of all those who have propounded theories, and laboured at their interpretation, perhaps Professor Grotefend and Major Rawlinson have been the most successful. Cuneiform writing, it seems, may be divided into three branches—the Assyrian, Persian, and Median; the Assyrian or Babylonian branch is the oldest, being the parent of the others. The element in each variety is the same—the wedge; but the combinations of these wedges differ. The Persian variety occurs at Persepolis, and on the great rock at Behistun; but it has not been found on the disinterred monuments at Nineveh—a proof of the great antiquity of those remains. As



interesting an inscription as any, perhaps, brought to this country, prior to the discoveries of Layard, is that in the Babylonian variety now preserved in the East India House, for it is supposed to contain the decrees of Nebuchadnezzar. Cuneiform writing did not come from Egypt, being totally distinct from each kind of writing practised there; bearing an affinity, as it does, to the Hebrew, Phœnician, and Arabic, it must be considered older than either, nor, perhaps, is it too much to suppose that the cuneiform phonetic character was the invention of the primitive races who settled on the plain of Shinar—the first written language of the earth. What tongue did this writing seek to express?—At the present stage of philological investigation in connexion with Assyrian inscriptions, it would be hazardous to offer a conjecture. Whatever the language may have been, it is thought to have borne a strong resemblance to the Sanscrit and Zend, and these tongues may indeed have grown out of it. But if at length it shall be found that the oldest cuneiform character (the Babylonian variety) expressed pure unmixed Chaldee, then, perhaps, settling the long-agitated question, we may with some safety conclude that the Chaldee tongue was the original language imparted to man by his Creator—the language spoken in paradise.

(8) PAGE 30.

*Lost city of a hundred gates of brass!*

Strabo has declared Nineveh to have been larger than Babylon; but following Herodotus, Diodorus, and other writers of equal authority, we shall find this was not the case. For magnitude and splendour, however, it may be ranked, at that early period, as the second city in the world, not excepting Memphis, and Thebes in Egypt. The walls were 100 feet high, and sufficiently wide for three chariots to be driven on them abreast; 1,500 towers rose on these walls at equal distances, and it had a hundred brazen gates. Nevertheless, Nineveh appears to have been a long straggling city, rather than a compact or densely-populous one; and its computed length (nineteen miles), has been nearly equalled by the ancient city of Gour, in India, which extended, according to observations made by Major Rennell, fifteen miles along the old bank of the Ganges. In regard to the population of Nineveh and Babylon, it is almost impossible to arrive at any thing like a just



estimate. The Prophet Jonah speaks of Nineveh as containing more than "six score thousand persons" who knew not their right hand from their left; Rosenmüller and other writers, presuming these to mean children, less, perhaps, than three years of age, argue that the population would be, under these circumstances, about two millions; such also, taking into consideration the respective sizes of the two cities, might have been the population of Babylon.

(9) PAGE 34.

*His star-gemmed mantle blazing down the sky.*

As much uncertainty and mystery involve the early history of this great city as that of its rival, Babylon. It would appear, however, that while it was founded by Asshur, Ninus, the son of Nimrod, the builder of Babylon, was the first king, and that it dates posterior to the latter city. The royal race of Nimrod governed Babylon and Nineveh united; but from Ninyas, the son of Semiramis, down to Phul, B. C. 790, the very names of the monarchs, up to the time of the discoveries of Botta and Layard, had been unknown: now, however, there is every reason to believe that, by the deciphering of the cuneiform inscriptions, the hiatus will be filled up. This ancient line ended in Sardan-Phul, or Sardanapalus. A second dynasty, which was founded by Belesis, ruled at Babylon, as we have seen, until the death of Belshazzar. The luxury of Sardanapalus has passed into a proverb; he fell, however, by treachery; his general Arbaces, governor of Media, and Belesis, the priest of Babylon, having conspired against him. The monarch burned himself alive in his palace, with all his treasures, and half redeemed by this act, according to Athenæus, the vices and effeminacy of his life. This event happened about 747 B.C. Nineveh, under the successors of Ninus the younger, existed, after the death of Sardanapalus, as a separate kingdom, nearly a century and a half, during which period reigned in succession the famous Tiglath Pileser, Shalmaneser, who carried away captive the ten tribes from Samaria, and Sennacherib, whose throne has been discovered in the north-west palace at Nimroud. Nineveh was finally destroyed by the Babylonians and Medes 616 B.C.; and from that period Babylon was without a rival, the capital of the great Chaldæo-Assyrian empire. So rapidly did Nineveh now sink to decay, that in the time of Alexander the Great, though

Babylon was still a flourishing city under the Persians, Nineveh is not even mentioned as a village in the account of that conqueror's progress down the Tigris.

(10) PAGE 36.

*And sieges, battles, such as Homer sung.*

Pointed helmets and other pieces of armour were found in some of the rooms; the ivory images, in their style and subjects, are Egyptian; the god Horus, the son of Isis, seated on a lotus flower, at once shows this. They might have been taken from Egypt as spoil, or presented to the King of Assyria by one of the Pharaohs, when a friendly intercourse existed between the two countries. Nearly all the rooms yet uncovered in the great Nimroud mound are lined with alabaster slabs, on which are carved in relief figures and subjects in endless variety, with inscriptions in the cuneiform character of the Assyrian or earliest branch of that mysterious writing. The great hall is 165 feet long and 35 feet wide. No columns have yet been found, and if any ever existed they were probably of wood. Square openings in the ceilings, and not side windows, seem to have admitted light.

(11) PAGE 38.

*And thunders to awake thee peal in vain.*

The recent discoveries of Mr. Layard and M. Botta of France, on the site of ancient Nineveh, must be considered more important and more interesting than any made since the disinterment of Pompeii, and the announcement to the world of vast and ruined cities built by unknown people in Central America. As a consequence of investigations commenced with such success, light will now probably be thrown on a great portion of the world's earlier history, hitherto involved in impenetrable darkness, and passages in the Scriptures, once difficult to be understood, will be elucidated. Mr. Layard, by his penetration and indomitable perseverance, has made himself entitled to the gratitude of the scholar, not only of England but of Europe; and his name, in connection with the once famous city of Assyria, will be handed down to posterity with lasting applause.

We can allude here only to a few of his most important discoveries.



The chief excavations have been made in the great Nimroud mound. This mound is situated in the angle formed by the Tigris and the Greater Zab, and appears to be richer in remains than the mounds opposite Mosul, though there Layard's researches have not been unrewarded, a splendid palace having been found twenty feet beneath the surface. The principal objects brought to light after an inhumation of above two thousand years, are as follows:—Colossal bulls and lions, each weighing many tons, having wings and human heads, animals precisely like those which the prophet Ezekiel describes in his vision; alabaster slabs, lining passages and spacious apartments; these slabs are covered with bas-reliefs of a most interesting character, and calculated, there can be little doubt, when the inscriptions shall be deciphered, to enlarge our knowledge of important events which transpired at a very remote epoch. An obelisk beautifully carved, with an inscription of two hundred and ten lines; while, from the animals depicted being peculiar to Bactria and India, we are led to believe that it is the identical obelisk set up by Semiramis to commemorate her conquests in those countries. Ivories of Egyptian origin; human figures with wings and heads of birds; several sarcophagi containing remains of an unknown race inhabiting the country after the fall of Nineveh; and lastly, vases, jewels, arms, personal ornaments of the ancient citizens, and other articles too numerous to be mentioned.

It may appear a strange circumstance that the Persian monuments at Persepolis should so nearly resemble those found in the mounds at Nineveh; at the same time it is an exceedingly interesting fact, since we now know that when the grand palace of Xerxes was erected, the halls of Nineveh were open to the light of day, for the Persian artist made them his exact models. The truth seems to be, that the Persians, after conquering the Assyrians and Babylonians, adopted from them the arrow-headed writing, and imitated them in the grotesque character of their sculptures. From the subjugation of the country by Alexander the Great, the Perso-Assyrian style of architecture was abandoned, and the cuneiform character ceased to be written.

The question now to be considered is, whether the palaces at Nimroud, and those in the mounds opposite Mosul, belonged to the same city; or does Nimroud represent the ancient Larissa, and the mounds at Mosul, Mespila? antiquarians and scholars are divided in opinion, and each can bring, in support of his view of the matter,



forcible argument. We do not think, however, that the distance between the respective places forms an insurmountable objection to the supposition, that they were included within the walls of ancient Nineveh. Nimroud is distant from Mosul about eighteen miles; the mounds at Khorsabad, where M. Botta has discovered many Assyrian antiquities, are twelve miles north-east of Mosul, and the mounds at Karambles are about the same distance east of Nimroud. Thus we have an oblong square; and granting these places to have been the four points of the city, where stood citadels or palaces, we possess a remarkable fact: the circumference just agrees with that given by Diodorus—namely, sixty miles, a measurement also ascribed by him to the walls of Babylon. In the intermediate space smaller barrows occur, shrunken edifices of perishable materials, while pottery and bricks are found every where on turning up the soil. Is it, then, hazardous to conclude that Nineveh in its vast dimensions lies in dust before us? But it may be asked how fallen palaces should be so completely covered with soil, and how leave such stupendous mounds, some of which are little short of one hundred feet in height? The answer is this—the Assyrians, before erecting a palace or large public building, were accustomed to raise a brick platform about forty feet above the level of the country; on this elevation the subsequent erections would have an imposing and dignified appearance; when the palaces, which were of brick, being only coated with alabaster slabs, sank to ruin, and were abandoned at the fall of the empire, the frailer materials gradually decayed, together with the lofty platform; the sands, drifted by the winds from the Western Desert, added to the mass, grass grew, turf accumulated age after age, until the palaces and walls of the city left no other visible monuments than the great tumuli which arrest the traveller's attention, and the ignorant occupiers of the soil believe to be natural hills; but the enterprise of a Layard has now brought to light the secrets beneath.

## THE DARK ERA.

## PART II.

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(12) PAGE 48.

*To shut this rock-built city from the world.*

The remains of Petra, if we except the works of the Romans, may well be classed with the ruins of the Dark Era. That the city was founded by the descendants of Esau, who, we are told, settled among the mountains of Seir, cannot be doubted; but when the countless grottoes, supposed to have been the private houses of the citizens, and the tombs hollowed out of the surrounding mountains, were formed, no records exist to show. Biblical history, however, satisfies us that the Edomites were a powerful people 1,500 years before Christ, when the children of Israel approached their borders. Petra was very advantageously situated for purposes of commerce, being on the high-road of the caravans proceeding from Syria to the trading cities on the Red Sea, and the famous Saba or Sheba in Arabia Felix; there was a caravan route, also, across the Desert to Babylon. Saul conquered Edom, and Petra remained tributary to the Jews until the reign of Joram, when it again established its independence. About two centuries afterwards, the Nabathæan Arabs, who were descended from the eldest of Ishmael's sons, overran Edom, and the children of Esau were partly scattered, and partly incorporated with that people. Petra was again subject to the Jews during the sway of the Asmonæan princes, and underwent various vicissitudes, as related by Josephus, until, with the rest of Judæa, it submitted to the Romans. After the time of Hadrian no further mention of the fate of Petra occurs in history; and at what period it was deserted by its inhabitants and left to desolation, the home of the fox and the owl, it would be a fruitless task to inquire. Origen, who lived in the third century, affirms that the name of Idumæa had ceased to exist in his time; consequently, we may with safety say that Petra, up to the period of its discovery by Burekhardt



in 1812, had been lost to the world—except that it might have been known to a few wild and ignorant Arabs—for a space of one thousand four hundred years.

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*Here rose the letters Cadmus bore away.*

The common tale is that Cadmus introduced his sixteen letters into Greece from Phœnicia, but the learned and indefatigable Dr. Young, Champollion, and others, have now satisfactorily proved, that in Egypt the Phonetic characters were invented some centuries before Moses, who was versed in all the learning of the Egyptians, compiled his narrative. By Phonetic characters are meant those written signs, not presenting ideas to the mind by means of symbols or pictures, but expressive of sound, having the power of the alphabet in modern use. Now Cadmus, a Phœnician prince, is said to have visited Egypt for purposes of commerce; hence papyri, inscribed with the newly-invented character, having fallen into his hands, the error arose, on his settling in Greece, that to Phœnicia was to be ascribed the honour of the invention of letters. We may here remark, that the Egyptians practised several modes of writing; the most ancient was the figurative and symbolical, such as was used by the Mexicans when Cortes landed in America, in which pictures are presented to convey the intended meaning. The Hieratic, or writing of the priests, seems an abridged form of hieroglyphical signs, both phonetic and symbolical, and had recourse to enigma and metaphor, so that it might not be readily understood by the vulgar. The enchorial, or demotic, expressed the language of the people, and written from right to left almost resembles a running alphabetical hand. The famous Rosetta stone, discovered by the French during their occupation of Egypt, was at first thought by philologists very valuable, as they hoped by means of it to fix the power of hieroglyphical signs. This slab of basalt exhibits three distinct inscriptions in as many bands; the first is the sacred character or writing of the priests; the second, the enchorial or writing of the country; and the third is Greek. The stone was erected in the reign of Ptolemy V., about 193 years B. C.; but the labours of Dr. Young and Champollion go to prove that the Greek text does not faithfully represent the hieroglyphic bands, giving rather their general meaning, than being a translation word for word.



(14) PAGE 50.

*Sworn the bright waters never to reveal.*

The source of the Nile, in spite of modern science, and all the efforts of travellers, is still a secret. The question, disputed in the days of the Ptolemies, as to the origin of the main branch, twenty centuries have not been able to set at rest. Bruce thought he had reached the spring-head in the high land of Gojam, in Abyssinia, but it appears he was deceived: the Blue River which rises there is not the principal branch, recent discoveries having proved that the Abiad, or White River, is the chief of the three parent streams. Browne and Linant describe the White River as flowing from the south-west, in which direction lies the great mountain range, called the Mountains of the Moon. General opinion, then—little stronger, however, than conjecture—points to the Lunar Mountains as the spot where the Nile takes its rise.

(15) PAGE 52.

*A wondrous link between each far-off land.*

Merôé, the ancient capital of Ethiopia, was situated between two rivers; the ruins found by Cailliaud, at Assour, between the Atbara and the Nile, are now believed to be those of Merôé. The pyramids, which stand in groups on the border of the desert, are limited in size, and in a very ruinous condition. Ethiopia comprehended, according to Herodotus, all that district to the south of Egypt now known by the names of Nubia, Sennar, and Abyssinia. The origin of this extraordinary nation, more ancient even than that of Egypt, giving to the latter her religion and her civilisation, has been the subject of many conjectures among the learned. Scarcely a written Ethiopian record exists—for the poetical allusions of Homer, and the doubtful legends preserved by the Egyptian priests, cannot be termed history—appeal, then, must be made to the monuments now standing; these abound in the regions of the Upper Nile, particularly in Nubia. Burckhardt, Belzoni, and others, describe some of them as bearing the appearance of a much greater antiquity than any corresponding edifices in Egypt. They consist chiefly of pyramids and vast temples hewn out of the solid rock. Ethiopia in the Scriptures is usually termed Cush; such, also, is the name the country bears on

Egyptian monuments. From a consideration of the rock-temples and pyramids in Nubia so nearly resembling those found in India, and, on the report of Humboldt, in South America, a startling question presents itself to us. The connection of one nation with another can in no way be so clearly traced and established, as by the detecting an affinity or family likeness between their religious institutions. Edifices of so strange a character, all agreeing in certain points, could only be raised to like divinities, though these divinities may differ in name; hence, dark and perplexed as the subject is, we must look to the country containing the oldest monuments of a certain class, as being the parent from whom the other nations sprang; that country is the little-known and mysterious Ethiopia; and the ruins of Meróé, its ancient capital, may vie in antiquity with those of Babylon and Nineveh. Ethiopian monarchs, at more than one epoch, reigned over the entire of Egypt, and Herodotus saw, in the royal records at Memphis, the names of eighteen of these kings who preceded Sesostris. Women were not excluded from the throne, and we find the Roman general, Petronius, conquering Queen Candace in the reign of Augustus. The age in which this interesting country ceased to be a kingdom, has not been determined; probably it was about the fourth century, when the Nubæ, and other Arabian and African tribes, pressing from the east and south, established themselves in this part of Africa, and so gradually extinguished an empire concerning which, though it lasted for thousands of years, so little is known. The Ethiopians, as painted on their monuments, appear of a deep copper colour; their hair, not crisp, like that of the negro, is straight and long; and in their physiognomy as well as complexion, they bear no slight resemblance to the Red Indians of America.

(16) PAGE 53.

*But, still returning, sees each solemn face.*

The great temple of Ipsambul, or Abousambul, in Nubia, is excavated from a mountain on the west side of the Nile, and fronts the south-east. Somewhat resembling in design the striking excavations at Mount Barkal, in Dongola, it surpasses all others of its class in magnitude and splendour, if we except the caves of Ellora and Elephanta, in India. Belzoni, in 1817, assisted by Irby and Mangles, cleared away the sand which had buried the front of this temple; its depth is nearly two hundred feet, and it has fourteen



apartments, some of them being adorned with square columns thirty feet high. Two of the four enormous colossi still retain their places at the entrance. They are attached to the rock, and seated on thrones; their hands rest on their knees, and their countenances have a calm and beautiful expression. The dimensions of the largest of these figures, as it sits like some unearthly guardian of the place, are given as follow:—25 feet 4 inches across the shoulders; the face 7 feet long; the beard  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet; the forefinger 3 feet; the cap 14 feet; the entire height being 64 feet. The Abousambul temple was dedicated to Osiris, whose form appears in relief over the entrance. The cartouches, or elliptical rings, which always surround the names of royal personages on Nubian and Egyptian monuments, contain here the name of Rameses the Great. There can be little doubt that these gigantic figures were raised in honour of this famous conqueror; and, if he were the excavator of the temple, its date would be about 1350 B.C. A similar edifice, but of smaller dimensions, is situated on the opposite side of the valley, and was sacred to Isis.

(17) PAGE 57.

*Here let me sit in Karnac's gorgeous hall.*

Every attempt would fail to give the reader an idea of the magnificence of the great hypostyle hall, or court of the one hundred and thirty-four pillars, in the grand temple at Karnac. One of the chief distinctions between a Greek and an Egyptian temple is, that in the Greek the pillars are nearly all ranged on the outside, forming porticos and peristyles; whereas in the Egyptian the columns are, for the most part, within the building, and, standing near each other, appear to fill up the vast rooms like trunks of trees in a forest. The one hundred and thirty-four pillars in the hall at Karnac are disposed in nine rows down and sixteen rows across; many of them measure fifty feet from the base to the capital, and some of them are of the enormous circumference of thirty-four feet. The circumference of the Doric columns of the Parthenon at Athens is eighteen feet, and that of the columns of one of the Pæstan temples, the largest out of Egypt, twenty-one feet. The beauty and magnificence of this hall were described by Diodorus nineteen centuries ago; and although then deserted, such is the durable nature of the materials, that it stands in our own day little shaken, and nearly



perfect in all its parts. Compared with the Karnac temple, St. Peter's at Rome, and even the Colosseum, will shrink into insignificance.

(18) PAGE 60.

*The worm long conquering him who conquered earth.*

The palace or temple called the Memnonium, on the west bank of the Nile, faces Karnac; it was raised by Rameses the Great, the Sesostris of the Greeks, and who was named also Osymandias, the most warlike king that ever sat on the throne of Egypt. He flourished 1350 years before Christ, and overran with his arms (states Diodorus) all the countries that lie between Egypt and further India; he also ravaged the North, and the pillars erected by him in the several lands he conquered were standing, Strabo asserts, in his day. The colossal statue of this Pharaoh now lies in ruins in one of the courts of the Memnonium; his various battles are portrayed on the walls, and Homer, who lived about 450 years after him, is supposed to have seen these sculptures, as they answer in a remarkable manner to the descriptions in the "Iliad." The royal tomb in this building has been described by Hecatæus, but it does not seem that any mummy or sarcophagus has been discovered. Rameses the Great was surnamed Miamum, or devoted to Amun (Ammon); and hence, by a corruption of the word, the edifice has been called the Memnonium.

(19) PAGE 61.

*Spreads in the hill's deep heart that wondrous hall.*

Of the many magnificent tombs in the hills west of Thebes, commonly called the "tombs of the kings," we can only here describe one; it is that supposed by Wilkinson, from the sculptures and hieroglyphics on the walls, to have held the body of King Osirei, father of Rameses the Great, and who reigned 1370 B.C., six centuries before the foundation of Rome, when a few savage tribes only hunted through the interminable forests that covered the face of Europe. The tomb of Osirei is entered by a narrow passage at the foot of a high rock, and the excavation may thus in brief words be described:—A rapid descent twenty-four feet deep, a narrow passage eighteen feet long, a door, a second staircase twenty-five feet long, two doorways more and a passage, then a chamber fourteen

by twelve feet. This seemed at first the limit of the tomb, but Belzoni discovered a small aperture in the ceiling, and, making a breach, a splendid hall, twenty-six feet square, opened upon the intruder. It is supported by pillars, and the sculptures on the walls are as fresh as if executed yesterday. But the end of the sepulchre was not gained yet. The Egyptians understood the effect of climax, and, heaping splendour on splendour, usually reserved the most striking display for the last. Two passages more being threaded, a hall was reached, larger and more dazzling in its decorations than any yet beheld. At the upper end, beneath a vaulted dome, was found that sarcophagus now in the museum of Sir J. Soane, and which for beauty has no equal in the world. It is above nine feet long, of the finest alabaster, and is transparent when a candle is placed on the inside. The entire depth of the tomb into the heart of the mountain, Wilkinson calculates at three hundred and twenty feet. No body was found in the great sarcophagus, for the tomb had been entered before, probably by the Persians, and most of the mummies (for the king's household or favourites appear to have been interred in some of the rooms) had been carried off.

(20) PAGE 63.

*No more to rule, or ope her lovely eyes.*

A few words more, and we must close our notice of Thebes. As the arts, sciences, and religious institutions, it is now believed, descended the Nile from Ethiopia, so we find Thebes, the No of the Scriptures, and the *Hecatompilos* of Homer, to be the first Egyptian city built below the cataracts; and here Menes, the earliest recorded monarch, reigned about three centuries, says Josephus, on the authority of Manetho and others, before the birth of Abraham. When, however, the patriarch, with his wife Sarah, visited Lower Egypt, B.C. 1920, that portion of the valley of the Nile, the last to be colonised, appears to have been in a very flourishing condition. The greater number of the buildings now standing on the site of Thebes may, in all probability, have been erected during the brilliant reign of Sesostris; but one of the halls was built by Thothmes III., the contemporary of Moses; and some pillars bear the name of Osirtesen I., who flourished two centuries earlier. The ruins extend over the districts now called Karnac and Luxor, on the east bank of the Nile, and Medinet Abou and Gornoo, on the west. But to enter



into a description of the immense structures at Karnac, the statues of granite, the magnificent propyla or gateways, the avenues of sphinxes, one of which formerly stretched all the way across the plain, two miles in extent, to the temple at Luxor; the obelisks there, the finest in the world; together with the extensive ruins on the opposite side of the river, reaching to the mountain of tombs, would alone require a volume. Thebes never recovered its glory after the invasion of the Persians, 525 B.C., for Cambyses is said to have burnt nearly all the private dwellings; the massy temples alone, with the stately tombs, defying the ravages of the flames.

(21) PAGE 69.

*Awe with their vastness, charm us with their grace.*

The temple of Dendera, the ancient Tentyra, on the west bank of the Nile, opposite Keneh, is one of the most perfect, as well as magnificent, of the structures of its class now standing in Egypt. It was dedicated to Isis, and Athor the Egyptian Venus. The solid brick walls which enclose the various portions of the temple, form a square of 1000 feet each way, being thirty feet high, and fifteen feet thick. The beautiful portico in front has twenty-four columns disposed in four rows; the capitals are quadrangular, having a colossal Isis' head on each side, and the shafts, including the bases, are forty-six feet high. The lofty gateways, the columns, architraves, walls, and ceilings are covered either with hieroglyphics, or figures in relief, among which Isis is conspicuous; so that scarcely a square foot will be found through the whole extent of the buildings but bears evidence of the indefatigable industry of the Egyptian artist. The winged globes, surrounded by serpents, emblemizing eternity, are found here; together with the sacred boats carved on stone, the last symbolical of the soul, to be conducted by Anubis over the river of death to Hades. Much has been written and argued regarding the beautiful planispheres or zodiacs of Dendera, which enrich the ceilings of some of the rooms; but the extravagant calculations of Depuis, and other French *savans*, as to their immense antiquity, have long been discarded. When the temple was founded is not known; but the small shrine of Isis, behind the larger building, alone claims very great antiquity; and the zodiacs, the principal one of which has been removed, are now ascribed to the first century of our era. It was here that our Sepoys, when in Egypt, prostrated



themselves before the sacred cow of Isis and other sculptured figures, declaring that the Egyptians must have been good Hindoos, as they acknowledged the deities worshipped in India by their forefathers and themselves.

(22) PAGE 71.

*The only lords of Memnon's palace now.*

The palace of Memnon is said by Strabo to have been at Abydus, and the site of this ruined town is now partly occupied by the village of Arabat, a few miles west of Dendera. Greek writers have made many contradictory statements regarding their favourite hero, Memnon, celebrated for the beauty of his person, as well as his valour. Hesiod describes him as a king of Ethiopia, and the son of Tithonus, and Pausanias says he came to the siege of Troy from Susa; but the majority agree in calling him an Egyptian king. That he was not Amunoph III., the Memnon of the vocal statue, who reigned 1400 years B.C., is evident—since the young hero was slain by Achilles, at the siege of Troy, which city was taken 1184 B.C.—by the Arundelian Marbles. The Memnon of Abydus, then, must have been a Rameses—probably Rameses V.—surnamed, like his great predecessor, Miamum; and hence again the corruption of the name by the Greeks. The palace of Memnon is at present almost buried by the sands; the immense roof being on a level with the surrounding country. This roof is formed of massy slabs, placed edgewise, and extending from wall to wall; the vault afterwards having been cut out instead of built—a mode very commonly practised in Egyptian edifices when an arch has been aimed at. The principal apartments are two grand halls, supported by columns; the vivid colours of the paintings on the walls we have already alluded to. In the adjoining building was found the famous tablet, or list of kings, prior to Rameses the Great, and which is now in the British Museum; but the commencement, unfortunately, has been broken off, so that the names of the earliest Pharaohs cannot yet with certainty be determined.

(23) PAGE 72.

*Live only in the tale tradition tells.*

The Labyrinth, said to have been constructed by King Psammiticus, is described by Herodotus as one of the greatest wonders of Egypt. The chambers were innumerable, and all of the finest

Parian marble. This structure is now no more, or lies buried beneath the accumulated sands of ages. The exact spot where it stood even the researches of Pococke and Belzoni have failed to ascertain. That its site, however, was in the neighbourhood of Arsinoë, the City of Crocodiles, south of Lake Mœris, ancient historians plainly declare.

(24) PAGE 74.

*And o'er your lost loved city bend and weep.*

As a consequence from the hypothesis that monarchy and civilisation descended the Nile from Ethiopia, step by step, it will follow that Memphis was founded after Thebes. It may be asked in this case, how such magnificent remains should exist at Thebes, while Memphis has entirely disappeared. Two great causes have operated in desolating the latter city: first, the overflow of the Nile, Memphis having been situated on lower ground than Thebes; and secondly, the building of Alexandria, and other large towns in and near the Delta. Memphis offered a quarry, whence, age after age, materials were carried off. Thebes, on the contrary, in her remote position, remained untouched. When Joseph and his family settled in Egypt, about 1700 B.C., the Pharaohs reigned at Memphis in all their glory. But innumerable and perplexing were the dynasties that sometimes reigned at Memphis, and sometimes at Thebes. Moses conducted his people out of the land, after a sojourn there of two centuries, Thothmes III. being supposed by Wilkinson to have been the Pharaoh who pursued them, and perished in the Red Sea. After the invasion of Egypt by the Persian Cambyses, Memphis fell rapidly to decay, and its very site is now a subject of dispute, although the majority of travellers would place it near the Nile, between the pyramids of Gizeh and Sakhara, the Arab village of Metrahenny occupying a portion of the ground where it stood.

(25) PAGE 75.

*These piles, at once grand, matchless, and sublime.*

It is a remarkable circumstance that all the pyramids are situated on the west bank of the Nile, in Lower Egypt. Beginning at Gizeh, nearly opposite Cairo, they extend in an irregular line for



about seventy miles, to the neighbourhood of Lake Mœris. The principal group is at Gizeh, and on the authority of Herodotus, who inspected them 460 B.C., we ascribe the building of the largest to Cheops, that of the second in magnitude to his brother Cephren, while the third was erected by Mycerinus. These structures, including several smaller ones, stand on an elevation about 150 feet above the surrounding desert, and the pyramid of Cheops is the most stupendous mass of masonry ever raised by human labour. It consists of a series of platforms diminishing in depth towards the summit; these platforms are 203 in number, and afford the common facility of steps to those who mount the pyramid. It measures at the base each side 763 feet, and covers  $13\frac{1}{2}$  acres, which area, by a singular coincidence, is the exact measurement of Lincoln's-inn Fields, London, the whole ground being taken in close to the houses. The total height is 457 feet, and, were the apex of the structure restored, it would be about 478 feet, exceeding by 118 feet the summit of St. Paul's; and it has been calculated—not, perhaps, without some approximation to the truth—that the mass of stone of which this pyramid is composed, would be sufficient to form the cathedral just named, St. Peter's at Rome, Notre Dame at Paris, St. Mark's at Venice, the great Mosque at Constantinople, and the cathedrals at Cologne and Strasburg. The entrance to this pyramid is on the north face, about forty-seven feet above the base, and the access to all the other pyramids that have been entered has been found on the same side. The vertical height of the Cephren is about 450 feet, and that of the Mycerinus 174 feet. The two small pyramids south of the last are built, like the pyramids in Mexico, with receding platforms, each platform being connected with the other by narrow steps.

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*Till Earth herself shall see the death of Time.*

The original design or purpose of the pyramids has given rise to innumerable conjectures. Presuming Cheops to have been one of the Shepherd-kings of the second irruption, and who came from the country now called Palestine, or the Caucasian mountains, it is reasonable to suppose that he should introduce Sabaism, or the adoration of the sun and stars; hence his pyramid might have been a grand temple raised to the luminary of day. Cheops all writers represent as a tyrant, who closed the temples, and forbade the



religion of the land to be practised; that he should have ordered his body, however, to be interred in his pyramid, would at once imply that he designed it as a sepulchre, as well as a religious edifice. Following some general rule, all the pyramids in Egypt have their sides exactly facing the four cardinal points—from which circumstance, observes an eminent writer, we gain the very valuable information, that, during the lapse of three thousand years, “the poles of the world have not changed.” Those who would ascribe the building of the pyramids to kings who flourished before the Children of Israel settled in Egypt, are probably in error; being opposite Memphis, and visible at a short distance from Goshen, had they stood in the days of Moses, we might certainly expect he would have made some allusion to them; but the entire silence of Scripture regarding them, and the testimony of Strabo and Herodotus, oppose the hypothesis of their very early erection. The passion for building pyramids in Egypt, appears to have sprung up during the latter portion of the time that the Hebrews sojourned there, and continued for some centuries after their exode. This being assumed, a greater age cannot with reason be given to the Cheops or Cephren than 3300 years; indeed, we are inclined to ascribe a higher antiquity to the brick pyramids at Faioum and Dashour, than to the stone edifices at Gizeh, and in the erection of the former it is very possible the Children of Israel assisted.

A late writer on Egyptian antiquities has laboured to disturb the chronology long established by the mass of archæologists and Biblical commentators, and endeavours to show that the pyramids were built between four and five thousand years ago—a period reaching back to the time of Noah. With due deference for the abilities of Mr. Gliddon, we must on this point entirely disagree with him, considering his statements ill supported by facts.

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*Theirs the dear care to shield her frame in this.*

Diodorus has left an interesting account of the ceremonies observed at Egyptian funerals. After the body had been embalmed for a certain period prior to its interment, judges, amounting to forty-two, assembled to pass sentence on the dead. This tribunal was held on the banks of the river, or canal of the Nome to which the

deceased belonged. If a favourable judgment were delivered, the body received all the honours of burial; but if it were proved that the deceased had been without virtue, or had committed any great crime, the rites of sepulture were withheld—the greatest disgrace and calamity that could befall an Egyptian. In the small temple of Dayr el Medeenah at Thebes, is a very interesting sculpture representing the judgment in Hades. Osiris on his throne awaits the arrival of souls, and the four genii stand before him on a lotus blossom; Thoth, the scribe of heaven, bears in his hand a tablet, on which are noted down the actions of the deceased, while Horus, the son of Isis and Aroeris, weighs the soul's good deeds; the forty-two assessors occupy seats above.

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*Too sadly calm, majestic, and benign,  
To image aught but attributes divine.*

The Sphinx of Gizeh, near the pyramids, is the largest of all existing figures of its class. The recumbent body is that of a lion, the head and shoulders being those of a female. When uncovered by Caviglia, its length was found to be one hundred and forty-three feet, its height in front sixty-two feet, the enormous legs being thrown out in advance of the body fifty feet. The sand has again almost buried this wonderful statue, with the exception of the head and breast. The features are Nubian or Ethiopic, but totally distinct from those of the negro, for their expression is peculiarly placid and sweet. As to the original meaning or design of this extraordinary compound being, the mind is lost in a wilderness of conjecture. Yet the great Egyptian Sphinx, perhaps, is no more than a grand hieroglyphic. Its double sex, the lion and the woman, may suggest the idea of self-creating energy, all things being produced by one First Cause. It would be, therefore, in the dark and mystical language of the children of Ham, the palpable word shadowing forth the one Almighty Artificer. Sphinxes are found in India, but there they usually exhibit the head of a man.

(29) PAGE 88.

*While barbarous caliphs leave no wreck behind.*

The famous Alexandrian Library was situated in the quarter called Bruchion, north of the Obelisks; large masses of ruin point out this district as being the spot where stood palaces, temples, and



theatres. The library was partly destroyed by fire during the siege of Alexandria by Julius Cæsar; it was replenished, and continued to flourish, until the days of the successor of Mohammed, who, in holy indignation at such a vast collection of profane books, gave them over as fuel to the four thousand baths of the city. "If," said Omar, "these writings of the Greeks agree with the Koran, they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed."

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*Of Rome's famed son, who perished on yon deep.*

The monument commonly called Pompey's Pillar stands on a mound south-east of the new town. The shaft, a single piece of red granite, measures sixty-nine feet in length, and is calculated to weigh two hundred and eighty tons; the capital is Corinthian, and little injured by the effects of time. Many disputes have arisen regarding the person in whose honour this famous pillar was erected, the Greek inscription on the plinth of the base having been read different ways. Yet if Diocletian's or Adrian's name be made out, this will be no proof that to Pompey the column was not originally raised, since it was a common practice with the Roman emperors to erase the names of their predecessors from the public monuments, and in their place vainly to parade their own.

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## CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF THE

## REIGNS OF THE PHARAOHS.

Some of the Pharaohs reigned at Thebes, some at Memphis, while others governed both Upper and Lower Egypt. Manetho and Herodotus have given a list of Egyptian Kings, but their statements are at variance. The intricate subject of Egyptian chronology has been treated of by Dr. Hales and Prichard; but Champollion



and Wilkinson have chiefly appealed to the monuments of the country, and to their indefatigable industry and deep erudition, we are indebted for the comparative light thrown upon the obscure but interesting question.

MENES, first king of Thebes, coming either from Ethiopia or migrating from the East, commenced his reign, according to the majority of writers ..... 2200

Babylon, probably called for many centuries the City of Shinar, and Nineveh, were founded about this period. The authenticated records of China commence with King Yao, 2057 B.C.

ATHOTHIS, son of Menes, supposed to have built Memphis, in Lower Egypt,..... 2180

Several kings follow, their names being uncertain or unknown; Manetho makes at this period an irruption of the Shepherd-kings, the builders of the pyramids, but Herodotus places this event some centuries afterwards. Abraham, with Sarah, visits Egypt, 1920.

APAPPUS, the Papi of the hieroglyphics ..... 1900

Several dynasties succeed, but the names of the kings are not known with certainty. Argos, in Greece, founded, 1856.

#### SIXTEENTH DYNASTY (REIGNING IN LOWER EGYPT.)

OSIRTESEN I., the builder of Heliopolis, his name being engraven on the famous obelisk there ..... 1740

Joseph is carried into Egypt 1729, and Jacob, with his family, arrives 1706. No religious edifices of a date prior to this reign are now standing. Two Pharaohs succeed—their names disputed.

#### SEVENTEENTH DYNASTY (REIGNING AT MEMPHIS.)

OSIRTESEN II. .... 1650

OSIRTESEN III. Joseph died in this reign, 1635 ..... 1636

#### EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY (FROM THEBES.)

AMOSIS. This is the greatest and most famous of the Egyptian dynasties, and commenced ..... 1580

Amosis is probably the Pharaoh "who knew not

Joseph," being from Thebes. It has been supposed that the Shepherd-kings were the hard taskmasters of the Hebrews; but Champollion and Wilkinson think otherwise, and we are of opinion that the fact of the new dynasty coming from Upper Egypt, will sufficiently explain why the memory of Joseph was no longer held in honour. Moses was born 1571.

AMUNOPH I. The science of the arch was known in Egypt in this reign, and probably was communicated some centuries after by Egyptian exiles to the Etruscans in Italy .....	1550
THOTHMES I. Moses fled from Egypt, 1531 .....	1532
THOTHMES II. Glass used in Egypt.....	1505
THOTHMES III. Exode of the Israelites, 1491, being 238 years from the arrival of Joseph in Egypt .....	1495
AMUNOPH II. His father is presumed to have been the Pharaoh drowned in the Red Sea. He came to the throne very young, as appears by a drawing at Thebes. Moses died 1451. ....	1490
HORUS, or THOTHMES IV. The great sphinx at Gizeh made in this reign .....	1466

#### IRRUPTION OF THE HYSKOS, OR SHEPHERD-KINGS.

Authors have disagreed as to the date of the reigns of these celebrated kings, who came from the land of Canaan, or the mountains beyond the Euphrates; it seems probable there were two irruptions, and the leaders of the last, conquering Lower Egypt, built the great pyramids at Gizeh. We have ventured to differ from Wilkinson, who supposes these pyramids built before the exode of the Hebrews; many arguments might be adduced to show the great probability of their subsequent erection, and much stress ought to be laid on the fact, that Moses does not once allude to them in his narrative, though, had they been built, the Hebrews might have seen them at a short distance from Goshen. Herodotus assigns them a date even after the reign of Sesostris, 1350.

	B.C.
CHEOPS, builder of the great pyrmid at Gizeh, about .....	1450
CEPHREN, brother to Cheops, builder of the second pyramid, .....	1425
MYCERINUS, son of Cheops, builder of the third ditto .....	1415

## EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY RESTORED.

AMUNOPH III. The Memnon of the vocal statue at Thebes	1400
RAMESES I. ....	1380
OSIREI I. Son of Rameses I. Moeris, who excavated the great lake, lived about this time, according to Herodotus, but his name does not occur in the phonetic inscriptions. Osirei's splendid tomb at Thebes was discovered by Belzoni .....	1375
RAMESES II. This prince was Rameses the Great, entitled Miamum, the Sesostris of the Greeks, and the most famous warrior that ever sat on the throne of Egypt; he was the son of Osirei, and reigned (states Manetho) sixty-six years; his name is found inscribed on innumerable monuments .....	1355
AMENOPHIS, son of Rameses II. ....	1289

## NINETEENTH DYNASTY OF DIOSPOLITAN OR THEBAN KINGS.

SETHOS. First naval expedition of the Greeks to Colchis, 1263	1269
OSIREI II. ....	1255
RAMESES III. ....	1235
RAMESES IV. ....	1205
RAMESES V., supposed to be the Memnon of Strabo, and whose ruined palace is standing at Abydus. Troy was taken 1184, by the Arundelian Marbles .....	1190
RAMESES VI. ....	1184

## TWENTIETH AND TWENTY-FIRST DYNASTIES.

Several Pharaohs, whose names are doubtful, reigned from 1170 to 980 B.C. Solomon married the daughter of one of these Pharaohs 1014, but his name is unknown.

## TWENTY-SECOND AND TWENTY-THIRD DYNASTIES OF THEBAN KINGS.

SHESHONK, the Shishak of Scripture, who pillaged the Temple of Jerusalem 971, coming with a vast army .....	978
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	B.C.
OSORKON I. ....	945
OSORKON II. Homer was born 907 (Arundelian Marbles) ...	908
SHESHONK II. ....	890

A blank follows of about ninety years.

TWENTY-FOURTH AND TWENTY-FIFTH DYNASTIES OF ETHIOPIAN KINGS.

SABACO; he conquered Egypt, reigning over that country and Ethiopia united. Rome founded 753.....	778
SHEBEK. Captivity of the Ten Tribes 721 .....	728
TIRHAKA; a great warrior, whose wars with Sennacherib are mentioned in the Scriptures; during this bril- liant reign the temples at Mount Barkal in Nubia are supposed to have been constructed .....	714
SETHOS; he ruled at Memphis with Tirhaka .....	700

TWENTY-SIXTH DYNASTY OF SAITE KINGS.

NECHAO; he came from Sais, a royal city in Lower Egypt ...	690
PSAMMITICUS: .....	664
NECHAO II., or Necos; this famous prince conquered Josiah, King of Judah. Solon, the Athenian lawgiver, flourished. Nineveh finally overthrown in his reign.	620
PSAMMITICUS II. ....	600
APRIES, called also Pharaoh Hophra; he took Sidon, and his fleet is said to have circumnavigated Africa; Nebuchadnezzar in his reign ravaged part of Egypt	590
AMOSIS. Cyrus took Babylon 537 B. c. ....	571
PSAMMENITUS; this reign is the fatal epoch of Egyptian history, for Cambyses, King of Persia, invaded and subdued the country, burning Thebes and insulting the Deities .....	525

TWENTY-SEVENTH DYNASTY (PERSIAN KINGS.)

The Persians governed Egypt, except at the periods when the country revolted and placed native princes on the throne, for 200 years. Herodotus, to whom history owes so much, visited Egypt 460 B.C. Amyrtæus was recalled to the throne 414. Nectanebo, the last of the Pharaohs, fled into Ethiopia, 340; and 332 B.C. Alexander the Great conquered Egypt from the Persians.

## DYNASTY OF MACEDONIANS, COMMONLY CALLED THE PTOLEMIES.

These renowned kings, encouragers of learning, and patrons of the arts and sciences, swayed the sceptre of Egypt, through a series of brilliant reigns, for above 290 years, the famous Cleopatra being the last of the line; at her death, 30 B.C., Egypt became a Roman province.

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THE DARK ERA.PART III.

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(31) PAGE 98.

*And pomp, art, power, with Montezuma died.*

When the Spaniards arrived in that part of America called Anahuac (now Mexico), the reigning race, the Aztecs, had only been in possession of the country about three centuries. "We know," said King Montezuma to Cortes, "by our books, that we are not natives, but strangers who come from a great distance." The wanderings of this extraordinary people, the Aztecs, from the tract of land north of the Gulf of California, southward, conquering other tribes, and building cities on their way, until they settled on the table-land of Mexico, extended, according to their annals, over a period of some hundreds of years. Previously to their arrival, the country appears to have been occupied successively by four distinct races, of which the Toltec was the most famous. "Mexican annals go no further back than the time of the Toltecs," is the observation of the learned Humboldt; and that epoch corresponds with the seventh century of our era.

(32) PAGE 100.

*Have rooted there, and murmur to the breeze.*

Among other appearances suggestive of the great antiquity of the ruins at Uxmal and Chi-chen in Yucatàn, is the accumulation of

soil on the tops of the edifices. The grand temple and some of the smaller pyramids at the latter place, show a deposit of decayed vegetation from four to five feet thick. However rapid in this climate the growth of plants may be, yet, from the first deposition of mosses on a high, and perhaps exposed edifice, to the gradual deepening of the soil until capable of supporting large trees, many ages must necessarily elapse. Not far from the ruins of Chi-chen is a series of mounds, extending over a considerable tract of country; the spot is supposed to have been the great cemetery of the early races.—*See Norman's Travels.*

(33) PAGE 101.

*Dark home of priests, the Mecca of the West.*

On the left bank of the beautifully-wooded river, Copán, which falls into the bay of Honduras, stands the group of remarkable ruins described in the text. These remains are unique, for they bear no resemblance to any other ruins with which we are acquainted. The entire city appears to have been dedicated to the exercise of religious rites. Rude square pillars ascend through the trees in every direction, varying from fifteen to twenty-five feet in height. They are of gritstone, and covered with hieroglyphics; some are completely overgrown with shrubs and moss, and others lie on the ground, bound down by the roots of gigantic trees. Before every pillar stands a flat stone altar, evidently for the purpose of sacrifice. Some of these pillars (says Stephens) retain traces of red paint—the sacred colour of the Egyptians, as seen on the Sphinx, and several of the figures in the Temple of Dendera, on the Nile; red also is esteemed sacred by the Hindoos.

(34) PAGE 103.

*On each tree-shaded tower and pictured wall.*

The ruins discovered in 1750, in the forests of the Mexican state of Chiapa, and since called the ruined City of Palenque from the neighbouring village, are, perhaps, the most important and splendid of all the remains of an unknown age yet found in Central America. Many vague and incorrect accounts of Palenque had reached Europe prior to this century. Some travellers asserted that it was sixty miles in circumference, or twice the magnitude of London.



Captain Del Rio surveyed the ruins in 1787, and Dupaix, in 1835, published a work respecting them. They extend, there can be no doubt, over a tract many miles in length; but owing to the trees and underwood, not a tenth part of the monuments, it is supposed, has yet been discovered. These monuments consist chiefly of pyramids, the remains of temples, baths, and stone buildings, the palaces of the old Caciques. The houses, as regards their flat roofs and low massy walls, are built in the Egyptian style; but in the arrangement and number of the apartments and courts, they rather resemble, strange to say, Greek and Roman dwellings. One peculiarity attaches to nearly all the ruined stone palaces yet discovered in Central America; they are constructed, as were the Ninevite palaces, on artificial platforms, that vary in height from twenty to fifty feet; the fronts are stuccoed and richly ornamented, and the floors are of a hard cement. Apertures in the walls, of the form of the well-known Egyptian Tau, have been found in the palace at Palenque, giving rise to many speculations among the learned. Though square pillars may be met with here, the cylindrical have never been discovered. Sculptured figures in relief occur everywhere; some of them are rudely done, but others are executed with considerable taste. The features of the persons portrayed are usually in profile; the forehead is low and receding, the nose is remarkably large and prominent, and the whole physiognomy bears no resemblance to that of any race or people at present occupying the country. Of the so-called Palenque, no history, no tradition, not even a name exists; and in the time of Cortes, three centuries ago, the city was as desolate as it appears in the present hour.

(35) PAGE 103.

*By star or needle, 'tis not ours to say.*

It has been assumed, but never proved, that the mariner's compass was unknown to the ancients. The vulgar error that it was invented by Flavio Gioja, of Amalfi in Italy, in the fourteenth century, is at length exploded. The truth seems to be that Marco Polo, on his return from China in 1260, introduced it to the notice of Europeans; for in China, Japan, and the Indian seas, the compass appears to have been known from the remotest antiquity. In the grand annals of the Chinese empire (the passage has been translated by Klaproth), mention is made of this nautical compass a thousand

years before the Christian era. It requires, then, but little strain on our credulity to believe that the needle was known to the Arabians on the Red Sea, the Egyptians, and the Phœnicians.

(36) PAGE 105.

*On Micoat's plain two stately piles are seen.*

Eight leagues north-east of Mexico stands a group of pyramids on the plain called Micoat, or "the Path of the Dead." The largest, which was dedicated to the sun, is 170 feet high; the second in size, sacred to the moon, 140 feet. Like some of the pyramids at Sakhara and Dashour, in Egypt, they are built of small stones in a strong cement. When Cortes arrived in America, these two Teocallis, as the Mexicans called their pyramids, were surmounted by colossal figures covered with plates of gold, but the avaricious Spaniards soon appropriated the precious metals to themselves. One feature in which the American pyramid differs essentially from the Egyptian, is that the former is rarely found without a structure on the summit, consisting usually of a small temple with an altar, dedicated to the gods of the country.

(37) PAGE 106.

*The scythe of Time, the spectre of Decay.*

About forty years ago some Spanish hunters discovered in the thick forest of Tajin, not far from the Gulf of Mexico, a pyramid of a very elegant form, and rich in decoration. The Papantla (for so it has been called) is built entirely of hewn stones of immense size; it is less broad at the base, and consequently more tapering, than any other Mexican pyramid of a similar altitude. The steps are covered with hieroglyphics, and figures are carved in bold and beautiful relief on its sides. We may here remark that the American hieroglyphics on the monuments of an ancient date, and especially at Palenque, bear little resemblance to the Egyptian; they consist of strange figures—grotesque human heads, hands, cylinders, and other devices, which as yet, for the most part, defy interpretation. Whether the Papantla has been buried in wood for one or three thousand years, no one may attempt to decide; but certain it is that a structure so elegant could only be the work of a people highly polished, and possessed of great artistic skill. Antiquaries are at



a loss to assign a reason for the pyramidal structure occurring so frequently in Central America, while it has never, we believe, among other existing remains of antiquity, been met with so far north as the Canadas. Did the race who raised these pyramids migrate direct from Western Asia or Egypt, where this description of building was once so general? If they had come from the north, we might reasonably presume pyramids would be discovered on the banks of the Huron or the St. Lawrence. It is rather remarkable that a chain of pyramids should be found nearly in the same latitude, forming as it were, a belt around the world, beginning in Central America, passing from Nubia and Egypt to Mesopotamia, thence to Hindostan, where the ruins of Buddhist *dagobas* or pyramidal towers are common, and ending at Benares, in the same country, where some brick pyramids still exist, though nearly worn down to mounds.

(38) PAGE 103.

*Deemed life would fail, and earth would pass away.*

The Mexican cycle or age terminated every fifty-two years, and the ceremony of extinguishing the old and kindling the new fire, that marked the event, was one of the most solemn and important of the many observances of the country. The sacred fire was usually kept on the summit of pyramids and hills, these localities somewhat resembling the "high places" mentioned in Scripture among the Canaanites. Until the priests succeeded in obtaining this new fire, the greatest consternation prevailed amongst the superstitious people, for they imagined at the close of one of these cycles, the world would be at an end. When sanctity began to be attached to fire in the old world, it is impossible to say, but long before the time of Zoroaster that element was worshipped as the symbol of the Deity in those countries now called Persia. To trace this mysterious adoration in the various forms it took, would be a task of great interest. The Jews believe that their holy altar-fire was never extinguished during their forty years wandering. The Greeks kept up a perpetual fire in their chief cities, particularly at Delphos; and the Romans committed to the care of certain virgins, who were highly honoured, the fire sacred to the goddess Vesta, and its accidental extinguishment was ever regarded with the greatest alarm. Even on the rude altars of the ancient Gauls, fire was kept perpet-



ually burning. The modern Parsees in India maintain that they have preserved the pure element which Zoroaster obtained from heaven, without its being once extinguished, to the present day.

(39) PAGE 110.

*E'en daring Fancy scarce attempts to raise  
The shadowy veil of long-departed days.*

In dismissing the subject of American ruins, we may be expected to offer some opinion relative to the probable age and builders of those remarkable cities and monuments, to which public attention and antiquarian research have been directed only within the last fifty years. Many theories have been offered, but they who have studied the subject with the deepest attention, appear most cautious in putting forward any decided opinion. The question, viewed as it may be, is surrounded with many difficulties. That America was peopled at a very early period in the world's history cannot be doubted: all the remains, both as regards tumuli and the ruins of Cyclopean edifices, in Peru, Mexico, and the tract west of Florida to the Pacific Ocean, confirm the supposition. That its early settlers were not the Indian races in possession of the country when discovered by Columbus, is likewise an ascertained fact. We have seen in Europe how successive irruptions from the North, at different periods, have changed political systems and national manners, the new comers, by amalgamating with, or expelling the conquered nations, half destroying the primitive type. That such a catastrophe operated to a large extent on the great American Continent, we have every reason to believe. The present Indian races, Humboldt satisfactorily proves, belong to the Mongul stock—a branch of the human family more restless and migratory in its propensities than any other. These might have passed at different times over that narrow arm of sea called Behring's Straits, separating the north-eastern extremity of Asia from the American shore. The Mexican annals, we have observed, go no further back than the seventh century. Some are written on deerskin, some on a cotton texture, and all in hieroglyphics. The skins or cloths do not form rolls like the papyri of the ancient Greeks and Romans; those preserved in the libraries of Berlin and the Escorial are folded up somewhat similar to a lady's fan in our days, and, when opened, reach from twenty to thirty feet in length. It is remarkable that no light in the ancient

manuscripts, so far as they are understood, is thrown upon the origin of the cities and pyramids now under consideration. Some of the Aztec writers, however, (the last race,) vaguely ascribe all antiquities to the Toltecs, which people occupy in America much the same position as the Pelasgi in ancient Europe. Humboldt has doubts whether some of the cities may safely be ascribed to an epoch preceding that of the Toltec dynasty—the seventh century; but to the great pyramid of Cholula, the type and model of most others in America, he is inclined to give a far higher antiquity. Allowing thus much, we fall back to a period antecedent to any existing annals. But, indeed, an account of the ruined cities must not be sought for in written records. Their history is stamped on themselves: and all their characteristics, one feature excepted—the rare occurrence of the pillar—go far to prove their erection by an Asiatic or African race. The Egyptians, though long averse to maritime enterprise, possessed under Necos II. and Apries, a large and powerful fleet. A singular passage occurs in Plato's "Critias," relative to the Egyptian Sonchis having informed Solon of the "Atlantic isles, which were larger than Asia and Africa together." The islands alluded to, it has been supposed, were no other than the great Western Continent. If then, as we have elsewhere shown, the mariner's compass, afterwards lost, was known to the ancients, we see nothing calculated to excite surprise in the notion that Egyptian or Ethiopian colonies, in conjunction with colonies from Tyre and other Phœnician cities, found their way across the Western Ocean, built the cities and pyramids, the ruins of which at the present hour so perplex the archæologist, and having governed the land for many ages, were swept away by new races from the north, consisting of Monguls, Tibetians, and other Asiatic invaders.

(40) PAGE 113.

*Till, pure from earthly dross, they seek the spheres.*

The doctrine of transmigration of souls being also prevalent among the ancient Egyptians, the question naturally arises whether this extraordinary belief originated with them or with the Hindoos. We have no historic data to guide us, but assuming the early inhabitants of Hindostan, at least those on the Western coasts, to have been a colony from Ethiopia or Egypt, we are driven to one conclu-



sion. Indeed there is a leaning among most historians and archaeologists to assign a higher antiquity to the inhabitants and monuments of Egypt, than to those of Hindostan. The knowledge which the Greeks, Romans, and Jews possessed of India appears to have been very limited. Alexander the Great did not advance further East than the river Hyphasis (the Garra in the modern Punjaub), and thence he followed the Indus to the ocean. The Punjaub at that time was occupied by many warlike nations, who might rival in bravery the modern Sikhs, and it was upon the banks of the Hydaspes (the Jylum) that Alexander defeated the gallant Porus, near the spot, it is thought, where in 1849 a bloody conflict took place between the disciples of Nanak Shah (the Sikhs) and the British forces.

(41) PAGE 118.

*And on his once loved temple deigned to smile.*

The ruined temple of Somnauth, which has of late years acquired additional celebrity, from being connected with certain acts of a British Governor-general of India, is beautifully situated on the promontory of Saurashtra, which juts out into the Gulf of Cambay. It was dedicated to Surya, the god of the sun, Somnauth meaning the "lord of the moon." Its desecration and pillage by Mahmud of Gazna, A.D. 1028, is alluded to by Gibbon. This temple possessed immense wealth, and the author quoted states that two thousand Brahmins, three hundred musicians, and five hundred dancing girls, were attached to the shrine. It is now utterly deserted, harbouring only, when Todd visited the place, birds and beasts of prey.

(42) PAGE 122.

*These throw o'er Carli's shrines an awe and gloom,  
Which less befit the temple than the tomb.*

The Carli excavated temples are situated near Poonah; the Hindoos, remarks Lord Valentia, believe them haunted by evil spirits. They are reached by steps cut in the rock half way up the hill. The chief cave consists of a vestibule and a temple beyond, arched, and supported by pillars; the temple is one hundred and twenty-six feet long and forty-six feet broad. The principal figures are in the vestibule, where Buddha is sitting cross-legged. In the adjoining caverns also he is the chief personage, other deities paying him ado-



ration. Hence it is evident that the entire range of temples at Carli was dedicated to Buddha, and whatever their real age, they must have been excavated before the fifth century of our era, when the religion of the Buddhists ceased in India.

(43) PAGE 122.

*And simple hearts the fabling tale believe.*

The caves of Ellora, near the city of Dowletabad, are, with the caves of Elephanta, the most famous in India. These temples, like the Carli excavations, are cut out of the solid rock on the side of a hill, and the labour bestowed upon them must have been immense. The great cave, called the Kailasa, is two hundred and forty feet in length, and one hundred and fifty feet in width; within this is a monolith, or sacred chamber hollowed out of one entire stone, one hundred and three feet by sixty feet, being eighteen feet high. Other caves occur around the mountain, and are supposed to have been the residences of the officiating priests. The temples of Ellora are marked by one peculiarity: they contain sculptures of almost all the gods of the Hindoo Pantheon. In some of the shrines were celebrated Buddhist rites, proving that the Hindoo Brahmins and the worshippers of the great reformer Buddha, afterwards such mortal enemies, were, at the formation of these temples, on friendly terms.

(44) PAGE 123.

*The Eden that once bloomed hath passed away.*

The rocky island of Salset, or Salsette, off the Mahratta shores, contains the famous Kenneri caves. The remains of tanks, stone terraces, and small edifices, overgrown with jungle, speak of the time when the spot was either a great rendezvous for pilgrims, or was well peopled; many parts of the island bear evidence of having been once highly cultivated. The Kenneri caves were dedicated to the pure worship of Buddha, whose colossal statue, twenty feet high, still adorns the vestibule of the principal ruined temple.

(45) PAGE 124.

*His laws revered, and bless'd his ancient name.*

It is a melancholy fact, that of all the systems of religious belief now prevalent on earth, Buddhism has the greatest number of fol-

lowers; yet while the creed of its votaries is dark enough, and some of their most esteemed traditions are inexpressibly childish and absurd, a distinction ought to be made between the reveries of the Buddhists and the gross idolatry as at present practised by the Hindoos. One of the characteristics of Buddhism is unobtrusiveness; it has been propagated neither by fire nor sword, and it inculcates virtue, gentleness, and submission to constituted authority, while it is disgraced by no bloody or obscene rites. The date of the rise of this extraordinary faith in India has been a subject of much dispute, and some have even claimed for it an existence prior to that of the Brahmanical worship. It is now, however, generally agreed that Buddha lived 1100 years before the Christian era; he was born in South Bahar, and assuming the name of Buddh, or Buddha, which means the sage, commenced teaching his doctrines at Benares. He may be considered, like Zoroaster of Persia, in the light of a great reformer, for he protested against many of the idolatrous practices and corruptions of faith which had begun to deform the religion of Hindostan. He opposed the system of *castes*, also Sutteeism, or the burning of widows on the funeral piles of their husbands. Nevertheless, his followers seem to have lived peaceably with the orthodox Hindoo Brahmins for a long period, since not until the fifth century of our era did that persecution commence on the part of the Brahmins, which ended in the entire exile of all the Buddhists from Hindostan. At the present time not a single temple in which Buddhist rites are performed, is to be found there. The chief countries where the religion now prevails, are Ceylon, Nepaul, Tibet, Birmah, Japan, and China; in the last-named country the faith of Buddha has been embraced by about one-third of the vast population. Though repudiating the system of *castes*, and differing on some important points of belief and discipline, the Buddhists cherish many of the doctrines held by devout Brahmins. Like the latter, they believe in transmigration of souls; their Iswara, who answers to Brahm, was the creator of all things, and into him, as into Brahm, all spirits will at last be absorbed. They likewise personify the preserving and destroying principles. The ancient statues of Buddha usually appear in a sitting posture, crosslegged, with the left hand on the left knee, and the right hand held open on the lap; the features are finely chiselled, and have an expression peculiarly mild and thoughtful. The Buddhists, from a tendency to contemplation, are much addicted to the monastic life; convents for priests,



and nunneries for female ascetics, abound in every land where their faith prevails. We find them in the spicy valleys of Ceylon, and in the cities of Japan and China. Buddhist convents hang on the sides of the mountains of Tibet; the quiet monks teach their doctrines to the wild rovers of the deserts of Tartary, and their influence only ends where the snowy tracts of Siberia deny further progress to the teachers of the sunny South.

(46) PAGE 125.

*As glad to waft the zealot's soul above.*

Many smaller temples surround the mountain in Elephanta, but the principal cave half way up the ascent faces the north; it has a fine platform in front, and rivets the beholder's attention. This striking and gorgeous temple, hewn out of the rock, is 130 feet wide, and of a similar depth, its height being about eighteen feet. It is supported by columns, which are masses of stone left standing, the capitals somewhat resembling two bells joined at the open ends, the shafts near the pedestals being square. The roof, unlike the ceilings of the Carli and Kenneri temples, is flat, and in this respect it resembles the Egyptian edifices. The colossal figures, about fifty in number, varying from twelve to fifteen feet in height, are cut in relief so prominent that some of them nearly stand out from the walls. As works of art they are much inferior to Greek and Roman sculptures, but they surpass in minute detail and finish the Nubian Colossi, the reliefs found at Persepolis, and equal in many points the finest Egyptian models.

(47) PAGE 126.

*And left Greek, Roman fables far behind.*

He is greatly deceived who supposes that the system of faith now practised in Hindostan prevailed in that country at a very remote period. The hideous and revolting superstitions of to-day have grown up within the last fifteen centuries, each age bringing with it something more debased and horrible to add to the great mass of error. Some of the original Hindoo Brahmaic doctrines, as taught in the Vedas, or sacred books, it must be confessed, are based on certain conceptions as striking and sublime as ever entered the mind of uninspired man. The Vedas are written in Sanscrit, the great



fountain-head of most of the Oriental languages, and the abridgment of them, made by a learned Hindoo about two centuries before our era, is called the Vedant. These sacred books acknowledge one God, omniscient, omnipresent and incomprehensible: they give him the name of Om, and this appellation is regarded so holy that no pious Brahmin must dare repeat it. The three great attributes of Om are represented by Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer, who form, as before observed, the Indian Trimurti. Extreme interest attaches to the Elephanta temple, inasmuch as this most ancient and sublime notion is here admirably and beautifully figured forth. The great bust of the Trimurti stands on the south side facing the entrance; it consists of three colossal heads or faces, Brahm the Creator occupying the centre; his face is five feet in length; it measures from the ear to the nose three feet four inches; and the whole bust is nearly eighteen feet high, and twenty feet in breadth. On the left of Brahm is Vishnu, and on the right Siva. The figures are richly adorned with stone head-dresses, neck ornaments and rings, and each face is characterised by an expression wonderfully in accordance with the qualities ascribed to the deity it represents. But the idea of Om, the one God, has long been lost sight of by the Hindoos, for in their wild and absurd system of belief they have converted almost every moral attribute and every object in nature into a deity. No temples in India are now dedicated to Brahma, for his work of creation being complete, it becomes the duty of the people to propitiate the preserving and destroying principles, consequently many splendid temples are raised in honour of Vishnu and Siva. The *avatars* or incarnations of Vishnu form a very striking and romantic portion of the Hindoo creed. Vishnu has appeared on earth, at greater or less intervals, nine times; the tenth *avatar* is yet to come. When he re-appears, the Brahmins say, the world will be at an end, and all nature and spirits, including those undergoing the penance of transmigration through other bodies, will be absorbed into Brahm.

END OF THE DARK ERA.

# HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE NOTES.

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## BOOK II.

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### THE CLASSIC ERA.

#### PART I.

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(48) PAGE 137.

*Where the proud rock of Cecrops courts the skies.*

THE Acropolis, or Cecropian citadel—so called from the Egyptian Cecrops, who has had the credit of being the founder of Athens—is a rock which starts abruptly from the plain. Ancient Athens extended on all sides of this eminence, though the larger portion lay towards the North. The city is almost surrounded by hills, which exhibit, for the most part, a very barren aspect; the principal are Mount Anchesmus and Pentelicus on the north; the extensive range of Hymettus, still, as in former days, famous for its honey, on the east; and the hills of Areopagus, the Pnyx, and Museum, on the west and south. The long walls which, commencing at the Piraic gate and the Museum, connected Athens with her sea-ports on the Piræus, were about four miles in extent, and some vestiges of them remain at this day. The circumference of Athens, B.C. 430, was, on the authority of Thucydides, forty-three stadia, or about five and a half miles; but this did not include the maritime city, or the space between the long walls. The population of Athens has been variously estimated, for no statistical account on which much reliance can be placed has been left us by ancient writers. Adopting Leake's opinion on the subject, we shall not probably be far from the truth when we state, that during the most flourishing



period of the republic the population within the walls amounted to 116,000—namely, 40,000 free citizens, 53,000 slaves, and 23,000 resident aliens and paupers. The entire population of Greece, including the islands, has at the same epoch been computed at three millions and a half. The pure Hellenic race no longer exists, the people being in the present day, with the exception of the inhabitants of a few districts, a mixture of ancient Greeks, Latins who invaded the country in the middle ages, Albanians, Candiotes, Souliotes from Epirus, and some other races from Western and Northern Europe.

(49) PAGE 138.

*O'erpower the mind by too much loveliness.*

The famous ruins of the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva, on the Acropolis, are so well known that we need only very briefly advert to them. The Parthenon was built in the time of Pericles, 448 B.C., the architects being Ictinus and Callicrates, and the chief sculptor Phidias. It may be regarded as the finest specimen of pure Doric now in the world, the only monuments at all contesting with it the palm of excellence being the Temple of Theseus and the edifices at Pæstum. The Parthenon did not owe its grandeur to its size; it measured only 228 feet in length, being 100 feet wide. The impressive effect produced depended rather on the elegant arrangement of the pillars, the unrivalled beauty of the sculptures in the pediments and frieze, and the exquisite style and finish exhibited in every part. This temple was technically termed peripteral—that is, columns ran completely around the building, enclosing the *cella*, which was open to the sky; the external columns were forty-six in number, being thirty-one feet five inches high, and six feet one inch diameter at base. The interior of the building was converted into a Christian church, and afterwards into a Mosque. The Parthenon suffered much during the wars between the Turks and Venetians; it is now in a very shattered condition, and the principal sculptures, every one knows, have been removed by the Earl of Elgin; nevertheless, the portion which remains, though but a skeleton of the former edifice, excites the admiration of all travellers of taste; and with common care this magnificent specimen of architectural genius may yet be preserved for many centuries. In addition to the Parthenon, there stand on the Acropolis the ruins of a building of the Ionic order, in various parts, commonly called



the Erectheium: it consists of the Erectheus, the small temple of Minerva Polias, and that of the Nymph Pandrosus; the south portico of the last was supported by six colossal female figures in lieu of pillars, and termed caryatides.

(50) PAGE 140.

*Its front of marble fair as taintless snow.*

The Doric Temple of Theseus, north of the Areopagus, was built of the purest Pentelic marble, by Cimon, about twenty years before the erection of the Parthenon. So perfect is it at this hour, that the beholder is led almost to doubt its great age—2300 years. It stands on a platform of two steps; the sculptures in the friezes are in the first style of art, and it appears that they were originally painted, for the brazen colour of the arms, and the blue and red of the drapery, can still be distinguished. In architectural beauty the Theseium is considered little inferior to the Parthenon; its size, however, is less than that of the building on the Acropolis, and the thirty-four Doric columns which surround it are only eighteen and a half feet high, and three feet four inches in diameter. This temple was esteemed an inviolable asylum, and here slaves who had deserted their masters commonly took refuge. In the present day it answers the purpose of a church, and is dedicated to St. George.

(51) PAGE 144.

*And Corinth bowed in death her beauteous head.*

The original name of Corinth was Ephyra; it was built on the north side of the lofty steep, Acrocorinthus, and at a very early period was a place of considerable trade; even Homer, in his time, calls it the "wealthy." ("Iliad," B. II.) The final destruction of Corinth was effected by the Consul Mummius, B.C. 147, and the paintings and statues which he carried off to Rome were of inestimable value. Proving how little some of the Roman generals understood of works of art, it is said that Mummius, when consigning to the care of his attendants some of the master-pieces of Parhasius and Apelles, threatened them that, if the paintings were lost or injured, they, his servants, should be bound to make others in their stead!

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*Ah ! who unmoved might pass their beauty by ?*

Considered as a genuine specimen of the earliest Doric, the Seven Columns at Corinth possess interest little inferior to that which belongs to the Parthenon, and the Pæstan temples in Italy. They are composed of limestone, being five feet ten inches in diameter at the base, and twenty-three feet nine inches high, while each shaft is one entire stone. Five of them support a broken mass of the old entablature. The Seven Columns are supposed to have belonged to a temple of Juno; they are low in proportion to their diameter, and have the heavy massy appearance of some of the temple-columns on the banks of the Nile. Indeed, though the style of their architecture is sufficiently distinct from the Egyptian, they may be regarded as erected at a time when Greek forms of elegance began to be engrafted on Egyptian solidity; thus constituting, as it were, a connecting link between the styles of the Egyptian and Hellenic races. These solitary pillars have long been famous, and that their proportions may be seen in comparison with the size of some other celebrated columns belonging to ancient edifices, we subjoin the following table:—

## DORIC ORDER.

	Height of columns.		Diameter at base.	
The Seven Columns at Corinth .....	23 feet	9 in.	5 feet	10 in.
The Parthenon at Athens .....	31	„ 5 „	6	„ 1 „
The Temple of Neptune at Pæstum ...	29	„ 10 „	7	„ 0 „
Ditto of Theseus .....	18	„ 7 „	3	„ 4 „
Ditto of Minerva, at Sunium.....	20	„ 0 „	3	„ 4 „
Ditto of Hercules, at Agrigentum .....	33	„ 0 „	6	„ 10 „
Trajan's Column, at Rome.....	97	„ 9 „	12	„ 2 „

## CORINTHIAN ORDER.

Temple of the Sibyl, or Vesta, at Tivoli	23	„ 6 „	2	„ 5 „
Stoa, or Portico, at Athens .....	28	„ 0 „	2	„ 11 „
Temple of the Winds, ditto .....	13	„ 6 „	1	„ 7 „
Monument of Lysicrates, ditto .....	11	„ 7 „	1	„ 2 „
Portico of the Pantheon, Rome .....	46	„ 5 „	4	„ 10 „
Temple of Jupiter Tonans, ditto .....	46	„ 6 „	4	„ 8 „
Ditto of Jupiter Olympius, Athens .....	60	„ 0 „	6	„ 6 „



## IONIC ORDER.

	Height of columns.		Diameter at base.	
Temple of Erectheus, Athens .....	27	„ 7 „	2	„ 4 „
Ditto on the Ilissus .....	14	„ 8 „	1	„ 9 „
Aqueduct of Hadrian .....	19	„ 2 „	2	„ 2 „
Temple of Fortuna Virilis, Rome.....	27	„ 0 „	3	„ 1 „

(53) PAGE 147.

*Dark ruin! type of joy that will not stay.*

The ruined theatre of Polycletus, near the once-famed Epidaurus, affords, with the theatre at Sicyon, the most perfect example of buildings of its class in Greece. The remains are situated on the side of a hill near the village of Coroni. As is the case in most Greek theatres, the ranges of seats are hewn out of the mountain, and the pulpitum, or stage, extended on a platform opposite. These seats in the Epidaurian theatre are very perfect, forming fifty-six rows from the bottom of the pit to the summit of the *coilon*: the pit is 105 feet in diameter; the stage, however, has disappeared. Bushes, mountain trees, and ivy, envelope nearly the whole mass of this interesting ruin, while it is the resort of serpents and other reptiles. The theatre of Polycletus, resembling other buildings in Greece designed for scenic representation, had no roof. The mildness of the climate and the circumstance that plays were acted only during the day, rendered this appendage unnecessary. Yet modern taste will feel that great drawbacks to scenic effectiveness were connected with the Greek stage. The magic of artificial light wanting, and the glaring sun destroying all illusion, the picture represented must have been broad, harsh, and real; the mask, without which an actor never appeared, seems to have been, as described by Greek writers, and preserved in statues, sufficiently grotesque and revolting. Then women were not allowed to tread the stage; and this fact seems at once to throw a coldness over the whole atmosphere of the Greek drama. Yet it is evident that the theatre possessed great attractions for the lively and imaginative people of Greece; and if the drama were altogether ineffective, we cannot suppose that men would have flocked in such immense numbers to witness plays, as we are assured was the case. Rome took pleasure in her gladiatorial exhibitions, which appealed to the senses within the walls of the Amphitheatre—Greece delighted in



her histrionic displays, which, embodying the poetic imaginings of her Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, addressed themselves to the mind.

(54) PAGE 149.

*The seats of glory, yet the haunts of crime.*

The associations connected with Mycenæ are of a very interesting character. It is especially the city of tragic and appalling occurrences, which, though embellished by the poet, have an historic basis. So old is Mycenæ that it ceased to be inhabited four hundred years before the Christian era, yet its massy ruins astonish the traveller of the present day. The most remarkable of these remains are the Cyclopæan walls, the Gate of Lions, the tombs of Agamemnon and other kings, with the vast underground treasure-vaults of Atreus, the largest of which has a conical roof, and (according to Leake) is fifty feet wide.

(55) PAGE 149.

*Tiryns we pass ; as near us lower her walls.*

Tiryns, as well as Mycenæ, is said to have been the work of the Cyclops, to whose agency the poets were accustomed to ascribe those gigantic edifices raised in Greece prior to the possession of the country by the Hellenic race. The stones in the walls of Tiryns, put together without cement, are of surprising magnitude, and are surpassed only by the massive blocks which form the platform, at Baalbec, supporting the ruined Roman temples. Whether these extraordinary specimens of masonry be the work of early Egyptian colonies, of the Pelasgi, or of a Celtic race emigrating from the north of Europe, is a question which, perhaps, the learned will never be able to decide.

(56) PAGE 152.

*Like Memory's wail for glories long gone by.*

The remains of ancient Sparta are very inconsiderable; they lie principally on the western bank of the Eurotas, now called Iri; the once-famous streets of Aphetæ and Skias can no longer be traced. The theatre south of the Agora, though most of the stone benches are destroyed, is the best preserved of the ruins; many parts of the

ground, however, are covered with broken Doric columns, and other architectural fragments. The small town of Mistra in the neighbourhood, has been built of the stones taken from the ruins of Sparta. The city was not surrounded by walls until the time when the Romans interfered with the affairs of Greece, and few vestiges of these walls can now be traced. The traveller, on surveying the site of this renowned city, and the small territory of Lacedæmon, is astonished that, from so limited a space, armies were sent forth which even the mighty Persian hosts were taught to fear. An allusion has been made in the text to the heroism of the Spartan women: among no people of antiquity did woman enjoy so high a social position as among the Spartans; she was not considered, as by the other Hellenic communities, an inferior being, doomed only to minister to the pleasure of her husband, but while esteemed, a respect also was paid her; she was honoured by the title of "Lady, or Mistress;" indeed the influence which woman obtained at Sparta not a little resembled the chivalric homage rendered to her by the people of Western Europe during the middle ages. This feeling of deference to the sex, so uncommon at the period, we cannot but consider as a beautiful relief to the otherwise unlettered rudeness, and the stern martial ferocity that distinguished Spartan character.

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## THE CLASSIC ERA.

### PART II.

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(57) PAGE 158.

*Where Freedom's martyrs, Athens' heroes sleep.*

The great tumulus, called the tomb of the Athenians, stands a few furlongs from the sea, and is a very conspicuous object on the plain of Marathon. Its circumference is 180 feet, and it measures from the base to the summit, the measure being passed over the surface, 30 feet. No monumental stone, or *cippus*, has been discovered, but Doctor Clarke, in an opening of the barrow, found many arrow-



heads made of flint, remains of the arms used in the famous battle, 490 B. C. The tomb of the Plataeans and Bœotians, the allies of the Athenians, rises at a short distance.

(58) PAGE 164.

*Not e'en a grave—its very site unknown.*

Tanagra was the birth-place of the famous poetess Corinna, who obtained a poetical prize even when Pindar was her competitor. Travellers in vain have sought for the ruins of this Bœotian town. Thebes, that gave birth to Pindar and Epaminondas, may, at the present hour, contain about a tenth part of its ancient population. Some houses are scattered over the old Cadmean citadel, but the place boasts few antiquities; the seven gates renowned by the poets are gone, and the Cyclopæan walls are less striking than those of Tiryns or Mycenæ.

(59) PAGE 167.

*These, Nature's glories, have not passed away.*

Parnassus, called in the present day Liakura, is the most celebrated of all the mountains of the classic world. It is situated in Phocis, north-west of Helicon, and south-east of Pindus. Three distinct climates are experienced by the inhabitants of this mountain; fruit-trees and flowers in profusion encircle the base, and the first ascent, as far as the ruins of Delphi; above, groups of pine, oak, and chestnut, are intermingled with vast masses of rock; and beyond this band of forest trees vegetation dwindles, until stunted shrubs and short grass are succeeded by snow, which covers the summit of Parnassus nearly all through the year.

(60) PAGE 168.

*The robber's haunt, at evening's shadowy hour.*

Many ruins, interesting to the scholar and antiquary, will be found on the south side of Parnassus. The old town of Delphi was built on a very extraordinary plan; it consisted of a series of semicircular terraces hewn out of the mountain; these terraces were sufficiently wide to support houses and temples, and the masonry of their fronts remains to this day in a tolerably perfect



state. The ruins of the Gymnasium are situated behind a monastery. Above the village of Castri, the marble seats of the stadium, where chariot-races and other games were held, are distinctly traced. Grottos, with niches for offerings, walls of temples, and fragments of columns, abound on this side of Parnassus, a district always considered by the ancients eminently holy.

(61) PAGE 168.

*In beauty rivalled this small spot of earth.*

The fount of Castaly, enduring as the strains in which it has been celebrated, is perhaps the most interesting object to be found on the hill of Parnassus. At the foot of a perpendicular precipice 100 feet high, which has two jagged summits, and east of the village of Castri, there is a large square basin with steps cut out of the rock; opposite is a stone seat, probably three thousand years old, where Homer, Hesiod, and Pindar may have sat. The basin is usually full of the purest water, and in addition to moss, ivy, and wild lilies, which grow thickly around it, an aged fig-tree bends over the cistern. Such is the famous Castalian fountain as seen by travellers in the present day.

(62) PAGE 169.

*Sent armies forth, and shook a subject world.*

The Pythia, in the early ages of Greece, was a young and beautiful virgin, but subsequently it was thought proper that she should be a person of mature age. After washing in the Castalian spring, she was conducted to the Temple of Apollo; there the priests placed her on a tripod above a cavity, whence issued a vapour somewhat similar, it has been thought, to that which proceeds from the *Grotto del cane* near Naples. This vapour had the effect of speedily throwing her into convulsions, and while in that state she gave utterance to her prophetic ravings. The four principal oracles of the Pagan world were those of Delphi, Dodona, Trophonius in Bœotia, and Jupiter Ammon, in the Libyan Desert; and the influence which they exercised on the superstitious mind in general, notwithstanding more enlightened intellects were not to be deceived by them, appears to have been immense. Seldom an expedition of any importance was entered upon without a previous consultation

of one of the Grecian oracles. Man at all periods of the world's history, and under all circumstances, has ever been anxious to dive into the future, and this curiosity gave rise among the Greeks to the famous oracles, and among the Jews to the mysterious Urim and Thummim. In Cicero's time oracles had begun to fall into contempt; but it was not until the reign of Theodosius, in the fourth century, when Christianity had spread widely over the Roman world, that they ceased entirely to be consulted.

(63) PAGE 172.

*But Peace her sister Beauty kisses here.*

The picturesque ruins of the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the island of Ægina, continue to excite the admiration of all travellers. The lofty pillars, the original colour of which has been turned to a rich brown, rise among plane-trees on the north-east shore. The style of architecture, though similar to that of the Parthenon at Athens, and the Temple of Minerva on the promontory of Sunium, would indicate, according to Chandler and Stuart, an era antecedent to the time when those renowned fanes were built. The date of the Æginetan temple may be fixed at 550 B.C.; yet it is less ancient than the Seven Columns at Corinth, and, in all probability, than the temples of Pæstum.

(64) PAGE 174.

*Or radiant gateway opening into heav'n.*

The remains of the Temple of Bacchus are picturesquely situated on a mass of rocks that start out of the sea, on the north side of the port of Naxos. The portal has long been famous. "We were struck with admiration," says Clarke, "at the massive structure and simple grandeur of the part still standing. It consists of three pieces of Naxian marble. The view, through this portal, of the town and island is very fine."

(65) PAGE 176.

*Walls cased in marble, turrets stately still.*

Seven centuries before the Christian era, Samos, under the patronage of Psammiticus, King of Egypt, became remarkable for maritime enterprise, and was inferior only to Tyre and Pelusium, as regarded its foreign trade. The ruins of the ancient city, a ground-plan of which Pococke gives in his travels, are partly situated on the south



side of Mount Ampelus. The walls are incrusted with marble, and many of the square towers still stand; but the renowned Temple of Juno, the tutelar goddess of the island, exhibits in its scanty remains but little to attest its former magnificence.

(66) PAGE 179.

*Had breathed a spell on Julis' towers of grey,  
Strengthening their strength, arresting e'en decay.*

The ruins of Julis, once the capital of Cos, seem entitled to more attention than has been bestowed upon them by travellers. The famous marble at Oxford, called the Parian Chronicle, from a belief that it was found at Paros, "was in reality," to use the words of Clarke, "discovered among the ruins of Julis." These striking remains cover the summit of a hill, the base of which is washed by the sea; the Acropolis, or ancient citadel, stands on the cape. Tournefort describes the masses of marble in the ruins of the great temple and the walls of the city, as surpassing any other remains of antiquity to be found in the Greek islands; many of the stones are more than twelve feet in length, rivalling the immense blocks at Tiryns, and the masses of limestone which form the lower courses of the pyramid of Cheops.

(67) PAGE 181.

*And scarce a stone points out where Ilion rose,  
Pride of her sons, and terror of her foes.*

No monuments, except the tumuli, or barrows, where the Grecian and Trojan heroes are supposed to rest, remaining on the plain of Troy, the site of the ancient city has given rise to many learned and interesting speculations. The hypothesis which would place it at the junction of the Simois and Scamander seems to have arisen from the fact, that a second city was built there in the time of the Romans, and called by them Troy. Pococke, Le Chevalier, and Von Eckenbrecher, have argued with great plausibility that the situation of the real Troy was farther south. Still, however, if we are guided by the descriptions of Homer, we shall agree that it stood between the two rivers; and, following the majority of opinions, we may safely fix upon the modern Turkish village of Bounar-Bashi as being in the immediate neighbourhood, if it do not occupy the exact site, of the renowned city of old King Priam. The Trojans were of Thracian origin, and it does not appear that their territory



boasted of any other towns of note besides Ilium, their capital. It would seem by Homer's narrative that they were more advanced in refinement, and all the arts of civilisation, at that early period, than their enemies the Greeks; for the cruelty of the latter, during the memorable ten years' siege, ever throws a shadow on the brightness of their valour. The date of the famous sack of Troy is fixed by the Arundelian marbles at 1184 B. C., when Israel was governed by Judges, and a Rameses was King of Egypt; his immediate predecessor, Rameses V., having been, as we have shown it probable, the young Memnon who led troops to the assistance of King Priam, and who fell by the sword of Achilles, his palace at this day being represented by the splendid ruins half buried in the sands at Abydos.

(68) PAGE 182.

*Weeps her lost lord, and woos him to her arms.*

The character of the famous Helen, whose abduction by Paris, every one will be aware, gave rise to the Trojan war, has been regarded in two aspects; under one, she is represented as having willingly followed the son of Priam, and ardently embraced the cause of the enemies of her country: under the other, she is pictured as being retained by force, and ever mourning for her lawful husband, Menelaus. Homer paints her character in the latter light, the more poetical, as well as consistent one, inasmuch as a nation was more likely to rise in arms to avenge the cause of an injured, than to claim a faithless woman.

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## THE CLASSIC ERA.

### PART III.

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(69) PAGE 189.

*Though Titus' baths are hid by creeping vines,  
And Trajan's form of bronze no longer shines.*

The baths of Titus were constructed near the Golden House of Nero, A. D. 80. The ruins now, consisting of vaults, fallen arches,

and dilapidated walls, stand in the midst of a vineyard. The colossal statue of Trajan, which once adorned his magnificent pillar at the foot of the Quirinal hill, has been cast down, its place being occupied by the image of the Apostle Peter.

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*The domed Pantheon, with its walls of white,  
As built by gods to grace Olympus' height.*

The Pantheon, the largest circular building ever raised in classic times, is the best preserved of all the ancient structures now in Rome. Whoever built the rotunda, or main body of the edifice, the noble portico, as we are informed by an inscription on the frieze, was erected by Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus. The chief architectural features of the Pantheon are the dome, and unrivalled Corinthian portico. The interior diameter of the rotunda is 142 feet, the entire height to the summit of the dome being 148 feet. A circular opening in the centre admits the light, which is softly and beautifully diffused throughout the building. The portico is a Corinthian octastyle, and has an air of extreme majesty; the columns, sixteen in number, are 46½ feet high, and arranged so as to divide the portico into three avenues or aisles; the bases and capitals are of white marble, but the shafts are granite, each formed from a single block. The Pantheon seems originally designed to receive statues of all the gods, and to whom it was dedicated. In the seventh century, after it had been despoiled of its bronze-work and sumptuous ornaments, it was consecrated as a Christian church, and it remains at this hour a model of all that is chaste and elegant. Several circular buildings have been raised in imitation of it by English, German, and French architects, but none have made even a distant approach to the admired original.

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*And Death keeps watch above an empire's grave.*

Rome, in her palmy days, extended principally east and south of the Capitol, covering the Palatine, Esquiline, Cælian, and Aventine hills. All this district now, a few spots excepted, is a field of ruin and desolation, for the chief part of the modern city is situated north of the Capitol. To the antiquary the charm of Rome is confined to the southern and eastern quarters, and there, among ruined baths



in the midst of vineyards, the foundations of palaces, and scattered convents and churches, built from the costly marbles of Pagan temples, he might wander for weeks speculating on the past. The walls of Rome, on the east side of the Tiber, occupy the line of those erected during the reign of Aurelian; Belisarius, in the sixth century, partly rebuilt them, and they have since been repaired by several of the popes; they are made of bricks mixed with stone; the average height being fourteen feet, and the entire circuit, including the more modern walls on the west side of the river, nearly fifteen miles.

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*Frown from the grave, and drop the indignant tear.*

The great Forum, called the Forum Romanum, during the reigns of the first emperors, afforded, without doubt, the most noble and imposing spectacle in Rome. Commencing at the *Via Sacra*, it swept through the narrow valley between the Capitoline and Palatine hills towards the Tiber. It was lined on each side by statues, columns, triumphal arches, and the most magnificent temples. Here civil causes were tried, the orators haranguing from the rostra, which commanded a view of the Capitol, crowned with the temple of Jupiter. The Roman *Fora*, no less than nineteen in number, were of two kinds—the one description being designed for law and state affairs, and the other dedicated to purposes of commerce. The Forum Romanum is now a wild and ruinous district; the chief monuments of note remaining are a few columns of the temples of Fortune, Antoninus and Faustina, and Jupiter Tonans, the Pillar of Phocas, raised on a flight of steps, and the Arch of Severus. The last is a fine monument, erected A.D. 205, in honour of Severus and his sons Caracalla and Geta, for their victories over the Parthians. The arch is of Pentelic marble, and each front is adorned with fluted columns. From ancient medals it appears that this arch was once crowned with a chariot, containing the emperor and his two sons, and drawn by six horses. The Forum is now desecrated, being a mart for cattle, and known by the name of *Campo Vaccino*.

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*But angels watch a myriad martyrs' graves.*

The entrance to the famous catacombs of Rome is on the Appian



Way, at some distance from the southern walls. The date of their formation is uncertain, except that they are known to have been excavated before the Christian era. The subterranean galleries wind in a very intricate manner; they are about eight feet high and six wide, and have commonly three tiers of cells for the dead at the side. These passages at certain intervals expand into large chambers, which bear the appearance of having been used as churches. The length of the dreary galleries is stated to be six miles; but, taking in all their windings, they extend little short of twenty. Here the early Christians, during the Roman persecutions, retired to worship, and thousands of martyrs were interred.

(74) PAGE 194.

*His name engraven here is all we find.*

The pyramid of Caius Cestius, situated on the Via Ostiensis, close by the old southern walls of Rome, is a remarkably fine sepulchral monument. It is covered with slabs of white marble, the massy basement being of Travertine stone. The inscription to Cestius is very legible, and from it we learn the structure, which was raised in the time of Augustus Cæsar, occupied its builders 330 days. The entrance is in the centre of one of the sides, between two Doric fluted columns. The vaulted chamber within is richly decorated with arabesques, some portions of which preserve their original colour, almost uninjured by the lapse of years.

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*Live o'er the wrecks of earth, and mock at time.*

The Colosseum—so called, it has been said, from the colossal statue of Nero standing near it—was erected by the emperors Vespasian and Titus, on the site of the great pond attached to the grounds of Nero's Golden House. It stands south-east of the Forum, between the Palatine and Esquiline hills, and covers nearly six acres of ground. The form of this immense edifice is an ellipsis, the diameter, the external walls included, being 515 feet; the length 620 feet; and the elevation of the highest portion remaining of the encircling band, 160 feet. The building is composed of three grand stories, with an attic; each story has eighty arched openings; the piers between all the openings present engaged

columns, which support their entablatures extending all around the structure. Three orders of architecture are apparent; the columns of the ground story are Roman Doric, but debased in the extreme; those of the second have the Ionic voluted capital; and those of the third the foliated Corinthian. The Colosseum surpasses every other building of its class in having two corridors abreast on the outer side; and innumerable seem to be the staircases, connecting passages, and galleries. The number of spectators which this gigantic building would accommodate, has been calculated to be from ninety to one hundred thousand. Nevertheless the Colosseum, as regards its interior, is in a more ruinous condition than either the amphitheatres at Verona, or at Nîmes, in the south of France. Exhibitions in the amphitheatre, during the reigns of the first emperors, were more popular than the games of the circus, while, in comparison with them, dramatic performances were very lightly esteemed. They seem to reflect the ferocious character of the age, as corrupted from the heroic and generous times of the Republic. In truth, within the walls of the Colosseum, scarcely an exhibition ever took place that was not associated with cruelty, suffering, or death.

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*Their painted tombs, which urns and vases deck,  
Alone survive that dark and sweeping wreck.*

The origin of the extraordinary people named the Etruscans is still involved in great obscurity. But whether they emigrated from Greece, being an offset of the great Hellenic family, or whether they were learned and polished Egyptian exiles, who left their country when the Shepherd-kings persecuted the Egyptians, certain it is they were a highly-civilised and powerful people many centuries before the rise of Rome. They assisted in civilising the subjects of Romulus; they taught them the arts and sciences, and initiated them in many of their religious rites. The *Cloaca Maxima* at Rome—which exhibits the oldest example, perhaps, out of Egypt, of the solid arch—was built by Etruscan masons; hence that architectural secret, unknown to the Greeks, was known to them. Of their twelve great cities in the valley of the Po, and between the Arno and the Tiber, the sites of some are lost; but Cortona (the old Corytum), Clusium, Fesulæ, and Tarquinii, have been very fertile



in curiosities. The ruins of no Etruscan temple or other edifice remain, but their magnificent tombs, found in so many places, excavated in the rock, attest their genius and ancient grandeur. The tombs at Tarquinii are particularly interesting; some of the chambers are no less than fifty feet square, the ceilings being carved into divers compartments, and the sides adorned with paintings, some allegorical of the condition of the soul after death, and others representing, as in the caves of Beni Hassan in Egypt, banquets, games, and processions; indeed, the remains here, as well as the rock-sculptures near Viterbo, singularly resemble in style the decorations found in Egyptian sepulchres. The tombs at Tarquinii, when discovered, contained cinerary urns, beautifully-painted vases, statues, bronzes, and arms. Lucien Bonaparte disinterred at the village of Canino a great quantity of similar relics, and of which he formed an interesting museum. Modern Tuscany comprehends a large portion of ancient Etruria.

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*And cold Oblivion's shade joins hands with death.*

Cumæ, founded about nine centuries before Christ, was one of the earliest Greek colonies on the coast of Italy, and gained great wealth and importance through its maritime trade with the cities of Phœnicia. According to Livy, Parthenope (the modern Naples) was a colony from Cumæ. During the second Punic war Hannibal advanced to attack Cumæ, but was repulsed. No vestige remains of the Temple of Apollo, but amidst the herbage and trees are seen fallen columns, tombs, and marble slabs with Greek inscriptions. The Sibyl of Cumæ, who brought her prophetic books to Tarquin, was more famous than the Sibyl at Tibur, or any of her nine sisters. Her grotto is still shown in a rock leading to subterranean galleries.

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*And hear his harp amid the ruins sigh.*

For a series of ages the singular monument on the hill of Posilipo has been hailed as the sepulchre of Virgil; some modern sceptics only have thrown doubt on its identity; but the laurel described as shading the poet's resting-place, no longer blooms. This dilapidated edifice is vaulted, and has two modern windows; but



Virgil's tomb, fit place only for quiet and meditation, is too frequently the retreat of the robber and assassin.

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*Life one rich dream of love and luxury.*

Baïæ, on the western side of the Gulf of Naples, was the favourite watering-place of the Romans. So numerous were their villas along this coast, that even to give a list of them would exceed our limits. But neither Cæsar, Hortensius, Pollio, nor Varro, could emulate the splendour of the wealthy Lucullus, one of whose fish-ponds still remains, forming the modern Lake Agnano. Not until after the reign of Augustus did Baïæ become a seat of profligacy, Nero and Tiberius disgracing here the imperial purple, and almost forgetting their natures as men.

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*What Fame forgot, and Nature's veil concealed.*

Herculaneum was discovered by the sinking of a well in 1713, when the workmen were astonished at striking their pick-axes against a door, which proved to be that of a theatre. The ruins of Pompeii were accidentally brought to light twenty years previously, although the excavations were not commenced until 1755. Pompeii itself was built on a bed of lava thrown up from Vesuvius at some early epoch in the history of our planet: the eruption of 79 A.D. is the first on record, fifteen years before which, while Nero was singing at Rome, an earthquake occurred and did great injury to the city. About a third part of Pompeii is now uncovered, and the portion exposed to view is on the side next the sea. Nearly all the old walls have been traced; they have six gates and twelve towers, and their circuit, the extensive suburbs being excluded, is about two miles. As the visiter enters from the street of tombs at the Herculaneum gate, a long and winding street conducts him to the forum; houses of a good description—of which Pansa's and Sallust's are the largest—extend on the right and left as far as the Street of Baths, which, intersecting the main thoroughfare, runs east and west, being lost at the points where the excavations cease. Passing the house of the dramatic poet, and the baths (which are in a state of good preservation), you enter the forum; its form is oblong, being

about 380 by 120 feet; on three sides extends a colonnade, several of the columns of which, twelve feet high, of the Doric order, are still standing; temples, triumphal arches, and other fine buildings, abound in this quarter, which seems to have been the most splendid portion of the ancient city. Nearly opposite the great basilica or court of justice, and the Temple of Venus, opens the Street of the Silversmiths, conducting to the two theatres, the largest of which is capable of containing five thousand persons. The amphitheatre, about the size of that at Nîmes, lies at a distance close to the eastern wall, and between it and the forum a great extent of ground remains yet to be explored.

(81) PAGE 216.

*Model, in those far times, of Roman grace.*

The building commonly called the house of Sallust, situated on the left of the main street, near a public fountain, is inferior in size to the residences of Diomed or Pansa; but as regards decoration and architectural elegance it had, perhaps, no superior in Pompeii. As a general rule, the houses of the noble and very wealthy citizens only are large and distinguished, for to the aristocracy of those days every thing appears to have been sacrificed. The habitations of the middle and humbler classes in Pompeii are small and mean in the extreme, being destitute of furniture and all decoration. Hence we can conclude that the comfort and well-being of the many were not consulted; and whatever ideas we may possess of ancient liberty and political systems, one thing is certain, the masses of the present day have a voice, and live in comparative independence and splendour, their lot being contrasted with that of the Roman, Greek, or Persian multitude of early times. The description attempted in the text of the luxurious abode of Sallust is necessarily very brief; and the reader, if he desires a full and minute account of the houses of Sallust, Pansa, and other Pompeiian citizens, is referred to the elaborate work of Sir William Gell.

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*And shining vipers coil them up to sleep.*

The old Cyclopæan walls of Pæstum, situated near the coast of the Gulf of Salerno, and varying from five to ten feet in height, are standing in their full extent. They enclose an area, according to



Eustace's measurement, of about four miles in circumference, all within being an uncultivated wilderness. The early history of Pæstum, called also Posidonia, is wrapped in much darkness. It appears to have been one of the earliest settlements of the Phœnicians, when those bold navigators, even in the days of Joshua, proceeded up the Mediterranean, visiting Spain for its silver and Britain for its tin. A colony of Dorians or Greeks succeeded, who, we have presumed to conjecture, were the builders of the renowned temples; and these people were expelled (says Strabo) by the Sybarites, so famous for their luxurious style of living. The Lucanians appear to have been the next occupants of Pæstum, and they, in their turn, yielded to the arms of rising Rome three centuries before the Christian era.

(83) PAGE 223.

*What modern skill might strive to match in vain.*

The temples of Pæstum are undeniably, if we except the Parthenon, the finest structures of the Doric order now standing in the world. While every other old building within the walls of Pæstum has disappeared, for the ground-work and vaults of the Amphitheatre only remain, these superb fabrics exhibit a massiveness which seems to defy the wasting influence of years. They are three in number, and stand in a line, as if they formerly had embellished the principal street. The date of their erection must be sought for in the formation of the pillars, so dissimilar in their style to the Doric prevalent in the age of Pericles, when the Parthenon was built. In the largest temple, the immense size of these fluted pillars—for at the base they are twenty-one feet in circumference, while they taper away to no more than fourteen feet below the capital—indicates the earliest period of Doric architecture, when, as in the Seven Columns at Corinth, the Dorians seem to have formed a compromise between the solidity of the Egyptian manner of building, and the more elegant style as established by themselves. The Pæstan temples, then, may safely be ascribed to an age long antecedent to that when the lighter Doric edifices arose at Athens. The great temple, the most perfect, dedicated to Neptune, is 195 feet long and 79 feet wide, with a range of fourteen columns on each side, including those at the angles, and six columns at each end. The pediment is broad and low, and the entablature is of the extra-



ordinary depth of fifteen feet; the *cella*, or inner court, is walled in, but open to the sky. The building next in size, from the singular arrangement of the pillars, has perplexed antiquaries, it being doubtful whether it was a temple or a hall of justice. The smallest temple, which measures 107 feet long by 47 feet wide, is supposed to have been sacred to Ceres. These buildings, though plainly discernible from the sea, remained for many ages unnoticed by any traveller, and not until the middle of the last century was attention directed to them, when, it is said, the splendid ruins were made known to the world by a young artist, who happened to be sketching in the neighbourhood.

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*On lightnings borne, have come to revel there.*

The great external cincture or wall of the Amphitheatre at Pola, which was erected about the time of Christ, remains almost perfect. Inferior in size to the Colosseum and the edifice at Verona, it is also less symmetrical than they in its proportions, and less finished and elegant in architectural design. The building, which is of Istrian stone, consists of two stories on its eastern and three on its western side; each story is pierced by seventy-two arches, rusticated, the pilasters being of the Tuscan order. Situated on a rocky declivity, and the western front reaching to an elevation of no less than 101 feet, it affords a fine and imposing spectacle from the sea. In addition to the Amphitheatre, Pola boasts of the remains of two small temples, originally dedicated to Augustus Cæsar and Diana, with the triumphal arch, or rather the sepulchral monument of Sergius.

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*But clings with faithful love to stern decay.*

Of all existing structures of its class, after the Colosseum at Rome, the Amphitheatre at Verona takes the precedence. Unlike, however, the edifice at Pola, the great external band is gone, if we except a portion of wall containing three stories of four arches; but the inner cincture, with its bank of benches, consisting of forty-five ranges of seats, all of the purest marble, and rising from the arena to the second story of arches, remains entire. The two great portals, also, the passages and staircases, the parts about the arena, and the

numerous arches with which the circling wall is pierced, are in a state of high preservation. The circumference of the building, as it appears without the external band, is 1300 feet; the length of the arena is 242 feet, and its breadth 140 feet. The benches will accommodate twenty-two thousand spectators. The date of this edifice is uncertain, but Domitian or Trajan is supposed to have been its founder. Situated in the eye of the Alps, and overlooking the ancient town, with the verdant plain that extends south in the direction of Mantua, and the blue lines of the Apennines, the Amphitheatre of Verona commands a landscape than which nothing can be conceived more beautiful or sublime.

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*And shouts attest each gazer's keen delight.*

The Roman Amphitheatre was not always devoted to scenes of cruelty and bloodshed: boxing, wrestling, and other athletic sports frequently preceded the gladiatorial combats. Hunting of wild beasts is said to have been a favourite diversion in the time of Domitian; and to enhance the effect of the spectacle trees were even planted in the sand of the arena. The *ludus Trojæ*, or mock fight, was instituted, or, more probably revived, by Julius Cæsar. Amphitheatres were at first made of wood, being two semicircular theatres joined; the earliest one, built of stone, was raised at Rome in the time of Augustus. During rainy weather or great heat, an awning, attached to poles fixed on the outer walls, was extended across the amphitheatre; and at intervals it was customary for perfumed waters, that issued from secret tubes, to be sprinkled over the spectators. As regards gladiatorial combats, it is rather remarkable that they should owe their origin to religious superstition. It had been a custom to slaughter captives at the tombs of distinguished men slain in battle, with a view to appease their manes; but in the year of Rome 490, gladiators were appointed instead, to fight at the grave until one fell as a victim to the gods: by degrees the spectacle became more and more common; gladiators fought in the fora, in the public schools, and on the building of amphitheatres the sports became thoroughly nationalised. Gladiators at first were malefactors, captives, and slaves, but in process of time free-born citizens espoused the profession, being regularly trained under a master, called *lanista*. Sometimes they fought in armour, and



sometimes were dressed only in short tunics, confined by girdles of bronze. On all occasions the conflict was for life or death. When a combatant was wounded the spectators cried "*hoc habet!*" (he has it!) when vanquished, he gave a sign by dropping his arms, and the people awarded to him his fate; if they elevated their thumbs, the sign of clemency, he was to be spared, but if they depressed them, the victor was to dispatch him with his sword. The gladiator commonly met death with astonishing firmness. Such were these cruel entertainments; they were forbidden by the first Christian emperor, Constantine, but it does not appear that they entirely ceased for a century after his reign.

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*Was all perchance he asked, but asked in vain.*

The most interesting, as well as the best preserved of the Roman remains at Vienne, is the structure called the Tomb of Pontius Pilate, and which is situated at a short distance from the south gate of the town. This monument has a singular and picturesque appearance, and, whatever its date, is undeniably of Roman origin. An open square arcade stands on a solid basement of stone; the arches are well turned, and adorned at the four angles with columns; above are some half-defaced mouldings, but no inscription is seen; a slender pyramid succeeds, the stones of which are fastened by iron cramps, and the height of the whole is about sixty feet. Pontius Pilate, when suspended from his procuratorship of Judæa, was sent into exile at Vienne, where, according to Eusebius, he killed himself about A.D. 38. The tradition attached to this monument, as being erected over the dust of this celebrated man, is at once so ancient and so interesting that they would perform, we think, a very thankless task who should endeavour to shake the popular belief.

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*But not on ruthless conquerors waste our praise.*

Orange, called by the Romans Arausio, is delightfully situated in the Department of Vaucluse, and was one of the towns of the Cavares in the Celtic period. It has been celebrated for its antiquities, but, with the exception of the famous Arch of Triumph, little now will interest the antiquary, for only a ruined wall of the



theatre is standing, while the great amphitheatre is entirely gone. The arch described in the text stands on the north side of the town; it is of yellow-tinted stone, and composed of three archways, the central, designed for carriages, being the largest. The vault of the great arch is finely sculptured, and fluted Corinthian columns stand between the several openings; the sides are covered with sculptures in relief, and the attics above are profusely decorated with shields and trophies. The entire height is about seventy feet, and the length sixty-five feet. From the name "Mario" having been found inscribed on one of the shields, the Arch at Orange is thought to have been raised in honour of that brave but ambitious man; what victory it commemorates is uncertain; that over the Cimbri, in Italy, has been named, but it seems more probable it was erected in celebration of some conquest on the north side of the Alps, where the Romans were gradually driving back the Allobroges, the Sequani, and other Gallic tribes. Two arches of a similar character, though less splendid, are standing at Carpentras and Cavaillon.

(89) PAGE 239.

*For children's tears have sanctified this sod.*

The beautiful monumental edifice at St. Remy, a little town situated at the foot of a hill some miles south-east of Avignon, has long been deservedly admired; it stands surrounded by trees near a small Roman arch, and consists of three parts which rise to the height of fifty feet. It was erected (says Millin) in the time of the Antonines, about A.D. 160. The square base is formed of large freestones, and supports a pedestal the sides of which represent successively, in *relievo*, a combat of cavalry and infantry, the triumph of the victors, and the field of battle after the action. Above the pedestal is a square edifice with arches, and Corinthian columns at each angle; to this succeeds a rotunda or circular temple of ten columns, and which is crowned with a domed roof; within the rotunda are two statues, male and female, but much mutilated, and from an inscription we learn that the mausoleum was raised by children to the memory of their parents; what the father was, or if famous for any achievement, is not known.

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*E'en for the dead can these exist in vain?*

Arles, the Arelate of the Romans, is a town of great antiquity:

it gave birth to Constantine the younger, A.D. 315, and on the decline of the Roman power became the residence of a king of the Visigoths. The chief monuments now existing may be referred to the time of Constantine the Great, who celebrated at this place the decennial games with much splendour. The amphitheatre, the circumference of which is entire, although the arena has been filled with rubbish and blocked up by mean houses, is rather larger, but far less perfect and splendid in architectural design than the amphitheatre at Nîmes; the remains of two temples and some baths are pointed out, and columns of white marble on the banks of the Rhône, near St. Jean, are supposed to be the ruins of Constantine's palace; the obelisk—the Egyptian origin of which is asserted by some antiquaries, but disputed by others—stands in the square near the town-hall; it is fifty feet high, but has no hieroglyphics; for many ages it had lain concealed in the earth, and was discovered in 1389, but not erected until 1676. The Champs Elysées, or Elysian Fields, the ancient burial-place of the Romans, will not fail to be visited by the antiquary; the remains it still exhibits, though many of the sarcophagi and columnar monuments with inscriptions have been removed, offer a study of singular interest. This place, which is of great extent, is situated on a pleasant hill, a short distance out of the town, and commands a beautiful prospect. The monumental stones marked D. M. (*diis manibus*: to the gods, Manes) are the tombs of the Pagans, while crosses distinguish the graves of the early Christians.

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*E'en spell-bound very Ruin seems to stand,  
And fain would smite, but dares not lift his hand.*

The Corinthian temple at Nîmes called the *Maison Carrée* (Square House) is the most elegant in construction and the best preserved of any monument of its order out of Rome. Its form is a parallelogram, the total length being seventy-seven English feet, and its breadth thirty-eight feet; several steps conduct to the portico, which is of considerable depth, consisting of six beautiful fluted columns in front, and three at the sides, counting again the two at the angles; the entire building is surrounded by thirty of these columns, thirty feet high, the capitals of which, with the cornice and frieze above, are surprisingly rich in decoration, the ornate style bearing a strong resemblance to that displayed in the Baalbec and Palmyrene edifices.



This temple was thought to have been built in the time of Augustus, and dedicated to his grandchildren, Caius and Lucius Cæsar; but a French antiquary, M. Pelet, has recently shown that it was erected at a later period in the reign of Aurelius. The *Maison Carrée* had originally no windows, it having been lighted, like the Parthenon at Athens, by an aperture in the roof. Various have been the changes and fortunes of this elegant building; the early Christians used it as a church, and the Saracens, during their occupation of Nîmes, turned it into a mosque; in the middle ages, being sold to a private party, it was defiled as a stable; next it became a town-hall; in the time of Louis XIV. it was again fitted up as a church; during the revolution it served as a central office of justice, till in 1824, like the less elegant temple at Vienne, it was converted into a museum, and such it remains at the present day.

(92) PAGE 242.

*And this was valour, ancient Romans deemed.*

The celebrated amphitheatre at Nîmes is, as before observed, in a state of far better preservation than that at Arles; indeed, in its various parts the building is more perfect than the Colosseum at Rome, while it is nearly as large as the amphitheatre at Verona, but it is not enriched, like the last, with costly marbles. Its dimensions, including the thickness of the walls, are 434 English feet by 340 feet; the exterior wall—which consists of two stories, each being pierced with sixty arches—rises to the height of seventy feet, and the four entrances face the cardinal points; the upper story is adorned with Doric columns; and the rows of seats, originally thirty-two in number, were capable of accommodating 17,000 spectators. The Goths and Saracens in turn converted this building into a fortress; the date of its erection is uncertain, but some writers have stated that it was finished by Titus, A.D. 82.

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*And o'er the beauteous ruin, Naiads! weep.*

Rising at the foot of a calcareous hill, is seen the Fountain of Nîmes, so celebrated in the time of the Romans, who erected baths in the neighbourhood. This fountain, sacred in ancient days to Diana, and sometimes called the Fountain of the Nymphs, is about



seventy feet in diameter, and twenty feet deep; it is now situated in a public garden, and an attempt has been made, by planting trees and erecting statues, to give the place an antique character, though the design is but indifferently carried out. The Temple of Diana, once an elegant building, stands at a short distance from the fountain; but a few pillars, a portion of its fine roof, and a collection of broken friezes, capitals, and inscriptions are all that the visiter now sees. This temple is thought to have been built in the time of Augustus, who was a great benefactor to the town. The antiquities at Nîmes in addition to those already named are,—two Roman gates; the Tour-Magne, or Great Tower, on a hill behind the fountain, the date and purpose of which are unknown; the remains of an immense aqueduct near Nîmes, called *Pont du Gard*, which once conveyed water from springs at Uzés to the city; three ranges of noble arches, one above the other, span the valley, and the construction is on a surprisingly-gigantic scale. Sculptures, bas-reliefs, mosaics, and tombs, complete the list of antiquities at the venerable town of Nîmes.

END OF THE CLASSIC ERA.

# HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE NOTES.

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## BOOK III.

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### MISCELLANEOUS AGES.

#### PART I.

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(94) PAGE 250.

*Are all dark Time hath left to tell of thee.*

Carthage was founded by a colony from Tyre about eighty years before the building of Rome; according to an ancient story related by many writers, the Tyrians followed the famous Dido, who built the city, and became their queen, but subsequently destroyed herself on a funeral pile. Carthage was in the zenith of her power and prosperity at the outbreak of the Punic wars, 264 B.C., when the city is said to have contained little short of a million of inhabitants. Her terrible struggle with Rome during the three famous wars, ended in her final destruction by Scipio Æmilianus, 146 B.C. The horrors of the last siege have been described by Appian, and with the fall of this commercial republic, civilisation was, in a measure, extinguished in Northern Africa. Old Carthage was situated about ten miles north-east of modern Tunis; the ground which it occupied has undergone considerable changes by the drifting of sands on the coast, but its site most probably was between Cape Cammart and Cape Carthage, where several mounds, hewn stones, and cisterns, with some foundations of buildings under water, indicate the former existence of a city. These remains, with the ruins of an aqueduct that, for fifty miles, may be traced like a stupendous serpent trailing through valleys, and from mountain to mountain, form the sole

monuments of the great rival of Rome: the villa discovered in 1837, fifteen feet beneath the soil, with painted walls, mosaic floors, and resembling in its arrangements the edifices at Pompeii, belonged, there can be little doubt, to the second Carthage built in the time of Augustus, and called Colonia Carthago. The last-named city, which occupied a portion of the ground of the original Carthage, was entirely destroyed by the Saracens in the seventh century.

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*Where Agrigentum crowned the breezy steep.*

The remains of Agrigentum on the south coast of Sicily are of a splendid and striking character; yet of the great Doric temple of Jupiter described by Diodorus, (the largest temple except that at Ephesus in the world,) not one pillar or wall is standing; but capitals and portions of the entablature of immense size, some of the blocks of which weigh, it has been calculated, upwards of ten tons, lie scattered around. The temples of Concord, Hercules, and Æsculapius are in better preservation. These edifices were erected by the Greek settlers prior to the building of the Parthenon at Athens, and have been ascribed to the sixth century B.C.

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*And toads spit venom forth where priests adored.*

The renowned Temple of Diana was situated near the lake Selinus. The first edifice was built by Ctesiphon, but burnt down on the night Alexander the Great was born, by Erostratus, who committed the villainous act to eternise his name. The second temple (that standing in the time of Christ) arose in greater splendour than the first; it has been described by Pliny; its length was 425 feet, and its breadth 220 feet; the pillars, 137 in number, were of the Ionic order, and sixty feet high, being nearly double the height of the columns of the Parthenon. A lofty wall surrounded the temple and the numerous courts it contained, and the whole building was cased with marble. The traveller now standing on the site of this ancient "wonder of the world," beholds nothing but a few architectural fragments, with some foundation-walls probably of the cella, and openings into what appear to have been vaults, or secret chambers of the priests; some columns, however, of red granite, with beautiful composite capitals,



supposed to have belonged to the Ephesian temple, are found built into the mosque of St. John, at Aiasalouk. (*See Pococke and Arundel.*) The founders of Ephesus (says Strabo) were Carians, but these people being driven out by a colony from Greece, about 1000 B.C., Ephesus became essentially a Greek city. Its fate much resembled that of the other Ionian cities: it fell under the sway of all-conquering Rome, it was ravaged by the Goths, and finally seized on by the Mohammedans. Ephesus is now a field of ruins, and its site, except that a few herdsmen occasionally lodge there, is entirely deserted.

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*It rose in air, its matchless sculptures done,  
Crowned with winged horses flashing in the sun.*

One of the most interesting discoveries of modern times is that of a portion of the celebrated tomb erected by Artemisia, Queen of Caria, in memory of her husband, and from whose name (Mausolus) all large sepulchral erections have since been termed Mausoleums. This edifice, built by Pythis, and adorned by Scopas, Timotheus, and others, 352 B.C., passed for one of the seven wonders of the world. Pliny describes it as being nearly square, the sides measuring 113 feet, and the ends 92 feet. It was adorned with a peristyle of thirty-six columns, the structure being terminated by a pyramid which bore on its summit four marble horses. The entire height was no less than 140 feet. This stupendous tomb is said to have been standing down to the twelfth century; in the sixteenth the last fragments were carried off by the knights of Rhodes, to repair a fort at the entrance of the harbour. Here recently some of the sculptures were discovered, and by leave of the Sultan they have been drawn from their concealment and transported to England. These very interesting relics, the identical remains of the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus (for the bas-reliefs and figures answer to the descriptions of the ancients) are now deposited in the British Museum: the allusion to them in the poem is supposed to have been made prior to their removal.

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*Pass with wild shrieks the vanished city's site.*

Old Tyre, a colony of Sidon, at a very remote time gave place to the new and more splendid city built on an island opposite. The

period when old Tyre reached its highest prosperity may be about 1000 B.C., when King Hiram formed a league with Solomon. The fall of Tyre was gradual. The city was besieged by Nebuchadnezzar for thirteen years, and it was then the inhabitants removed to the island. The most terrible stroke it suffered was the sack by Alexander the Great, who had joined the island by a mole to the shore, and not content with razing the greater part of the palaces, crucified 2,000 prisoners in cold blood. Tyre was next governed by a branch of Alexander's successors, then by the Romans. The Saracens seized it, and during the Crusades, the Christians, wresting it from them, made it a bishopric; the Christians were again driven away, and Tyre gradually sank to what it now is—a small fishing town, known by the name of Sur. The only genuine relics of ancient Tyre are some cisterns on the peninsula, the ruins of an aqueduct at some distance, and three very singularly built wells, called the Wells of Solomon, the masonry of one of which is eighteen feet high and sixty feet in circumference, while the water is so deep that the Arabs say it cannot be fathomed. These wells and aqueduct are mentioned by Josephus as existing before the siege of Tyre by Nebuchadnezzar.

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*The elder Baalbec's dark and sole remain.*

The stupendous stones of granite which form the platform on which the chief ruins stand, surprise all travellers. On the west side of the basement of the great temple, three stones, about twenty feet from the ground, measure respectively fifty-nine, sixty, and sixty-three feet, being twelve feet thick. The largest stones in the Pyramid of Cheops measure only eighteen feet. One stone cut in a quarry in the neighbouring mountains, and not removed by the old workmen, exceeds in magnitude either of the above, and would weigh, as calculated by Wood, more than 2,500,000lbs., or 1,135 tons. This extraordinary platform, there can be little doubt, was raised at a very remote period, and the temples, compared with it, may be considered modern erections.

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*And scenes like these send thought o'er backward years,  
Speak to the heart, and wake the fount of tears.*

Nothing may be conceived more august yet desolate than the



interior of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec. After passing the first gate we enter an hexagonal court 180 feet in diameter; this is surrounded by pilasters with luxuriant Corinthian capitals; many niches are seen, but the statues which once adorned them are gone. A second gateway brings us into a much larger court, being 350 by 330 feet. The scene here overwhelms by the grandeur of its ruinous aspect, while it oppresses the eye by the architectural richness of those portions of the structure which remain entire. Well has Lamartine said, "the stone seems wrought into marble lace-work, and to groan beneath the weight of its own luxuriance." The ground is strewn with columns, capitals, and broken entablatures. Unlike the arid ruins in Egypt, here the buildings are shaded in many places by trees and flowers, which give a desolate but wild grace to the picture. The curious chambers around the great court are supposed to have formed the habitations of the priests. But the most striking remains are six immense columns standing alone, supporting their entablature at the bottom of the court; they are nearly seven feet in diameter, the shafts being fifty-eight feet high; yet they form a portion only of the peristyle of the grand temple which had originally fifty-four! These six columns, indeed, are all that remain of the building said to have been erected by Antoninus Pius, and, with the magnificent courts just described, lead us to presume that the Baalbec temple was one of the most splendid in the world.

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*"A high-born infant cast ye to the fire,  
And then will cease the god's afflicting ire."*

The Roman temples succeeded to the old Syrian "High Places of Baal or Moloch," on the great Baalbec platform. We read that the Tyrians, to whom undoubtedly at one period Baalbec belonged, were famous for sacrificing children to their god. The nobler the family of the child, the more acceptable to the deity was the immolation, while the more stoical under the trial the mother could be, the greater was considered the amount of her piety. This cruel practice prevailed to the largest extent among the Carthaginians, who came originally from Tyre. It is recorded by Diodorus that when Agathocles was about to besiege Carthage, no less than two hundred children were sacrificed to win the favour of Saturn or Moloch. The flat altars found at Copán, in Central America, were



evidently for the purpose of human sacrifice, and from their limited size we may infer they were designed for the slaughter of infants. These horrible rites, it is universally allowed, were of Phœnician origin; the Tyrians communicated them to the Canaanites and Druids of Europe; and the circumstance, as regards Central America, gives much strength to the hypothesis which would establish a connection between the builders of the ruined cities there, and the ancient navigators of Tyre.

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*And built by genii, in one glorious night,  
Those shrines of pride, and palaces of light.*

The Arabs at this day firmly believe that Palmyra was raised by genii, under the direction of their king, the great magician, Solomon. That the Hebrew monarch enlarged, though he did not found Palmyra, is certain, for we read in the Second Book of Chronicles, viii., 4, that "he built Tadmor in the wilderness, and all the store cities which he built in Hamath." Josephus also says, "Solomon built strong walls around it, and called it Tadmour, or the place of palms." But all the original erections of Solomon (writes John of Antioch) were destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, when he invaded Syria. The splendid monuments we now behold are the work of the Greeks, and some few of the Romans, but the age in which they were erected is uncertain. The inscriptions, if we except one in Latin and another in Hebrew, are Greek and Palmyrene, a circumstance strongly favouring the opinion that the edifices arose during the time of the Seleucidæ, or Greek kings. Nevertheless, no inscriptions yet found go back to an earlier date than the Christian era; but this is no conclusive evidence that the temples had not a prior erection, since the practice was very common, especially with the Romans, of erasing old inscriptions, and supplying their places with new.

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*Tend their lean goats, to Mecca idly bow,  
The only merchants, only princes now.*

In the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra, are to be seen about thirty huts, occupied by Arabs of the poorest description; and these are all the inhabitants of the once populous city! A

description of the numerous Palmyrene monuments could not in this place be attempted: we must content ourselves with saying that as the traveller enters the field of ruins from the south-west, he perceives the Temple of the Sun on his left hand. The order here is Ionic and the columns are fluted. The great court which surrounds the temple is 679 feet square; the half-fallen temple in the midst presents a front of 47 feet by 124 feet deep, and around it runs a peristyle of 140 columns; the gate, entirely in ruins, unlike that of the Baalbec edifice, fronts the setting sun. It must be allowed, as a whole, that the Palmyra temple yields in magnificence to the Baalbec shrine. The superiority of the Palmyrene remains consists in their number, and the vast extent of ground which they cover. North-east of the temple are the ruins of a Turkish mosque, and a grand column, the shaft of which is five and a-half feet in diameter. A little to the south of these is a noble arch with a postern richly ornamented, from which extends a colonnade nearly 4,000 feet long, terminated by a fine mausoleum. Isolated groups of Corinthian columns, half crushed porticos, and masses of buildings the original design of which is unknown, cover a field about three miles in circumference. Yet this formed but a small portion of Palmyra in her prosperity; without the walls, and raised above the surrounding desert, is a tract, indicating by the coarse remains of buildings on the surface as well as below the ground, that here was the real dwelling-place of the Palmyrenes. The area within the three miles was appropriated to the temples and great public edifices—the tract alluded to is little less (says Wood) than ten miles around!—what an assemblage of human beings was once gathered here! now, the sands of the desert cover all!

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*And o'er her shrines Destruction's angel flew.*

Zenobia, when captured by the Romans who pursued her across the desert, was carried to the presence of Aurelian. He reserved her to adorn his triumph, but condemned to death many of her faithful subjects, and among them her secretary, Longinus. Zenobia, in the hour of her fallen fortunes, is accused of having betrayed that famous man, but of such ingratitude we can scarcely believe this bold and noble woman capable. She passed the remainder of her days at Tibur, near Rome. The historian Trebellius Pollio has



left a description of the person and manners of this warlike queen. She emulated the state and style of living of the Persian kings; she wore a helmet, and her dress was of the purple stuff of Sidon, adorned with costly jewels; her complexion was dark, and her black eyes possessed a peculiar brilliancy. She rarely rode in a chariot, and would march on foot with her army for many miles. Her voice was clear and sonorous, and she was accustomed frequently to harangue her soldiers, her addresses exciting in their bosoms an enthusiasm that impelled them at her bidding to any military undertaking, however hazardous. Her ambition was great, and she has been accused of entertaining even the mad idea of overthrowing the Roman empire in the West, and of investing herself as the first independent empress of Rome, with the imperial purple of the Cæsars. The closing history of Palmyra may be told in a few words: for a considerable time it was garrisoned by the Romans; in the seventh century it shared the fate of Baalbec, and was occupied by the Moslems under the Caliphate of Abu Bekr. Little is known of Palmyra for several ages after that time, but in 1400, when it contained many Jews and Mohammedans, it was plundered by the army of Tamerlane. The city was now gradually deserted, and the sands of the desert encroached more and more upon the splendid temples, until Palmyra assumed the desolate appearance which it presents at this hour.

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## MISCELLANEOUS AGES.

### PART II.

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*Who taught, reformed, and humanised his age.*

The period at which Zoroaster lived has been disputed, but the labours of Du Perron, the first translator of the Zendavesta, or sacred writings of the Persians, and the researches of Hyde and Dean Prideaux, go far to prove that he was born in the province of Azerbijan about the year 590 B.C. Like Buddha, in Hindostan,



Zoroaster may be considered a great reformer and not an originator of the national faith; for long prior to the reign of Cyrus the Great, fire was worshipped in Persia as a symbol of the Deity. The early fire-worshippers had neither temples nor altars, but worshipped in the open air on the summits of mountains; the altars and fire-houses now met with in ruins in different parts of Persia, were probably erected when the old religion began to lose some of its original simplicity. The disciples of Zoroaster did not blindly adore fire and the sun as independent deities, but merely as the purest visible emblem of the unseen creator; their magi or priests possessed great power and influence in the state, and were so celebrated for astrology and enchantment, that all professors of those arts have from them obtained the name of magicians. The extraordinary work, the *Zendavesta*, written in a language now extinct (the *Zend*), is said by order of Darius to have been transcribed on a vast number of bulls' hides, and deposited in a rock at Persepolis: it embodies the entire belief and theology of the Guebers, as they are called by the Arabs, the term signifying "unbelievers;" it contains in truth many sublime ideas, but, like Mohammed's *Koran*, is deformed by as many monstrous absurdities. Zoroaster is supposed to have been personally known to the prophet Ezekiel, and to have been one of the twenty-five apostates described by him in his vision as adoring the rising sun.

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*The routh, or soul, the angel of the tomb  
Bears to the bridge, where Justice reads its doom.*

The soul of man Zoroaster declares to be composed of five separate parts, the chief being the *jan* or animal life, and the *routh* the principle of knowledge and judgment. At death the *jan* mingles with the elements until the day of judgment, of the coming of which the fire-worshippers have a firm and unshaken belief; the *routh*, on its dismissal from the body, is conveyed by Siroch, the guardian of the dead, to the bridge *Chinevad*; on this structure, which connects earth and heaven, sits the Angel of Justice, and weighs the actions of mortals. How evidently from Zoroaster's notion did Mohammed, twelve centuries after, borrow the idea of the bridge *Al Sirat*—the passage of souls spanning the abyss, as described in the *Koran*.

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*Nor plead in vain for mercy to the skies.*

Zoroaster supposes our world will last twelve thousand years, at the expiration of which time the fire-worshippers are to expect the appearance of Ormuzd, who will descend upon earth. At his coming, the genii of the elements will resign their trusts, and the dead will arise in bodily shape, the *jan*, or material part, being united for ever to the spiritual essence. The Zendavesta asserts that Ariman and his evil spirits will no longer persist in their rebellion, but become "Ministering angels to the Most High." Like Origen, also, who promulgated the doctrine in the third century of our era, the Persian prophet believes that the mercy of Ormuzd or God will be extended to the condemned in hell, who, having suffered in proportion to the magnitude of their crimes, will be purified and called to heaven. Such is an imperfect outline of the extraordinary system of theology which prevailed in Persia from the time of Darius Hystaspes, to the Mohammedan conquest in the seventh century; and such is the creed reverently embraced by the persecuted Parsees of the present hour. Notwithstanding many extravagant fables, it cannot be denied that the Zendavesta contains much that is striking and sublime. But whether some of Zoroaster's notions were derived from the Jews during the Babylonish captivity, or whether they were the product of his own wonderful mind, are questions which, at this remote period of time, and in the absence of any satisfactory evidence, it is impossible to decide.

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*And mourn Seleucia! weep for Ctesiphon.*

Seleucia, which stood on the west bank of the Tigris, about twenty miles south of the modern Baghdad, was founded by Seleucus Nicator, one of Alexander's generals, about 300 B.C. After the desertion of Babylon, it became one of the largest cities in the East. Pliny states that in his time it contained six hundred thousand inhabitants. But Seleucia, in its turn, declined when Ctesiphon was built on the opposite side of the river, and it was almost destroyed by the Emperor Severus, A.D. 198. All that the traveller now descries are long mounds covered with coarse grass, and a few



fragments of the northern and southern walls.—*See Rich.* The city Ctesiphon, built by the Parthians, when they overran Persia, was the favourite winter residence of their kings, on account of the mildness of the air; in the summer they preferred Ecbatana. The mounds of Ctesiphon, according to Buckingham, are about two miles in circumference, and are covered with thick heath, which affords a shelter to innumerable birds.

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*Beneath the mighty arch we wander slow.*

On the site of Ctesiphon one monument of interest only remains; it is the Tauk Kesra, or palace of Khosru. This ruinous edifice, which popular opinion declares to have been the palace of the Persian king, and which undoubtedly was erected before the Mohammedan invasion in the seventh century, presents a very imposing appearance. Buckingham describes it as resembling our Westminster Abbey without its towers. It is entirely of brick, and the arch is thought to be the largest formed of that material in the world, the vast semicircle being 85 feet wide, and 106 feet high.

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*And o'er these heaps Oblivion waves her wing.*

The great mound at Sus rises above a succession of other *tumuli*, which are scattered around within a space measuring about seven miles in circumference. It consists of the remains either of the citadel or the palace of the Persian monarch—probably of both. The height of this vast pile, according to Major Rawlinson, is 165 feet, the circumference at the base being 1,100 yards. The mound is strewn with broken pottery, shattered glass vessels, and bricks. That the great Persian and Chaldæan cities should, with the exception of Persepolis, have left little or no trace of their former existence, beyond these shapeless heaps of decayed matter, will not be surprising when it is remembered that, unlike the Greeks and Egyptians, who reared their monuments of solid stone, as if designing them for eternity, the Orientals used in nearly all their edifices the perishable material of brick. Yet the height of these mounds will be entirely unaccountable if the circumstance be not referred to the old Eastern custom of erecting large public edifices on platforms;



such brick platforms, Mr. Layard has proved, exist on the site of Nineveh; the Persians, therefore, in this architectural arrangement, imitated the ancient Assyrians. It is very remarkable that most of the larger buildings in the ruined cities of Central America are also erected on lofty terraces, although generally of stone. This is particularly the case at Uxmal and Palenque. (See Book I., Part III.) It must not be imagined that all the Mesopotamian and Persian mounds, if penetrated, would reveal archæological treasures like the *tumuli* at Nimroud, and those opposite Mosul; probably the material of the palaces, with the sculptures, had been removed from the greater number of them, the platforms only remaining, which in process of time became covered with turf, the brick returning to the original earth.

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*The column'd pride of glorious Chil Minar.*

Chil Minar, or the hall of the "Forty Columns," for so are the ruins called by the Mohammedans. Persepolis has also been named by Oriental writers Istikhar, and by the modern Persians Tacht-Jam-schid, the hero Jamschid being supposed by them its founder. The ruins of Persepolis, which was the chief city of Persia prior to the conquest of the country by Alexander the Great, are situated about ten leagues north-east of Shiraz; they occupy an elevated terrace, and here we have the great platform exposed, being formed of stone instead of brick, the solid marble rock having been levelled. High hills are seen on every side except towards the west, where extends the plain of Merdusht, now a wilderness, but which once was beautified by a great city, and probably other towns. It has been argued by some that this city was the ancient Pasargada where the Persian kings were crowned, and Cyrus was buried; but Chardin and Porter have set the question at rest; the tomb of Cyrus has been found fifty miles off at the real Pasargada, and on the plain of Merdusht, agreeing with the descriptions of Arrian and Strabo, once stood the famous Persepolis.

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*Here frowns a massive gateway, such as Nile  
Sees on his banks—*

The ascent to the terrace is by a broad marble staircase, consisting of two flights of steps; these steps are so shallow that about

twelve are cut out of every block of marble, and the traveller may ascend on horseback. On the second landing-place is a propylon or lofty gateway, about thirty feet high, somewhat similar to the propyla at Edfou, in Egypt. Colossal animals are sculptured on pedestals, their necks being encircled by collars of roses, but in other particulars they strongly resemble the human-headed bulls exhumed at Nimroud. At the portal beyond—for there is another—human figures are seen, some having the mutilated remains of diadems, and some wings, the huge plumage of the last being as beautifully carved as similar appendages to the eagle-headed human forms found at Nineveh. Certain of the figures with wings are evidently intended to represent angels, or guardian spirits, for celestial beings abound in the mythology of the ancient Fire-worshippers, but the Feroher, or winged figure within a circle, is the type of the Supreme Being.

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*Link between Greece and Egypt, rise the forms  
Of those pale pillars battling with the storms.*

Of the seventy-two columns, the estimated original number, fifteen only remain entire. They are of light grey marble, the largest being five feet nine inches in diameter, and, including the pedestals, sixty feet high. From the absence of much accumulated rubbish on the platform, they present a very imposing and beautiful spectacle. Though erected long after the Pæstan temples in Italy, and, if Professor Grotefend's data be correct, only about fifty years before the Parthenon at Athens, they belong to no distinctive order of architecture, being unique in their character. The pedestals are somewhat in the Egyptian style, being formed like the cup and leaves of the pendant lotus; but the shafts are far too slender and lofty for the massive description of buildings prevailing on the banks of the Nile, while the capitals display grotesque figures, being the double demi-bull or unicorn. Some have imagined, we think without sufficient reason, that this palatial edifice never had a covering; but near the heads of the unicorns are hollow spaces, which Sir R. K. Porter conjectures once received beams, and these extending from pillar to pillar, supported the roof. At what period this roof fell in, or if it survived the conflagration which destroyed the palace, is entirely unknown.



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*The last sad wreck of proud Persepolis.*

Since that fatal night, 330 B.C., the palace is thought, as far as concerns the hands of man, to have remained untouched to the present hour, for it does not appear ever to have been rebuilt, or occupied again. Two thousand two hundred years have still spared fifteen noble columns, and though boasting not Egyptian solidity, they promise to brave the slow influences of time for many ages to come. As specimens of art, the Persepolitan monuments and sculptures, (some of the latter are now in the British Museum,) do not rank high; the vigour and correct taste of the Assyrians, the exquisite pains-taking of the Egyptians, and the elegance of the Greeks, are alike wanting; the figures are for the most part represented in profile, being clumsy and stiff; while the artist, when he wishes to show the chief personage in a group, is forced to the barbarous and primitive expedient of making the figure exceed the others in size. Yet the Persepolitan marbles possess extreme value, as being connected with a people whose refinement and luxury have been proverbial through all ages, and illustrating events in history of a very interesting and important nature.

## MISCELLANEOUS AGES.

## PART III.

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*A few green turf-clad mounds alone remain,  
Like those which mark famed Troy's deserted plain.*

The Arab village of Rihhah has usually been considered the site of the ancient Jericho, but Buckingham, with a plausible show of truth on his side, points out another locality. The spot he names is situated some twelve miles north of the Dead Sea, and six west of the Jordan, Mount Nebo rising on the other side of that river. Here the barren hills of Judæa overhang the plain as mentioned by Josephus in his description of Jericho, and here Buckingham dis-



covered several barrows or *tumuli*, apparently marking the position of ancient walls, but no edifice is standing, and no fountain or palm-trees, for which Jericho was once famous, are now visible; the whole scene is one of desolation.

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*The Towers of Refuge now no more can save.*

Ramoth in Gilead, or Ramoth-Mizpeh, where Jephthah resided at the time he made his rash vow, was one of the cities of refuge named by Moses, east of the Jordan. Some disputes have arisen regarding the true site of this city: D'Anville places it south of the river Jabbok, which falls into the Jordan about thirty miles north of the Dead Sea, while Cellarius assigns it a position on the other side of that river. In either case no original remains have been discovered, beyond a few sepulchres shaded by the oleander and oak; the hills of Gilead and Bashan are still famous for the last-named tree. "Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars."  
—Ezekiel, xxvii., 6.

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*A silvery sea o'er mouldering towers and shrines.*

The city of Geraza, in Gilead, was essentially Roman, though it might have occupied the place of one of the old towns of the kings of Bashan. Little mention is made of Geraza either in sacred or profane history, but it is supposed to have been built shortly after the conquest of Palestine by Pompey the Great. It formed one of the ten Roman cities that gave to the district the name of the Decapolis. The ruins of Geraza, which, as we have observed, were discovered only thirty years ago by Dr. Seetzen, occupy an area nearly three miles in circumference. From the Arch of Triumph one principal street extends northward, three-quarters of a mile in length, lined nearly all the way by Corinthian columns, many of which still support their entablature. These columns are plain, of a yellow stone, and, in violation of the laws of the order, increase in diameter towards the middle of the shaft, which again tapers away at the capital. The principal ruins are—the Arch and Naumachia, or stone basin, two gates, a beautiful circular colonnade, fifty-six columns of which are still standing, the street of pillars,

three temples, a military guard-house, two baths, and two theatres, one of which, facing the north, has a proscenium 120 feet in front, with two divisions of benches, each consisting of fifteen rows of seats.

Rome, Palmyra, and Pompeii being excepted, perhaps no field of ruins will be found in Europe or Asia equalling in extent and magnificence the remains of Geraza. It is uncertain when the city was deserted; the name of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius being inscribed on one of the altars, would imply that it was held by the Romans in the second century. Gibbon also mentions Geraza as forming one of the fortresses on the frontiers of the Syrian Provinces belonging to the Lower Empire, when the Saracens were prosecuting their conquests. The followers of Mohammed may indeed have overthrown the city, burnt the private dwellings, and driven out the inhabitants, but they made no permanent settlement there themselves, since not a vestige of their architecture is discernible. The place has been for many ages uninhabited, and the few Arab fellahs who cultivate the soil in the valley, and among the ruins, and drive their camels to drink at the fountain, live chiefly at a small village in the neighbourhood, called Aiode. No traveller should visit Palestine without crossing the Jordan, and the hills of Gilead, to view the fallen magnificence of Geraza.

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*'Tis proud Capernaum, all that moulders here.*

Capernaum, which means the "town of pleasure," the "handsome city," was famous for its trade, and stood close upon the lake of Tiberias. The ruins now have obtained the name of Caphar-Nahoam, and Tal-Hewn, the latter word signifying in Arabic "a heap." Two ruinous buildings are conspicuous above the others, and one, a circular edifice with many arches and clusters of double columns, seems to be a portion either of a temple or a palace. The spot at present serves as a station for Bedouin Arabs, who by night pen their camels and goats in the deserted buildings.

(119) PAGE 327.

*A triple vengeance on those Tribes was hurled,  
Their race, a sun-flash, vanished from the world.*

From Judah and Benjamin have descended all the Jews now scattered through the earth. The other Ten Tribes lost their



identity many centuries before Christ, and none of them have since been found, forming a distinct people. An opinion, however, has been entertained that the missing "Ten" are even now located somewhere; and the wilds of the North, China, Central Asia, and some unvisited portion of the great African Continent, have severally in turn been pointed out as the probable place of their concealment from the rest of mankind. We can perceive no reasonable ground for such an assumption, and think the fallacy of the idea will be sufficiently apparent if we advert to the history of this unfortunate section of the Hebrew family. It is briefly as follows:—During the reign of Rehoboam, the successor of Solomon, contentions arose among the Jews, which led to the separation of ten tribes from their brethren: Judah and Benjamin were left in possession of Jerusalem and the southern districts, while the other tribes occupied Samaria, and the parts adjacent. The latter made Shechem their capital, and their kingdom was named the kingdom of Israel, in contradistinction to that of Judah. Under Omri, their king, they built Samaria on the hill Shemer, and this city became then the seat of their government. In the year B.C. 736, Tiglath Pileser, king of Assyria, invaded Samaria, and carried off many captives. This was their first captivity. Again, B.C. 721, Shalmaneser, the successor of Tiglath, after a cruel siege of three years, took Samaria and transported all the inhabitants, except a few cultivators of the soil, beyond the Tigris, and thus fell for ever Samaria as a kingdom, having existed 254 years.

The Ten Tribes suffered more in their captivity, though less is recorded of them, than the children of Judah and Benjamin, whom Nebuchadnezzar a century afterwards carried off to Babylon. The last, after seventy years had elapsed, returned to Jerusalem, but the Ten Tribes came back no more. To supply their place, Shalmaneser sent colonies to Samaria from Cuth, Hamath, and other Assyrian districts, and these aliens, intermarrying with the poorer class of Israelites left behind, produced that spurious race which continued to occupy Samaria, and was so despised by the unmixed Hebrews in the time of Christ. These hybrid people, not unlike our English race compounded of divers nations, about the time that Alexander the Great overran Palestine, built a temple on their holy mountain Gerizim, but they mingled idolatry with the worship of their forefathers, and at one period Jupiter was installed in their temple as their chief deity. A few Samaritans exist in the present day at



Nablous. From what has been stated, vain we think will appear the hope of discovering the lost Ten Tribes of Israel. Judah and Benjamin have kept themselves apart from all the people of the earth, and consequently have preserved their national individuality. The other tribes mingled and married with the races who carried them off captives; they adopted the manners and the religion of the Assyrians, Medes, and others around them, and in process of time, like a river joining the ocean, became blended with the great human family. We may, perhaps, as reasonably hope to find a colony of genuine Northern Piets, pure Egyptian races, or unmixed Babylonians, as the absorbed children of the ten sons of Jacob.

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*Royal Sebasta crowning Shemer's brow—*

The Ten Tribes who separated themselves from those of Judah and Benjamin, B.C. 975, subsequently, as we have stated, under their King Omri, built Samaria on the hill Shemer. After it had fallen to decay, Herod erected on its site the more splendid Sebasta, and to this city the existing ruins belong: they consist of several rows of white limestone columns on the summit of the hill; the largest quantity is grouped on the North-eastern side, but nearly all of them have lost their capitals; these, tradition says, belonged to Herod's palace. It was his son, Herod Antipas, before whom the daughter of Herodias danced, and the prison where John the Baptist was beheaded is shown underneath the ruins of Helena's church.

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*Even while they scorn and hate the Patriarch's race.*

Abraham dwelt many years in Hebron, a town (says Josephus) "seven years more ancient than Tanis, in Egypt," and it is a very considerable place at this day. The same historian speaks of a famous turpentine or terebinth-tree at Mamre, and this tree is identified with one now standing there, known by the name of Abraham's oak; it is of the species called *quercus gramuntia*, and the trunk (says Borrer) is twenty-five feet in girth. Though decaying in some parts from its immense antiquity, it still puts forth leaves. To say this tree has lived four thousand years may be a startling assertion, and yet possibly a true one; the famous single tree at

Babylon, called Athela, is supposed to have been planted in the hanging gardens of Queen Nitocris; and in Africa, calculating by the rings on their trunks, naturalists have been disposed to consider some of the Baobab trees five thousand years old. The cave of Machpelah, before Mamre, bought by Abraham of the sons of Heth, for a place of sepulture, is shown near this oak; immense stones, some of them twenty-five feet long, as measured by Irby, form the foundation of the old edifice, and above the tomb the Turks have erected a mosque. They hold the place in extreme veneration, permitting no Jew or Christian to enter; Burckhardt, however, succeeded in gaining admission. The Sultans of Constantinople have placed in the mosque rich green carpets, and nine are said to cover the tomb of Abraham. Sarah is likewise interred here.

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*'Twas who should crush his fellow, not the foe.*

The most lamentable instances on record of the lengths to which party spirit will urge men, perhaps occurred during the siege of Jerusalem by the Romans. Instead of combining against the common enemy, we find the Jews split into factions, at the heads of which severally were Eleazar, John, and Simon. These entertained for each other the deadliest rancour, and it was a common practice (says Josephus) for individuals of one party to exult over and mangle the dead bodies of those of the opposite faction who had fallen by the hands of the Romans.

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*Oh, Titus! Titus! "darling of mankind."*

Titus was emphatically styled the "darling of mankind," and was applauded alike for his justice and humanity, yet we need but peruse an account of the horrors of the Jewish siege, and the cruelties which he inflicted on his prisoners, to be convinced how little such encomiums were deserved. The celebrated arch at Rome, which bears in relief a representation of the spoils of the Hebrew temple, was raised by a people smitten with a love of military glory, to a conqueror, not surely to a philanthropist.

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*See yon proud mosque, its courts and crescents shine,  
Where stood great Solomon's far-blazing shrine.*

Besides the mosque built by Omar in the seventh century, called Sakhara, covering the site of the Jewish temple on Mount Moriah, and that erected over the palace and tomb of David, eight other mosques lift their bulb-shaped roofs in different parts of the city. The Turks are the masters; their religion they consider the religion of Jerusalem, and they permit the Latins, Armenians, and Greeks to worship at their holy places merely for the sake of the money which they extort from them. Jerusalem is an irregular square, about two miles and a-half in circumference; the walls are comparatively modern, being nearly fifty feet high, and are flanked by square towers at intervals, battlements with loopholes for arrows running around the summit. The north part of the city is crowded with houses, nearly all of them having flat roofs of stone. The only unaltered and genuine piece of antiquity within the walls is the pool of Bethesda, situated south of St. Stephen's, or the Sheep-gate, and near Omar's mosque. This great excavated cistern is 250 feet long and 30 feet deep; at the west end are the remains of three arches, over which water was once conveyed to the cistern; the bottom is now dry, and choked with weeds and brambles. Perhaps no other city on earth has sustained so many sieges, and yielded to so many foreign invaders, as Jerusalem; the kings of Syria and Egypt came against it; Nebuchadnezzar razed the temple, and led the inhabitants into captivity; the Romans poured out the people's blood like water; the Persians, under Khosru, the Arabians, under the Caliphs, and the Saracens of the middle ages, severally occupied the holy city; the Crusaders battled and won it; the Mamelukes of Egypt re-took it; Tamerlane ravaged it; and lastly, the Ottoman Turks seized it, and continue to be its lords. The present inhabitants, exclusive of visitors and pilgrims, have been estimated at fifteen thousand; the Mohammedans are the most numerous, the Christians of all denominations being about 4,000, and the Jews 3,500 souls.

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*The lingering guardians, hallowed fount! of thee.*

The Pool of Siloam is one of the most interesting objects the



traveller can visit about Jerusalem; while most other localities, as we have observed, have undergone a change—and the Romanist is ever busy in inventing scenes to delude the credulous—the antiquity and genuineness of this fountain are not to be disputed. The descent to the deep square cistern is by several smoothly-worn steps. The water flows from under Mount Ophel (a continuation of Moriah), and Mount Zion, and having passed from the upper fountain into the lower, the two fountains being about six hundred yards apart, it proceeds across the barren spot, once the "Kings' Gardens," and falls into the Kedron. "As the Arab women of the valley," writes Bartlett, "came down to fill their pitchers, we remembered that the daughters of Judah frequented it three thousand years ago, and that kings and prophets have drunk of its waters."

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*And only mourned in dust the lost, the brave.*

The first tomb of magnitude which we meet in the valley of Jehoshaphat proceeding from the south, is that called the tomb of Zechariah, not the prophet, but of him who was stoned to death by order of King Joash. It has a square basement hewn into form from the solid rock; four Ionic columns appear in front, with a pilaster at each angle; the architrave and cornice are in the heavy Egyptian style; the sides are covered with names written in Hebrew at an unknown period, and the whole is crowned with a pyramid. A little north of the tomb of Zechariah is a square edifice, having a portico; this is sometimes called the tomb of St. James, but more commonly the Grotto of the Disciples, from a tradition that here they frequently retired with Christ, to receive from him instruction in the mysteries of religion. Not far from the one-arched bridge which spans the Kedron, stands the finest of the four celebrated tombs in the valley of Jehoshaphat; the base, which measures twenty-four feet square, is solid and formed from the rock; on the east side of the dome is an aperture opening to a room for the reception of the dead. The building, which is thirty feet high, terminates in a sharp point, designed to resemble flame; the architecture is an extraordinary mixture of the Egyptian and Jewish styles, with metopes and triglyphs of the Doric order displayed above the engaged columns. The Grecian ornaments have evidently

been added in later times, for the sepulchre is of undoubted antiquity, and has been called by common consent the tomb of David's rebellious but beloved son Absalom. It is thought that David may have removed his remains from beyond the Jordan to this place.

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*Guarded for ages, holds the Virgin's dust.*

North of the sepulchral monuments just named, and near Gethsemane, is a building with a handsome front and pointed arched door, situated within a paved court: it is erected over the supposed burial-place of the Virgin Mary. The descent to the vaulted cavern below is by fifty-five marble steps; the outer cave is hung with lamps, and adorned with a variety of ornaments. In arched recesses, the dust of Anna, Mary's mother, and of Joseph, is said to lie; but the Virgin herself rests further in at the foot of an altar; Syrians, Copts, and Romanists worship here; but the Greek and Armenian priests say mass.

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*And hearts unborn shall bless Gethsemane.*

Eight olive-trees mark the site of Gethsemane: they stand within a low walled enclosure, and the spot is usually, observes Dr. Wilde, "sown with corn." The immense trunk of one of them measures twenty-four feet in girth. An argument has been raised that these olive-trees cannot be identical with the trees which flourished in the time of Christ, because Titus, Josephus informs us, felled all the timber around Jerusalem to make his war-engines. We confess some difficulties surround the subject, but Dr. Wilde and others have argued that Titus did *not* destroy the olive-trees of Gethsemane; this certainly would not have been on account of any sanctity attached to them, but merely because the Roman general might have found that description of timber ill suited to his purpose. The question has not been settled, and perhaps never will be, but poetry does only exercise its legitimate right in taking advantage of the doubt which the argument implies.

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*Children of Judah! wandering long and far,  
From India's suns, to moist Columbia's star.*

Although the dispersion of the Jews had commenced a considerable time prior to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, the Ptolemies having planted colonies of them in Egypt, and along the African coast, while numbers voluntarily remained beyond the Euphrates after the seventy years' captivity, yet it is common to date their great and final dispersion from that epoch. Notwithstanding the persecutions and frequent massacres to which they have been subjected, the number of this doomed race has never, it would seem, in the aggregate, very materially diminished; on the contrary, at least for the last two centuries, it has been steadily on the increase. The question now is, not in what countries the Jews are found, but into what countries they have not penetrated. From Cape Comorin to Nova Zembla, from the Himalay mountains to the Alps, and thence to the Andes, we find these wandering children of the man of Ur. They are citizens of the world, yet divided by a barrier of rites and customs from the rest of mankind, still bearing the mark of their Chaldæo-Shemitic descent on their oriental features, flourishing and amassing wealth in situations wherein others, if placed, would starve, obeying the laws of the respective lands in which they sojourn, still looking for the promised Messiah, their deliverer—their king—and regarding Judæa as their home. The number of Jews existing at present has been estimated at four millions, distributed, as nearly as may be calculated, through some of the principal countries as follow:—America, 8,000; Great Britain, 33,000; Italy, 40,000; France, 50,000; Belgium and Holland, 80,000; Prussia and Northern Germany, 270,000; the Austrian empire, no less than 520,000; Russia and Poland, 650,000; the Turkish dominions, where a large portion of the trade is in their hands, 800,000. In Persia, Tartary, India, China, and Africa, no estimate appears to have been made on which reliance can be placed; nevertheless it is very probable that the presumed total of four millions is under, rather than above, the real number of Jews now in the world

THE END.



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